Collier's

April 28, 1951 • Fifteen Cents

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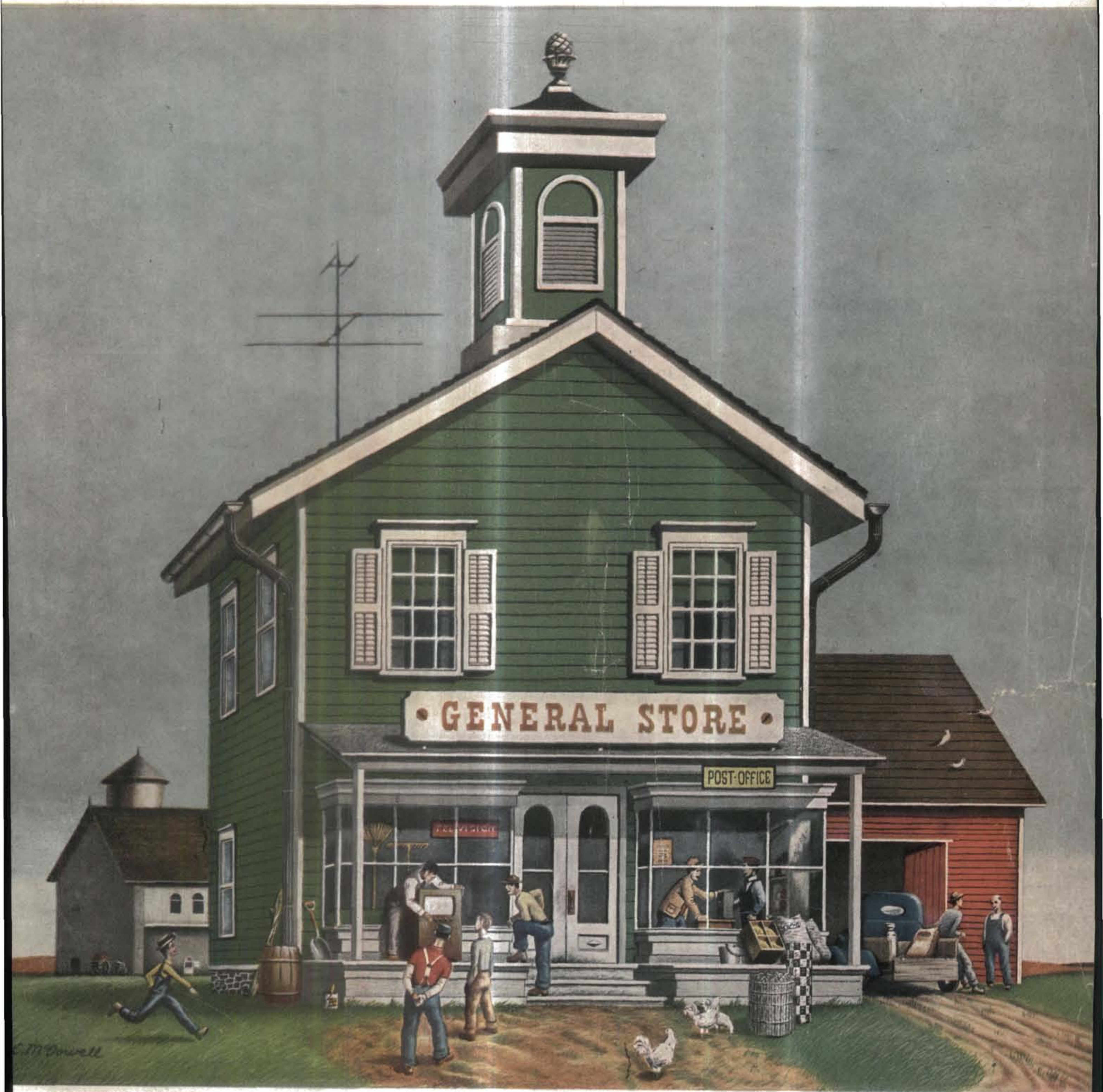
THIS IS MOSCOW TODAY

By Maj. Gen. John W. O'Daniel


GENERAL STORE
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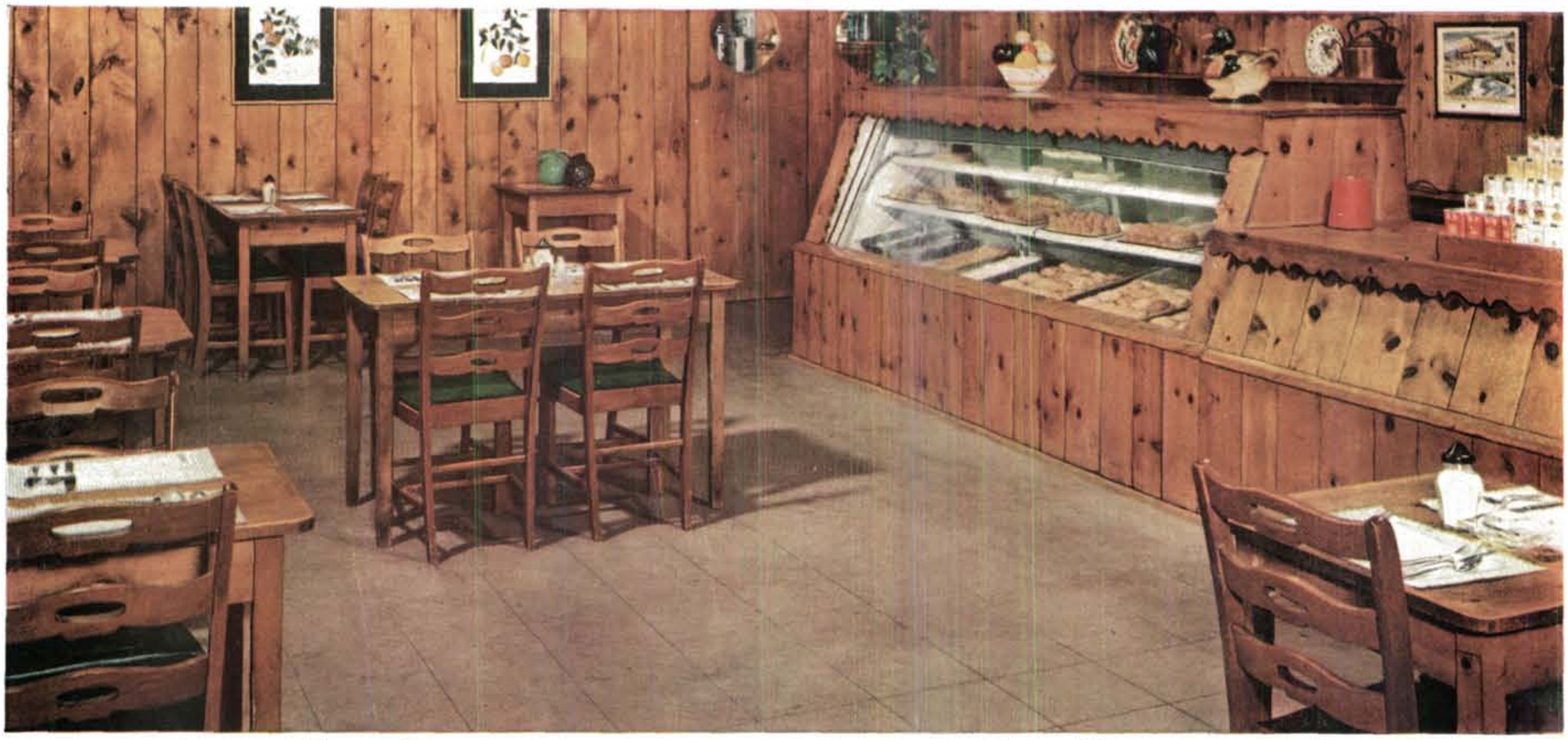
C. McDowell

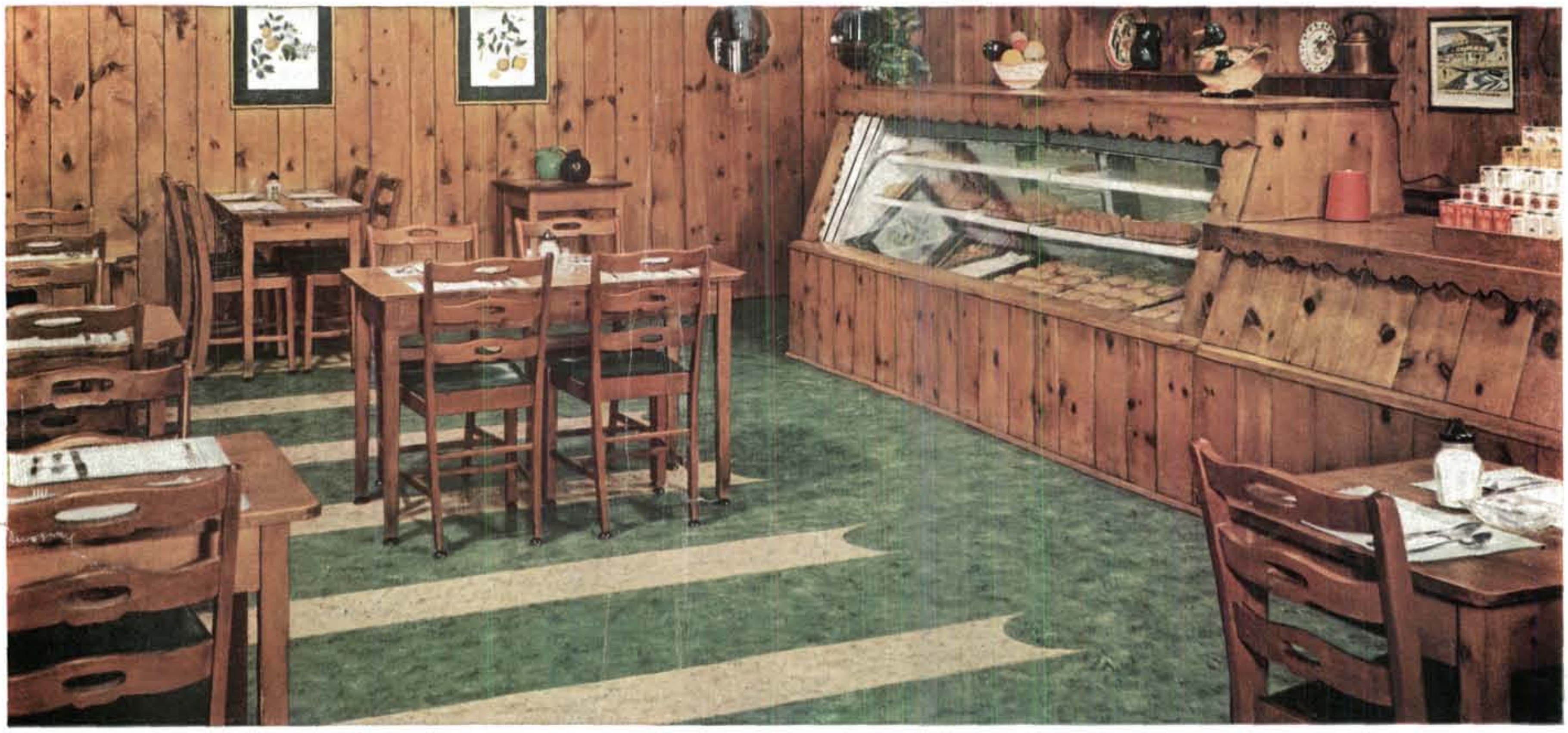
Baseball's New "Mr. Shortstop"

A SHOT IN THE

Begin Richard Powell's Tense



See the improvement the right floor makes



IN THESE two photographs you see a striking example of how important it is to have the right floor. The lower picture shows a much more inviting place than the one at the top. Actually, it's the same restaurant 48 hours later. The big improvement in its appearance is due to just one change—a new floor of Armstrong's Linoleum.

As is often the case, the old floor had grown shabby through the years without the bad effect being noticed by the owners. The dingy appearance of the old floor detracted from the feeling of cleanliness that is so vital to a restaurant. One of the most important factors in the decoration of the room had been neglected.

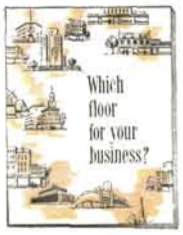
The new floor of Armstrong's Linoleum brought the whole place to life, made it more inviting to patrons. Although nothing was changed but the floor, the restaurant looks cleaner, neater, completely redecorated. The rich colors and the simple custom design of the new floor give the entire place a flair that sets it apart from the average. The interior is brighter, too, because the new floor reflects so much more light.

Armstrong's Linoleum was the right flooring choice for this restaurant because it offered the greatest combination of advantages. For its modest cost, it will deliver many years of service. Spilled things can be mopped up quickly from its smooth surface without leaving a trace. Its cushioning effect makes it a comfortable floor to walk on, reduces the disturbing clatter of footsteps.

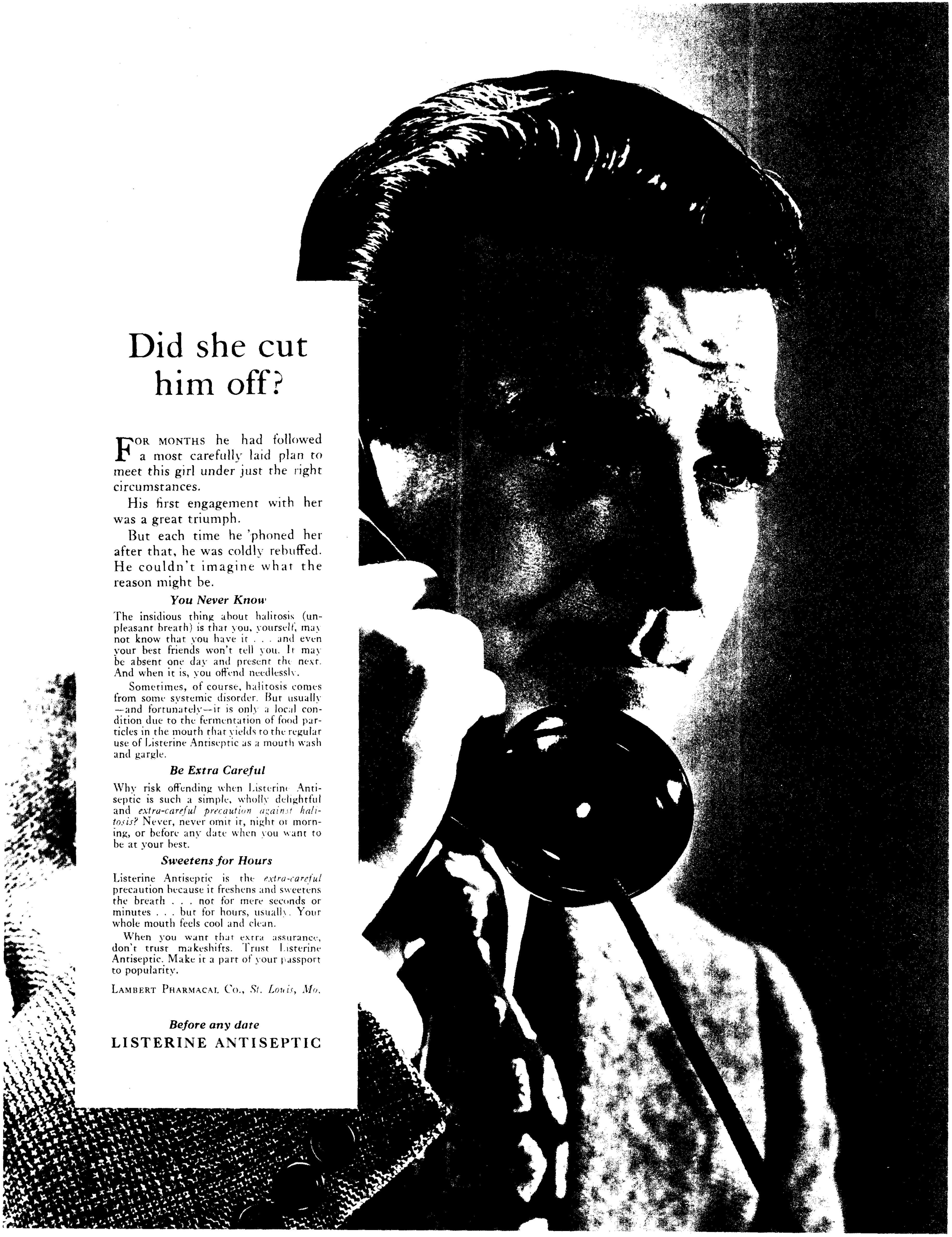
Perhaps a new floor is all that's needed to improve the appearance of your place of business. The wide range of colors and styles in Armstrong's Linoleum makes it adaptable to any decorative requirement. Your Armstrong contractor will be glad to help you make a selection. Ask him to show you samples and give you a cost estimate.

Which floor for your business? Because no one floor can meet every need, Armstrong makes several types of resilient floors—Armstrong's Asphalt Tile, Linoleum, Linotile®, Rubber Tile, and Cork Tile. Each of these different floors has its own special advantages. Choosing the one that's best suited for you depends upon the effect you want to create, the amount of money you wish to spend, and the type of subfloor you have.

Send for free booklet. "Which Floor for Your Business?", a 20-page full-color booklet, will help you select the resilient flooring best suited to your needs. Write Armstrong Cork Company, 5104 Jackson St., Lancaster, Penna.



ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM



Did she cut him off?

For months he had followed a most carefully laid plan to meet this girl under just the right circumstances.

His first engagement with her was a great triumph.

But each time he 'phoned her after that, he was coldly rebuffed. He couldn't imagine what the reason might be.

You Never Know

The insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath) is that you, yourself, may not know that you have it . . . and even your best friends won't tell you. It may be absent one day and present the next. And when it is, you offend needlessly.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some systemic disorder. But usually—and fortunately—it is only a local condition due to the fermentation of food particles in the mouth that yields to the regular use of Listerine Antiseptic as a mouth wash and gargle.

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Why risk offending when Listerine Antiseptic is such a simple, wholly delightful and *extra-careful precaution against halitosis?* Never, never omit it, night or morning, or before any date when you want to be at your best.

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Listerine Antiseptic is the *extra-careful* precaution because it freshens and sweetens the breath . . . not for mere seconds or minutes . . . but for hours, usually. Your whole mouth feels cool and clean.

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Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

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April 28, 1951

ARTICLES

"Our Mightiest Ghost" . . . . WILLIAM S. DUTTON 18
(Beginning: THE ROCKEFELLER FOUNDATION STORY)
This Is Moscow Today . . . . MAJ. GEN. JOHN W. O'DANIEL WITH MILTON LEHMAN 22
Chicago's Chico—Baseball's New "Mr. Shortstop" . . . . JOHN C. HOFFMAN 24
Holm Was Ever Like This . . . . BEN MERSON 28
Paper Prophet . . . . FRANK X. TOLBERT 32
Under Fire . . . . HOWARD BRODIE 36

FICTION

A Shot in the Dark . . . . RICHARD POWELL 15
(PART ONE OF FIVE PARTS)
MacIntyre's Flood . . . . JOHN SAVAGE 20
The Fraudulent Skunk . . . . A. B. GUTHRIE, JR. 26
Stairway to an Empty Room . . . . DOLORES HITCHENS 30
(CONCLUSION)
The Vibrant Video . . . . HANNIBAL COONS 34
Mnemonics . . . . KURT VONNEGUT, JR. 38
(THE SHORT SHORT STORY)

●

48 States of Mind . . . . WALTER DAVENPORT 8
Bring Your Pink Eyeshades . . . . PERRY GRANT 12
Editorial 86
Cover . . . . BARRY McDOWELL

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The Cover

The day isn't far off when the TV coaxial cable will make televiewing a national, instead of a regional, avocation. And naturally lots of rural folks, accustomed to rallying round the cracker barrel, will be initiated to its wonders at their local general store. Artist Barry McDowell saw a reasonable facsimile of the one on our cover in Darien, Connecticut, but it could be almost anywhere in the U.S. within relay distance from the electronic pipe line. Remembering the screen's early hypnotic effect, we're bound to ask: How you gonna keep them down on the farm after they've seen TV?

Week's Mail

Mr. Lilienthal on the A-Bomb

EDITOR: David E. Lilienthal represents the finest kind of Americanism. I would like to repeat and emphasize the last sentence of his article, When and Where Do We Drop the A-Bomb? (March 10th):

"An informed and thoughtful public opinion is a fundamental for freedom, whether we are at peace or war, or in a twilight zone as at present."

In my judgment the most pressing issue of our time, the one more and more thoughtful people are coming to think about all of the time, is that of how war may be banished from the earth and a system of enforceable law substituted in its place.

As I see it, the first step is to make the strengthening of the United Nations into an instrument capable of enacting, interpreting and enforcing world laws against aggression a *fundamental objective of American foreign policy.*

PALMER VAN GUNDY,
La Canada, Cal.

. . . Mr. Lilienthal stated that if an H-bomb had 1,000 times the force of an A-bomb, the radius of damage would be 10 times as great. Isn't it true that the area would be expressed as the square of the radius, or 100 times as great?

ROBERT HARTLEY, Washington, D. C.

It's true.

Modest Ex-President

EDITOR: In his Personal Memoirs (March 10th) Herbert Hoover, in my opinion, has excluded the highest point of his career when he passed over briefly his activities as Commissioner for Relief in Belgium from 1914 to 1918. Hoover and his relief administration were probably responsible for sav-

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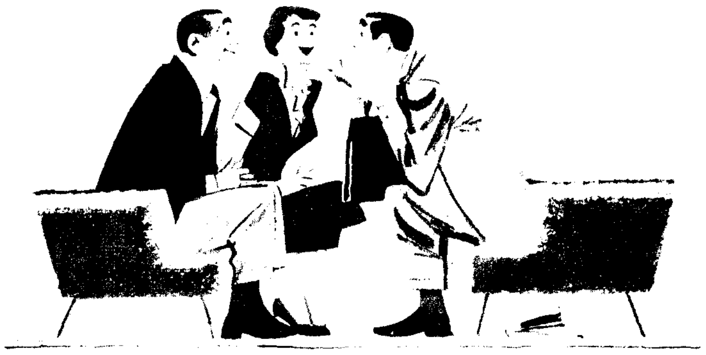

1 Single sales cost is explained to motorist West by his friendly State Farm agent. It means you pay a selling cost once, and only once—not annually. Once you become a member, your sales cost is *paid in full*, unlike ordinary insurance where you pay the same sales cost year after year. As you can see, this feature appeals to Mr. *and Mrs.* West. For once they join State Farm Mutual, the single sales cost will *continue* saving them money.

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3 Selected careful drivers are the only ones State Farm aims to insure. The Wests see immediately how this helps keep costs down, because careful drivers have fewer accidents and help keep rates low for all members of the State Farm family. The Wests are proud that they qualify as careful drivers. So they decide to join the hand-picked group of motorists eligible for all the money-saving benefits State Farm Mutual offers to members.

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Modern life and fire protection, too. The same sound management that founded State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company also provides excellent life and fire protection through the State Farm Life Insurance and State Farm Fire and Casualty Companies. Your friendly State Farm agent will be glad to discuss the amounts and types you need for adequate protection. Call on him soon.

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* *Bart West's name is fictitious, but he represents 50,000 additional motorists who insure with State Farm Mutual every month!*

ing more lives during this period than were lost in the entire war.

Including his relief work in Russia in 1923, Will Irwin estimates in his book, Herbert Hoover (1928), that our only living ex-President saved over 10,000,000 lives; people who would have died from starvation had not the relief commission he headed come to the rescue.

ROBERT OBOJSKI, Parma, Ohio

Blood Conscription?

EDITOR: John Lear's article, You May Be Drafted to Give Blood (March 10th) filled me with apprehension that in our effort to defeat nondemocratic forces we may abandon democracy itself, that democracy may be in peril from its friends as much as from its enemies.

If the time comes when the government invades our very physiology and violates our person as forced bloodletting would do, this country is no longer a democracy and may no longer be worth defending.

MERLE WILSON, Binghamton, N. Y.

. . . This idea may be called unpatriotic, but psychologically it certainly would be infinitely better than, as the subheading says, "forcing Americans . . . to give a pint at stated times." We all know, even if we haven't read it many times, the effects of "forcing" Americans to do anything.

Rather than have the large slice of population represented by Americans between eighteen and sixty resentful and defiant about the whole program, why wouldn't it be possible to "buy" the blood with a token payment of, say $10 a pint? This would be enough lower than the generally accepted price so that the donor could feel patriotic about the difference, as well as satisfied to get something out of it.

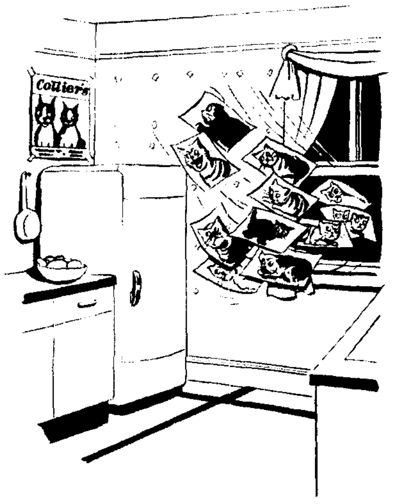
DONALD B. HASKELL, Gorham, Me.

. . . When any government conscripts the very blood from our bodies there is no longer any freedom worth dying or fighting for. When a man is drafted into the armed forces he is not deprived of his blood by his own countrymen, even upon the field of battle. He has at least an outside chance that he may survive unharmed and unbled.

If blood is essential to the preservation of life, the people are thoroughly capable of supplying the need in the old American tradition. Let us pray God that there are no friends of this totalitarian crackpot suggestion in the Congress of the United States.

HARRY CAMPBELL, Trenton, N. J.

Tall Cat Story



PAT ROONEY

EDITOR: I have had the hobby of collecting cat pictures and taping them onto the kitchen wall. I'd say there were about 130 cats, roughly counting. Well, on your March 10th cover appeared two very *homely little bull terriers, and for the heck* of it, I taped them up on the west wall one night.

Next morning, so help me—may I never touch another drop—there warn't a dadburned cat to be seen! Vanished! Found a wisp of tape here and there, mute evidence of their hurried flight.

Please start picturing *cats* on your cover. I'd like to start a new collection.

SWOVIE LUND, Ladoga, Ind.

Treasure Instead of Taxes

EDITOR: Since reading the article on Odum's treasure map (They're After Pirate Gold, March 10th), it has occurred to me that it might be a good idea for the U.S. government to employ some of the more experienced treasure hunters and give them the proper equipment to find the gold and silver that has been lying idle over the years.

If the government had part of the fabulous wealth, Congress wouldn't have to lie awake nights and get ulcers thinking of ways and means of getting additional money from taxation. And that ultimately would help the digestion of our tax-weary nation.

GLADYS M. HEATH, Miami, Fla.

. . . Author Glynn Harvey and Assistant Attorney General Ralph Odum deserve to be tied together and fed to the sharks! They neglected to mention in the story the greatest (?) pirate that ever stole a doubloon off Florida: José Gaspar, last of the buccaneers, and around whom Tampa builds Gasparilla, its annual February carnival.

His end was most ironic. On the day he proclaimed for division of loot and retirement, his men sighted a ship and persuaded him to take just one more. The ship proved to be an American warship with concealed guns, looking for Gaspar. He was defeated in the ensuing battle, and rather than be captured, he wrapped the ship's chains about his neck, and with sword drawn and flashing, jumped to a watery grave.

WILLIAM C. ESCALANTE, Mobile, Ala.

Freedom's Voice

EDITOR: The Truth Shall Make Them Free (March 10th) was splendid. May I suggest a possible sequel, The Truth Shall Keep Us Free? Your editorial referred to the work of the Voice of America and Radio Free Europe. I should like to suggest the Pen of America can also do a mighty job.

By the Pen of America I mean individual friendly Americans writing personal friendly letters to people in lands all over the world—telling them the truth about America and learning the truth about their nation in concrete terms drawn from everyday experience.

STEWART MOORE,
East Detroit, Mich.

. . . Will you print a short letter from a GI? Your editorial The Truth Shall Make Them Free is timely, informative and logical. Why have you never printed one sample of the broadcast by the Voice of America?

Over $100,000,000 has been spent and not one American outside the State Department has ever seen a copy of a broadcast.

BERTRAM K. SELTER, Los Angeles, Cal.

Transcripts of Voice of America broadcasts have appeared in the daily press.

Wouldn't Know the Old Place

EDITOR: With apologies to the anonymous author of Island That Time Forgot (March 3d), *is it possible the Seris of Tiburón* Island have gone modern, wearing Stetson hats and rubbing elbows with civilization?

When I visited them last, back in 1909, they were a small tribe of long-haired, primitive, dog-eating, vermin-infested Indians living unto themselves. Wild fowl, turtle, fish, oysters, crabs, shrimp, deer, rabbit, wild pig, milk, cheese, sea-gull eggs and eggs from other water birds being plentiful the year round, they ventured little, ate much, lived well and enjoyed an easy life.

I wonder what happened to the lazy, easygoing atmosphere and the shy, contented way in which they lived? Comparing the story with what I saw and lived 42 years ago, methinks the title should read Island That Time Forgot to Forget.

E. R. CRALL, Virginia Beach, Va.

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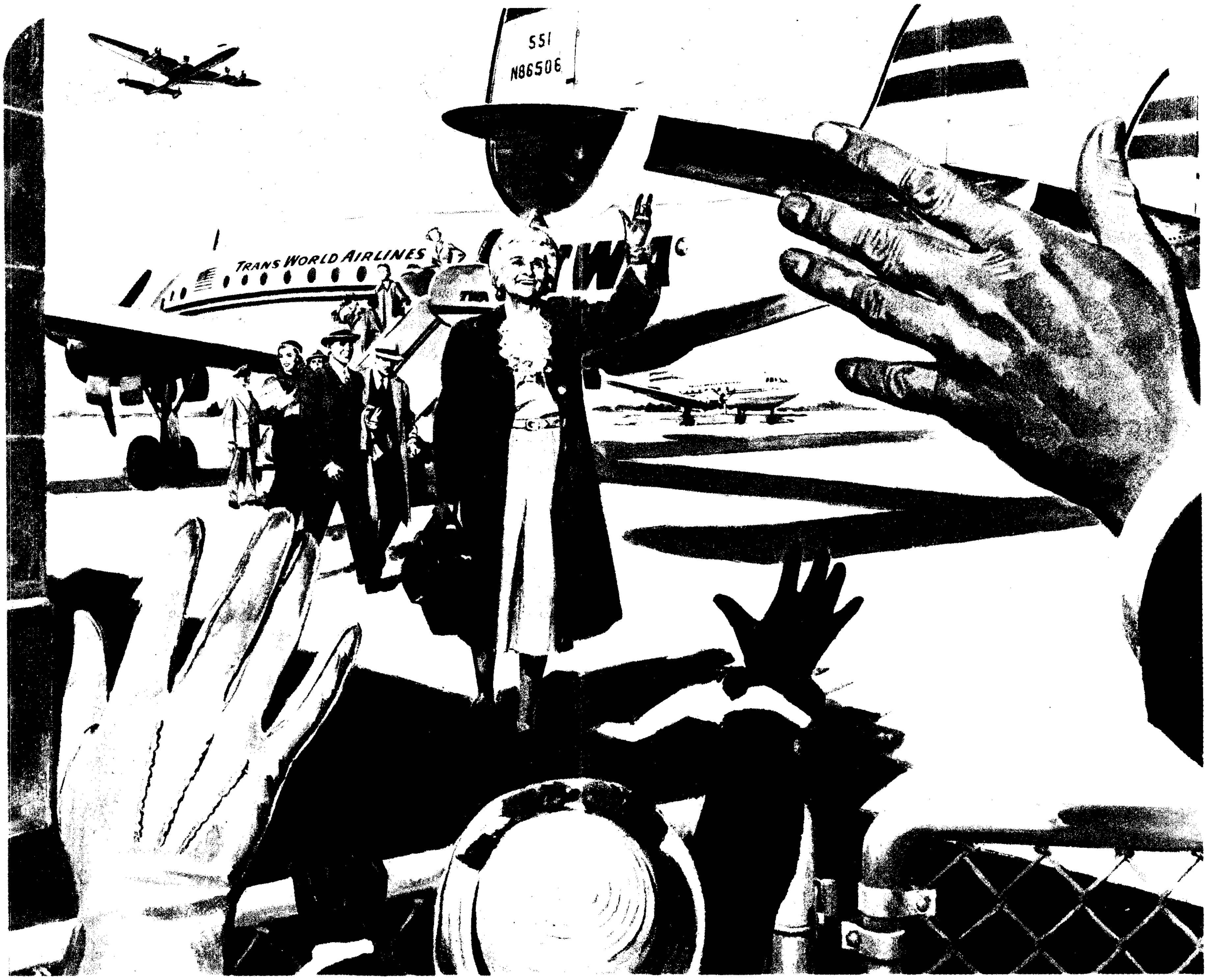
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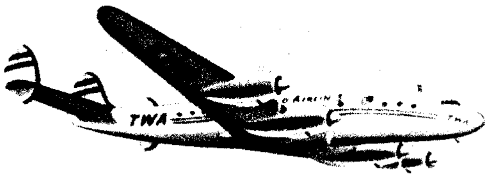

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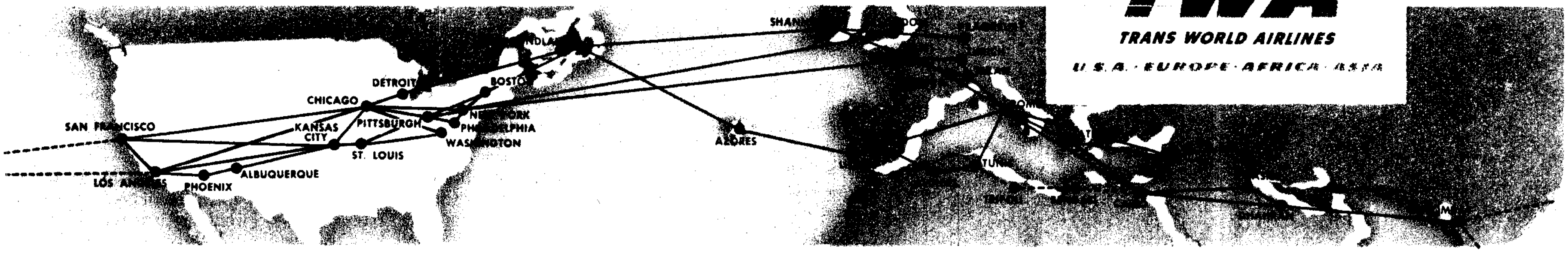
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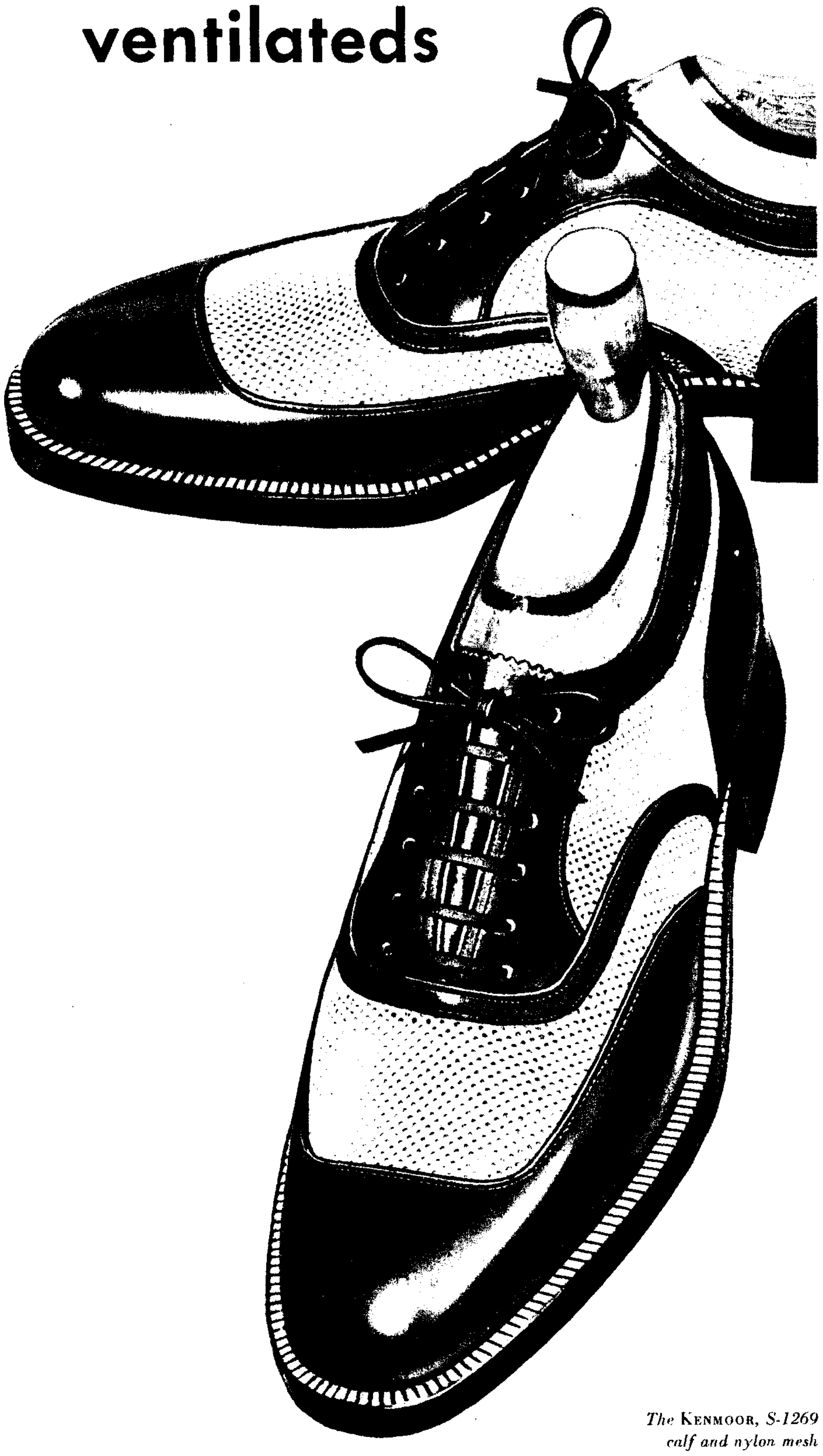

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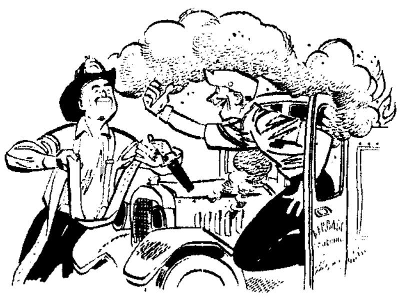
48 States of Mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Five per centers and similar war contract moochers seem to be going underground. Anyway, many of them are deserting Washington. From now on they'll be operating in the more expensive summer colonies, the better country clubs and fashionable resorts. As for offices, they're moving to New York, Detroit, Atlanta, Pasadena, Chicago, Minneapolis and so on. If all that we hear is dependable, Washington will see very little of them. The new idea is to fetch the contract giver to the contract seeker, all expenses paid, of course, and a nice rest promised. All very secret and comfortable. Anyway, that's the way we hear it.

★ ★ ★

In Missoula, Montana, there is a frustrated fellow who's been trying for years with no success to get into the fire department. In the meantime, he drives a garbage truck. Not long ago he arrived heavily laden at the city dump only to find that his truck, plus cargo, was on fire. He turned around and drove at top speed to the nearest firehouse and announced that if they wouldn't let him go to fires he'd always be glad to bring fires to them. They let him put it out all by himself and he drove off singing.



★ ★ ★

We regret we've never attended a wedding in Heber, Utah. Dan Valentine of the Salt Lake Tribune notifies us that Sheriff Eugene Payne has just made an announcement: from now on he is not going to tolerate any more rough stuff or nonsense at nuptials in Heber. Too bad. Nothing like a nice rough wedding.

★ ★ ★

Recently, too, several gentlemen were arrested in a New Orleans club and bundled off to court along with a load of crooked dice, marked cards and other accessories for an evening of good clean fun worth anywhere from three to four thousand dollars. But the court dismissed them, returned their property to them and gave the cops a good talking to. Gambling paraphernalia? What nonsense. The court ruled the fellows were quite right in that it could have been used for highly amusing entertainment, such as magic tricks. And come to think of it—but never mind.

★ ★ ★

This seems like an appropriate place to tell you that one of your fellow citizens in Portland, Oregon, went shopping for a gross of "the smallest dice made." He finally found a store where he found the size he wanted—tiny bones a quarter of an inch square. The shopkeeper was curious. "Simple," explained the purchaser. "Did you ever try swallowing big dice when the law arrives?"

★ ★ ★

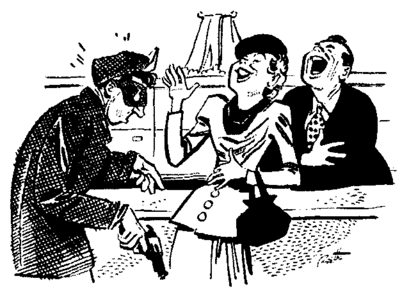
There's nothing like a good, well-lubricated rumor to warm the heart, salvage morale, promote vociferous oratory and even start a few nice fights. Good for the circulation, too. And nobody knows this latter better than the editor of the Hattiesburg, Mississippi, American. To prove same, he recently notified his readers that: "The Hattiesburg American will not be outrumored on Camp Shelby by any newspaper in this or any other state. The American's rumors are bigger and better and more detailed. Read the American daily for the tops in Camp Shelby rumors."

★ ★ ★

What an elegant time he'd have in Washington. Rummaging through the rumors (unsubstantiated) just harvested by our Washington ear, we learn that for strictly humanitarian reasons Mr. Truman will run for re-election next year. The reason does him credit, too. He simply can't bear the thought of so many of his fellow Democrats being trampled to death in their patriotic desire to win the nomination to succeed him.

★ ★ ★

Our fellow in Dallas, Texas, reports a brutal incident. A man clad wholly in green, wearing a green mask, entered a shop brandishing a pistol which was not green. He announced that it was a stick-up. There was one customer in the shop and she started to laugh. The proprietor joined her. The stick-up man wanted to know what they were laughing about and to hurry up and hand over the dough. The lady stopped laughing long enough to tell the bandit he was the funniest-looking man she'd seen since she left home. The proprietor told him that, frankly, he looked like hell. The bandit pocketed his gun and stalked out empty-handed, saying he'd never been so insulted in his life.



JACK BETTS

★ ★ ★

Well, it has finally been decided. Next fall Vermont will not permit you to hunt deer with bows and arrows. Decided it was too dangerous—not to the deer but to the populace.

★ ★ ★

State legislatures have almost all adjourned and their members have gone home to do whatever it is they do for a living while not legislating. A sigh of relief has escaped constituencies and

(*Continued on page 49*)

THE CLEAREST PICTURE IN *Television*

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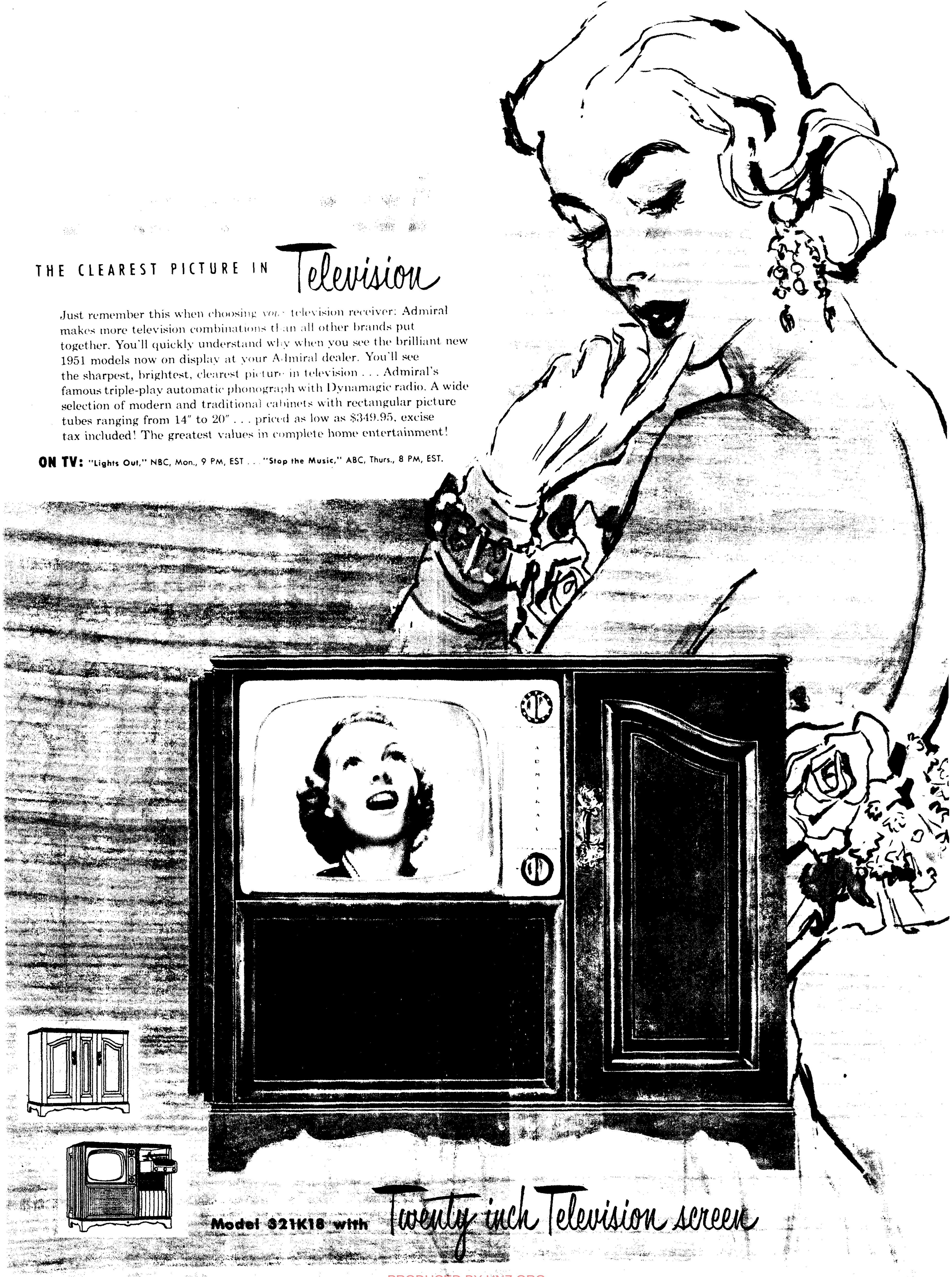

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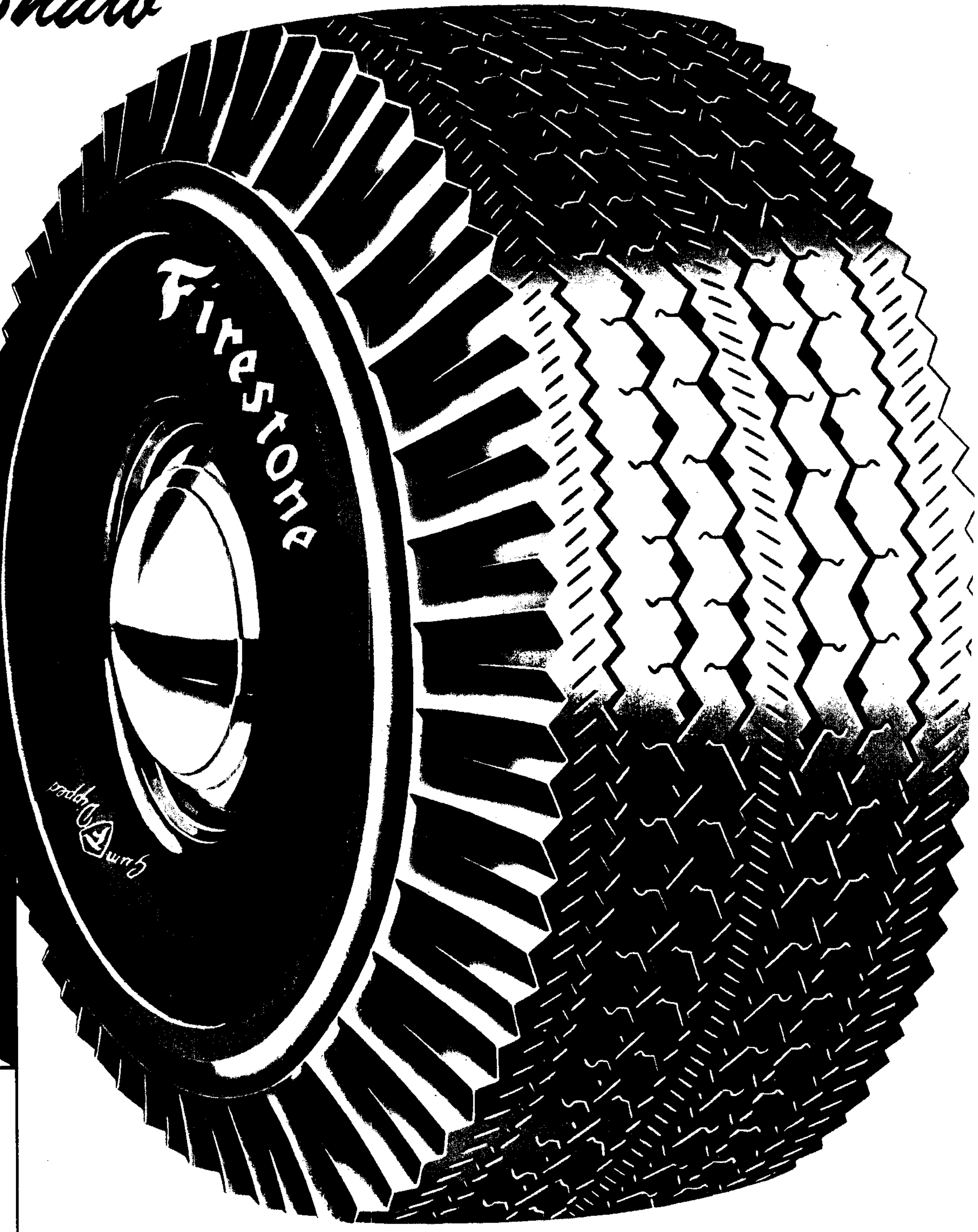
Safety-Proved on the Speedway for Your Protection on the Highway

by Wilbur Shaw

Here is a tire so completely safe that it marks the beginning of a new era in highway safety. Firestone is cooperating with the Government in conserving critical materials, so production of this new tire is limited. But, when the present national emergency ends, you will be able to equip your car with the world's first blowout-safe, puncture-proof, tubeless tire, the ultimate in tire safety, strength, economy and mileage.



This new tire was tested thoroughly in all kinds of service, on all types of roads throughout the country for a long time. Then, Wilbur Shaw, three-time winner of the 500-mile Indianapolis Race and now president of the Indianapolis Speedway, tested it personally on the famous race track.

The tire was purposely damaged before the test so it would blow out. The damaged tire blew out while Wilbur Shaw was traveling 80 miles an hour. There was no sudden swerve, no dangerous tug at the steering wheel and he continued around the track at high speeds, then made a normal stop.

When the car came to a stop after the blowout, the bulk of the air was still contained by an inner diaphragm made of two plies of tire cord and equipped with a safety valve . . . dramatic proof that this new tire is the safest, strongest tire ever built. The tire was also run over sharp spikes to show how it seals punctures.

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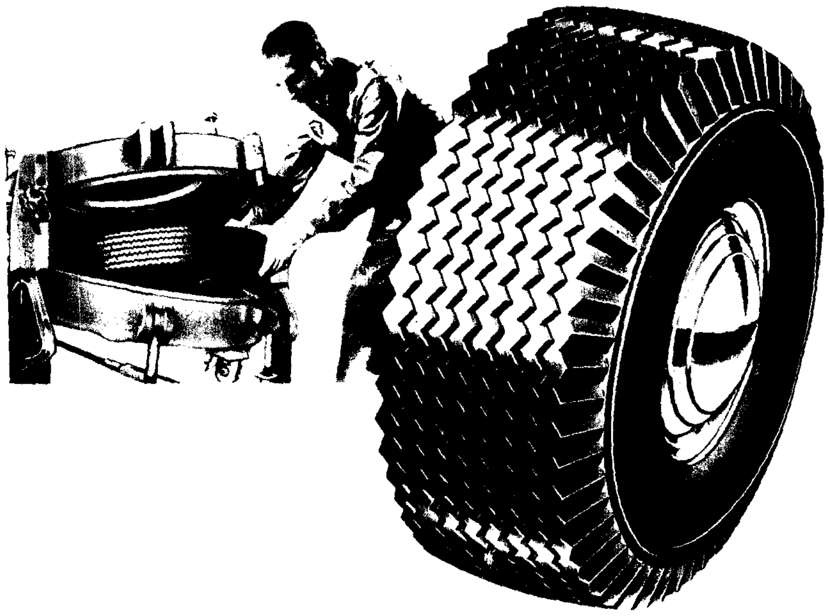
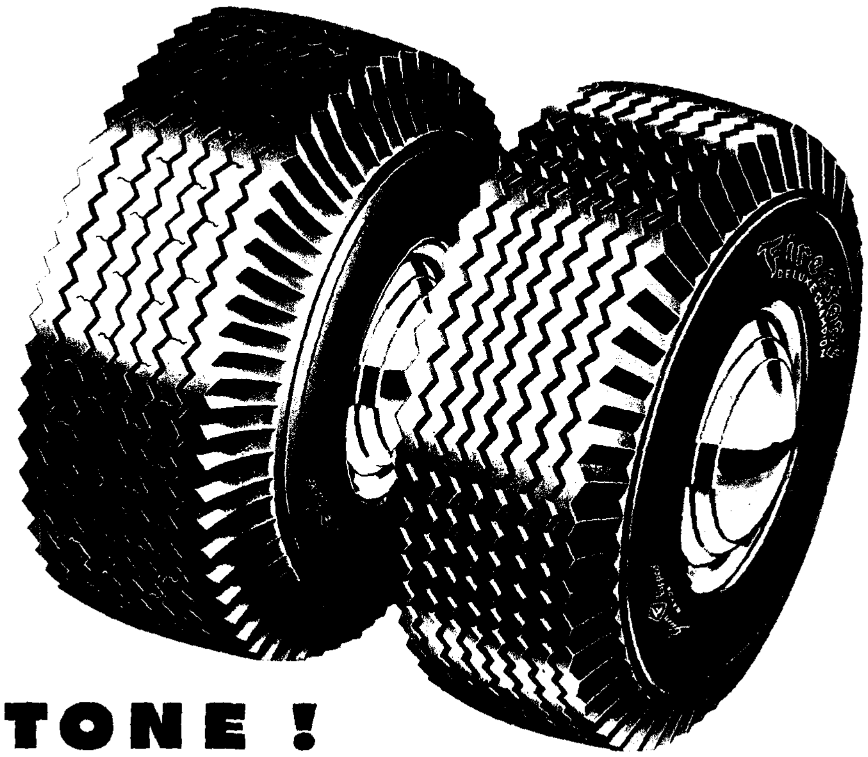


Here's How to Get the Most Mileage Out of Your Present Tires

Most tires built today are made with cord bodies so strong that they will outlast the original tread. When your tires become smooth or dangerously worn, take them to your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store and have the worn treads replaced with Firestone Factory-Method New Treads. You get the same non-skid tread design, the same tread width and depth, and the same guarantee as with a new Firestone tire. You get new-tire safety and new-tire mileage at less than half the cost of a new tire.

Here's What to Do When You Need New Tires

If your tire bodies are so badly damaged that Firestone New Treads cannot be applied, equip your car with new Firestone Super-Balloons or Firestone De Luxe Champions, the tires that are built with Safti-Sured Gum-Dipped cord bodies, an exclusive Firestone construction feature which provides the greatest protection against blowouts ever built into a regular tire.



USINESS AT FIRESTONE !

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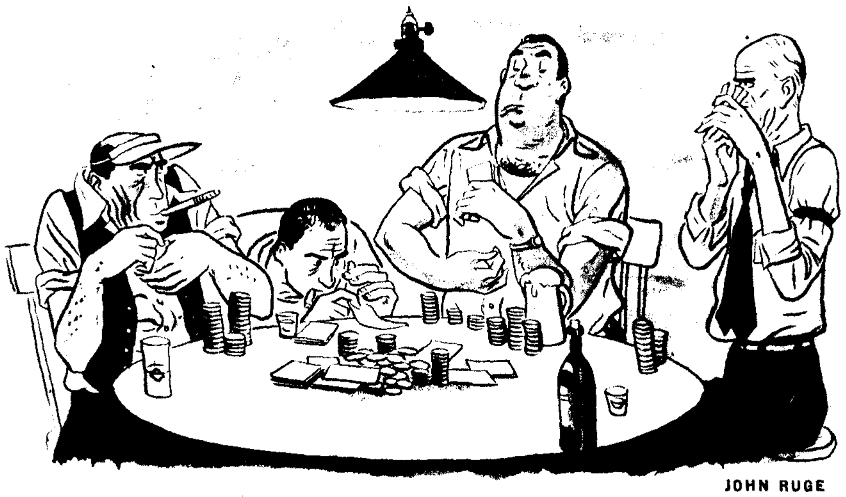
Bring Your Pink Eyeshades

By PERRY GRANT



Next comes Pass the Trash, then No Peekie Hi-low Baseball

FRANKLY, I have lost faith in poker. I mean, it just isn't a real man's game any more. Time was when a guy could slip on his green eyeshade, slide behind a stack of blue chips and lose himself in a world of cutthroat betting and dead-pan bluffing where straight draw and five-card stud were the only games heard of and anybody who uttered over three words was dealt out—permanently. But society had to come along and gut the game and, nowadays, the only place you find real he-man, poker-face, blood-and-guts poker is in Western movies.

I was seated at my desk down at Forbes & Co. adding last Sunday's golf score over again with the outward appearance of squeezing my last drop of gray matter into an important calculation for the sales manager, when Harry Lane from the billing department gives me the high sign to meet him at the water cooler.

"Say, Chuck," he says from behind his paper cup, "the boys are getting together at my house for a little poker. Thought you'd like to join us."

"Real poker?" I ask.

"Darn' right!" he says.

Hot dog—poker! Man, I hadn't seen the happy side of a full house for months. The wife has always been a great one for cards—so long as you play bridge—so you can see that Harry's little proposition was more welcome than five o'clock on Friday afternoon.

When I arrive, the game is in progress and, after a nod to the boys, I peer over Harry's shoulder to see that he is holding the outside cards of an inside straight: six of diamonds, seven of clubs, nine of clubs and the ten of hearts.

"I'll take one card," he says.

I cross my fingers for him behind my back, as he scrapes the card off the edge of the table and slowly bends up a corner, his eyes making like they were trying to see under the hair on his chest. The queen of spades.

Tough luck, I think. But what does he do? Raises the pot, waits for everybody to meet him, then spreads his cards out on the table and rakes in the chips.

"Hey, wait a minute," I say. "That's the queen of spades!"

"Yeah," he says, "how lucky can you get? Good thing we made bedpost queens wild instead of one-eyed jacks."

Well, right there I can see that the game isn't quite up to Mississippi river boat standards, but, seeing as how it's dealer's choice, I figure the last dealer to be the sole converted casino player, and I pull up a chair. The next guy shuffles the deck like he was from Las Vegas, so I'm getting ready for a little five stud, when he opens his mouth and comes out with: "Well, men, this time let's make it Payday at the Mines."

"What's wild?" asks the player on my right.

"Deuces, fours and the suicide king," says the dealer. Then he cuts the deck and holds up a seven. "Better throw in sevens for luck," he adds.

"Progressive?" asks the voice on my left.

"Only up to flushes, then back down again to three of a kind."

I don't know how, but I played it—and won with five aces. And I didn't even know I had them until someone pointed them out—there not being an honest one in my hand.

Well, from then on, things get worse. Next comes Pass the Trash. Then I am dragged through Up and Down the River, No Peekie Hi-low Baseball, One-Toed Pete and Nine-Card Jack Pot. When it gets to be my deal I boldly suggest straight draw, and I can feel every pair of eyes in the room looking at every other pair of eyes and saying, "Get a load of that creep!"

But the big blow comes when, as I begin to feel the usual thirst and am looking around for the beer, the kitchen door swings open and Harry brings in fruit punch and a chocolate cake.

"Made it myself," he says.

Enough is enough. With a feeble smile I manage the punch and ignore the cake and make for my coat. "Gotta go," I say with a polite trace of mockery like I was talking to the boss's son on the yacht his old man had given him. "Promised the wife I'd get back in time to help her rinse out a few stockings."

Everybody is full of understanding about the stockings. "What a shame, old man," says Harry, taking off his apron. "And here I've been saving a game for the last hand that's a killer. You play it with two decks and . . ."

"Sounds simply muscular," I say to myself. Then aloud: "Where do I cash in my chips?"

"Oh, just divide them among the boys. Naturally we haven't been playing for money."

Naturally! I grab my coat, wishing some aces would fall out of the sleeve just for shockers, spit on my hands for lack of a spittoon, heist my belt and say, "Thankee fer the game, boys. Now if you'll jist hand me my shootin' iron, I'll go." I leave quietly. THE END

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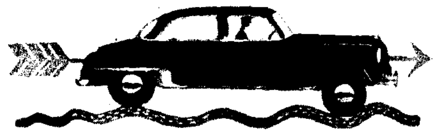

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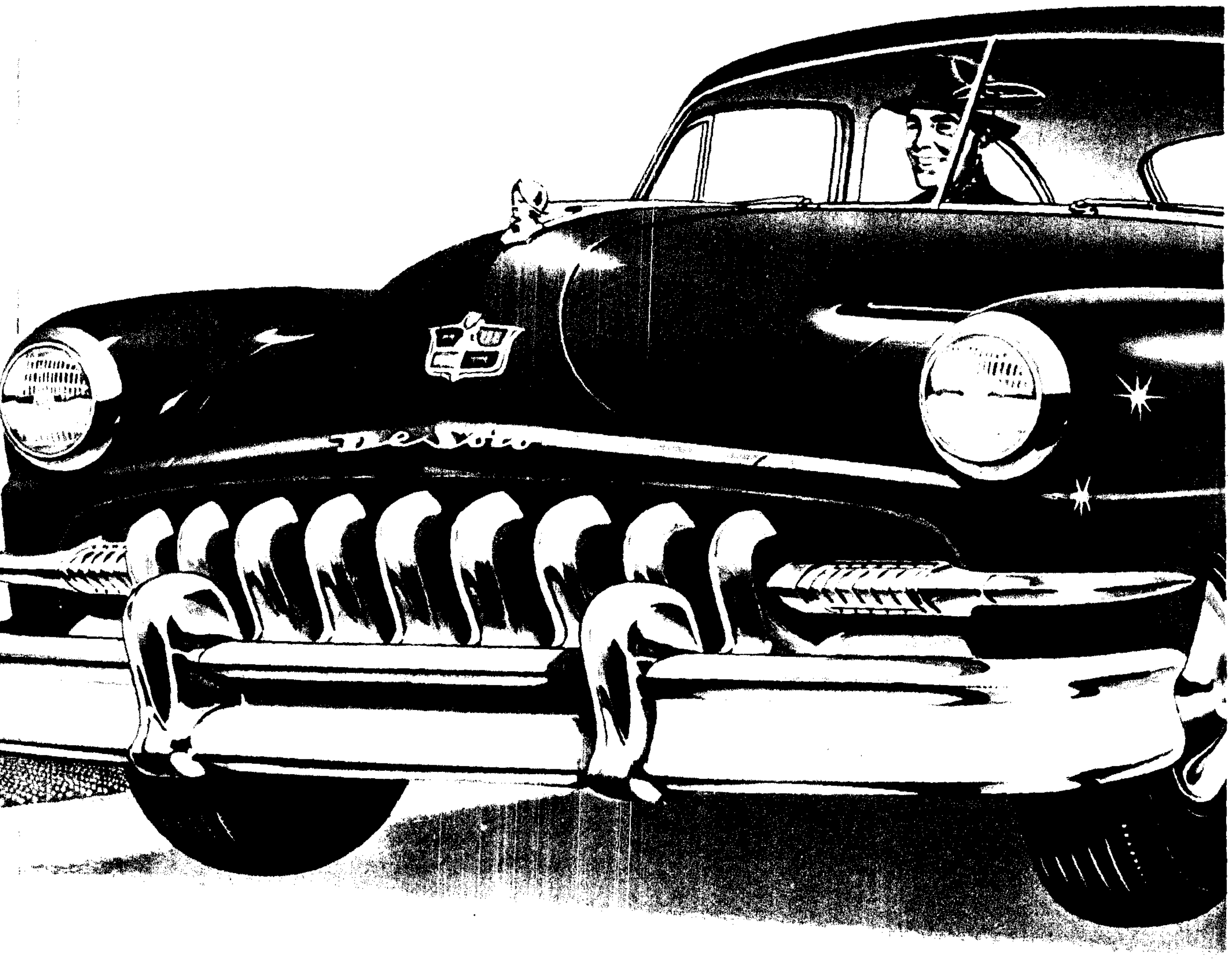

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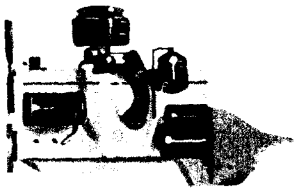

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A SHOT in the DARK

By RICHARD POWELL

Johnny had to find a man, then kill him. It wouldn't be an easy job or a healthy one. And every time Sally McCarter turned up, she managed to make it tougher

I

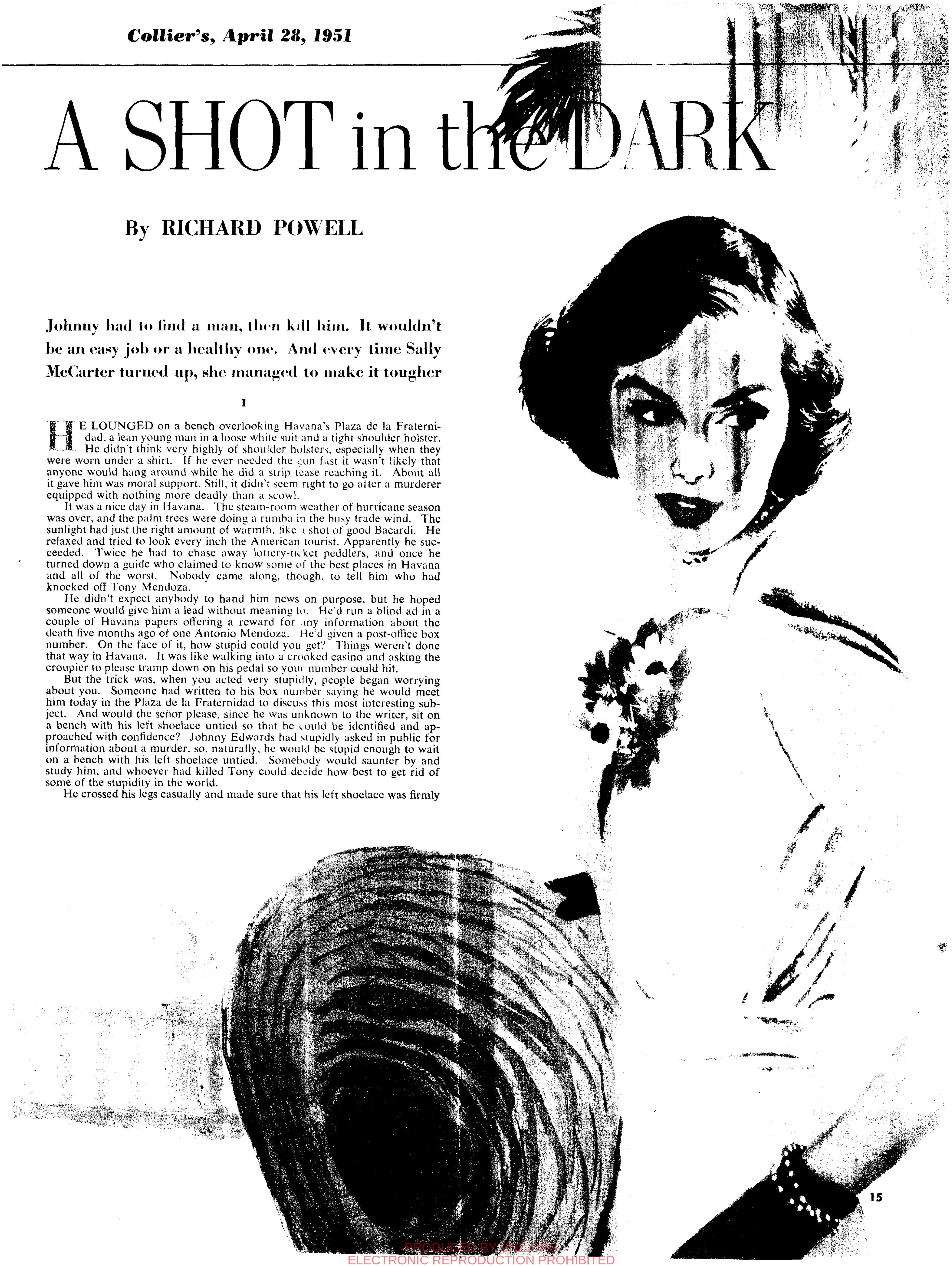
HE LOUNGED on a bench overlooking Havana's Plaza de la Fraternidad, a lean young man in a loose white suit and a tight shoulder holster. He didn't think very highly of shoulder holsters, especially when they were worn under a shirt. If he ever needed the gun fast it wasn't likely that anyone would hang around while he did a strip tease reaching it. About all it gave him was moral support. Still, it didn't seem right to go after a murderer equipped with nothing more deadly than a scowl.

It was a nice day in Havana. The steam-room weather of hurricane season was over, and the palm trees were doing a rumba in the busy trade wind. The sunlight had just the right amount of warmth, like a shot of good Bacardi. He relaxed and tried to look every inch the American tourist. Apparently he succeeded. Twice he had to chase away lottery-ticket peddlers, and once he turned down a guide who claimed to know some of the best places in Havana and all of the worst. Nobody came along, though, to tell him who had knocked off Tony Mendoza.

He didn't expect anybody to hand him news on purpose, but he hoped someone would give him a lead without meaning to. He'd run a blind ad in a couple of Havana papers offering a reward for any information about the death five months ago of one Antonio Mendoza. He'd given a post-office box number. On the face of it, how stupid could you get? Things weren't done that way in Havana. It was like walking into a crooked casino and asking the croupier to please tramp down on his pedal so your number could hit.

But the trick was, when you acted very stupidly, people began worrying about you. Someone had written to his box number saying he would meet him today in the Plaza de la Fraternidad to discuss this most interesting subject. And would the señor please, since he was unknown to the writer, sit on a bench with his left shoelace untied so that he could be identified and approached with confidence? Johnny Edwards had stupidly asked in public for information about a murder, so, naturally, he would be stupid enough to wait on a bench with his left shoelace untied. Somebody would saunter by and study him, and whoever had killed Tony could decide how best to get rid of some of the stupidity in the world.

He crossed his legs casually and made sure that his left shoelace was firmly



tied. So far, he hadn't been able to spot any stroller who seemed unusually interested in shoelaces. The whole idea was pretty dull, but he had to start somewhere. Havana cops had no ideas, bright or dull, about the murder. Who was this Mendoza, anyway? Just an unimportant Spanish national who had lived in the Philippines, come to Cuba hoping to get an entry permit into the United States, got turned down, made arrangements to be smuggled in, became frightened at the last moment, got knocked off. This Antonio Mendoza should have known better.

The only thing that had worried the Havana police five months ago was that a character named John Carlton Edwards III, son of a rich American family and nephew of a United States senator, was running around town playing detective. They'd been very polite about it, but what it had amounted to was that they'd thrown him out of Cuba and said don't come back.

AS HE lounged in the sunlight, watching people through half-closed eyes, something began nagging at his attention. At first he couldn't tell what it was. It was like waking up at night with silence and blackness packed close, and wondering what had roused you and listening and then maybe hearing the faint whine of a mosquito near your face. The impression he was getting now was just as vague. He concentrated on it, and finally he found the answer. Somebody was paying too much attention to him.

He shifted uneasily on the bench. Of course there had always been the chance that he might be recognized, shoelace or no shoelace. Five months ago, hunting for Tony's killer, he had been about as public as a street-corner revival meeting. Probably a lot of people had taken a good long look at him. They would remember that he was tall and lean and tanned, and that he had brown hair and gray eyes and a face that ordinarily wouldn't hold your attention very long unless you were shaving it.

Those angles of his appearance hadn't changed, but he had counted on other changes fooling people. Five months ago, Tony's letter yelling for help had caught up with him on a salmon-fishing stream in Canada, and he had flown down without taking time to pick up decent clothes. In his three days in Havana he hadn't eaten or slept much. He had kept going on coffee and rum and Benzedrine, and he'd looked as if he had just been washed up on the beach. Now he was cool, clean and rested. He wore a white linen suit and white suède shoes and one of those Panama hats they weave under water and give away for ninety bucks. A clever disguise, Edwards, he thought. Too bad it hadn't worked.

He began checking everyone in sight to find out who was watching him. Maybe he had been making a mistake up to now, looking for guys with bulges in their hip pockets. Maybe he should be looking for bent old women and ragged kids chewing gum and—

That girl. The one who had just sauntered by. Had she passed once or twice before? Had she peered at him every time? She was an American. Nice long legs, trim flanks that rippled instead of jiggled as she walked, slim waist, shiny brown, sun-streaked hair with a wave at the end—all the standard equipment. To be fair, a lot of de luxe equipment, too. You found the type all over the United States. But right now he wasn't interested.

She was coming back now, around the plaza. As she approached, he looked squarely at her for the first time. That was a mistake. He had met her before, and she was wearing grooves in the pavement trying to meet him again just by accident. She had a pleasant tanned face and big soft brown eyes. When she spotted the flicker of recognition on his face she smiled gaily and made a bee-line for him. This was great. He'd gone out to trap a murderer and he'd caught a dame on the make.

"I do know you, don't I?" she cried happily. "I'm Sally McCarter. We met last week in Miami."

Maybe a brush-off would work. "Sorry," he said. "Afraid I don't remember."

"Oh, dear. And I did try so to make an impression."

"It must have been another guy. I'm sure he was impressed."

"This has never happened to me before," she said firmly, "and it isn't going to happen now. Your name is John Edwards. You're the new trainee of the Miami Border Patrol Sector."

In a minute she'd be checking his fingerprints. "I remember that much too," he said, "but—"

"I met you about three thirty Thursday afternoon a week ago in the office of Chief Patrol Inspector Ed Brian. He introduced us. My brother is Tim McCarter, Senior Patrol Inspector over in Fort Myers. I'm a rather nice girl and I don't go around picking up strange men."

He gave up. Next thing she'd be handing him letters of recommendation from her minister. "Oh, yes," he said. "Now I remember. I must have had something else on my mind that day I met you."

She tilted her head and studied him. "You have something else on your mind now, don't you? Is she pretty? Are you meeting her here?"

"I never have just one woman at a time on my mind," he said coldly. "I always think in terms of harems."

"I'm sorry," she said. "It was rude of me to say that. And for all I know, you're here on orders and I'm sticking my nose into Border Patrol business. Shall I run along?"

She was actually a rather appealing creature. Another time he might have been willing to play around for a while, just to keep his hand in. But he couldn't spare the time now. He almost took her up on the hint about Border Patrol business. In a way, his business did concern the Border Patrol, although the Border Patrol didn't know it. But if he used that excuse it might get back to the Chief Patrol Inspector and then he'd have some explaining to do.

"I'm just playing tourist," he said. "Had a few days off and decided to see Havana."

"Wonderful!" she said, as if that made them soul mates. "I've been taking a week off. I flew here on Monday with Jean Atkins—of course you don't know her, she's my best friend in Fort Myers—and we've been doing the town. *Jai alai*, the races, sight-seeing, everything. Of course," she said, "Jean would have to go and meet a man last night, and desert me. A girl can lose more girl friends that way! I don't suppose men are like that. So you see, when I spotted you I was desperate. I told myself: 'I, too, can meet a man.' And I did, didn't I?"

"I'm not sure you got a bargain."

"I'll take a chance. Anybody who gets into the Border Patrol is a pretty good risk. Let's sit down, shall we? I've worn my high-heeled shoes down to loafers, parading by, hoping you'd toss me a kind word."

He sat down. If this girl could be trained to be a detective, no eligible criminal would be safe.

"Did you know," she said, "that you're already a marked man in the Border Patrol? They tell me you got your appointment two weeks after you took the civil service exam. You went through training school at El Paso with terrific grades. And I hear they're talking about sending you out to a unit, even though you've only been a trainee for a month."

"How do you know all this?"

"Oh, we're a pretty close family. Everybody hears about everybody else. Besides, I was especially interested because Tim—my brother, you know—hasn't had a partner in Fort Myers for months, and I've been wondering who we'd get. Anyway, I wondered how you did all this so fast."

"I didn't know it was fast."

"You didn't know there's quite a waiting list? That it can take months and months to get an appointment? There's a general impression around that you're quite a guy."

YEAH, he thought, I'm quite a guy, and by sheer coincidence my uncle is a United States senator. He could hear his uncle's voice now: *What's all this nonsense about the Border Patrol? What makes you think I'll pull wires to get you in?* He had, though, and when Johnny, much to his uncle's surprise, had graduated from training school, the senator had pulled more wires and got Johnny assigned to Miami.

"Have you been hearing a word I said?" the girl asked. "I get the queerest feeling that something is bothering you."

He ought to tell her it was only a murder. You'll have to pardon me, he might add, if I don't show the proper school spirit about the Border Patrol. *I'm just hitching a ride with the boys. It turns out* that you need a license to play tag across frontiers with a murderer. Since this particular killer is in the alien-smuggling racket, it seemed like a good idea to move heaven and earth and even a federal bureau to get in the Border Patrol. So honest, honey, nothing else is bothering me, and let's sit here talking for hours, shall we?

He stood up and said abruptly, "Let me give you a ring sometime."

It might have been more diplomatic to have slapped her. She jumped up, looking like a kicked puppy. "I'm very sorry," she said. "That's what a girl deserves for acting desperate, isn't it? I still think you're probably a nice person. But I've decided I'm not a very nice girl." She gave him a weak smile and walked away.

He sat down and watched her disappear in the direction of the Pasco de Martí, or whatever they were calling the Prado these days. No doubt he had spoiled her whole day for her. She would go back to her hotel room and weep and decide that he was a nasty brute. After all, she had been engaged in the important project of getting a date for the evening and what right did a man have to interfere?

Yeah, you're a beast, Edwards, he thought. You and your dull old murder. It's making you coarse. You start by slapping girls around and pretty soon you'll be putting the slug on children and—

Speaking of children, what was going on?

He stared down at the black-haired Cuban kid who was kneeling in front of him and busily getting an assortment of brushes, rags and polishes from his shoeshine box.

"Hey," Johnny said. "What do you think you're doing?"

There was a flash of bright black eyes and white teeth. "Shine, señor?" the kid said.

"I don't want a shine. Beat it."

THE kid gave him some double talk in Spanish. That was an old act. Chatter at the tourist in a foreign language until the sucker gives up. This was really getting to be his day. Lottery peddlers, guides, the McCarter girl, shine boys. He threw some sharp Spanish at the kid and got a resentful stare. Tourists weren't supposed to know the language.

"Besides," Johnny added, "these are white shoes."

The kid pulled out a bottle containing a very small amount of gray fluid, waved it triumphantly and went into a sales talk.

Johnny dug into his pocket and flipped the kid ten centavos and said, "All right. Now beat it."

The kid shrugged, pocketed the money, gave the shoes a farewell pat and began gathering his things.

Johnny caught his breath. Was he imagining it, or had he really felt a slight tug at his left shoe lace? He leaned forward slowly and glanced down. His left shoelace was untied. This was ridiculous. But it had happened. Well, he had been telling himself he'd be putting the slug on children soon. This was his chance. He watched the kid reach for a can of black polish. He moved his right foot quickly, pinned the small groping hand to the pavement. He didn't put much weight on it—yet.

"Don't move it," he said softly. "You could lose a hand that way."

The kid looked up. His black eyes glittered. This could get me a knife in the ankle, Johnny thought.

"Who told you to do it?" Johnny asked. The kid tensed a little. Johnny increased the pressure. "Don't move," he said again. He reached into his inside coat pocket, slid out his wallet, eased a ten-dollar bill from it. He crumpled the bill and let it drop and put his other foot on it. "A smart kid would speak up and get me to lift both feet," he said gently.

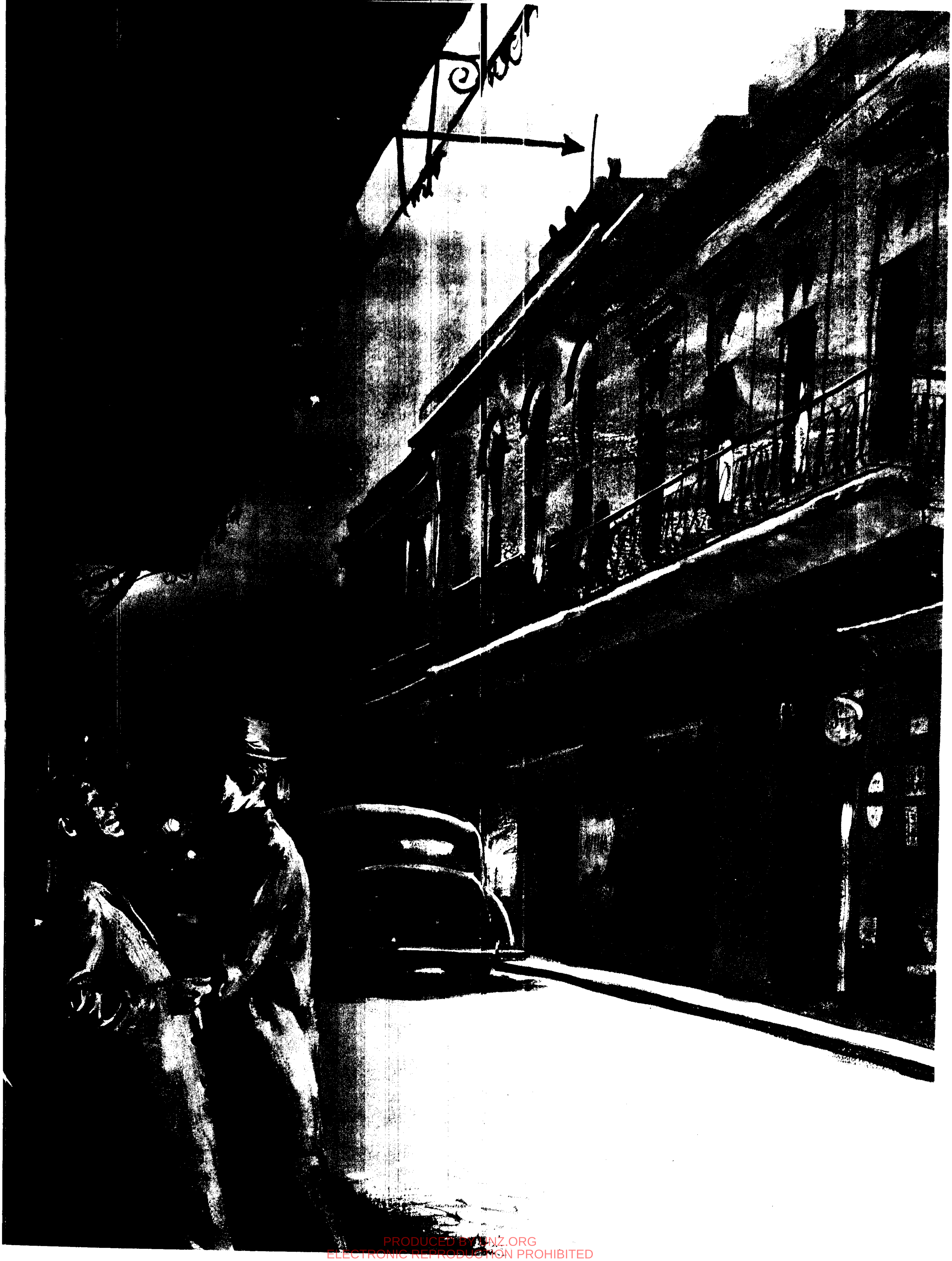
There was a different glitter in the eyes now. "I do not know him," the kid whispered. "He said it was merely for a joke."

"Describe this man who liked to joke."

The kid frowned slightly. "It—it is difficult, señor. One remembers some people with ease. This man, no. I do not think he is Cuban. Or of the United States. He is small. The face is thin. He wears a dirty white suit. *(Continued on page 51)*

Johnny's hand tightened on Rankosci's collar. It wasn't good to work this close, but he couldn't afford to let the guy slip away

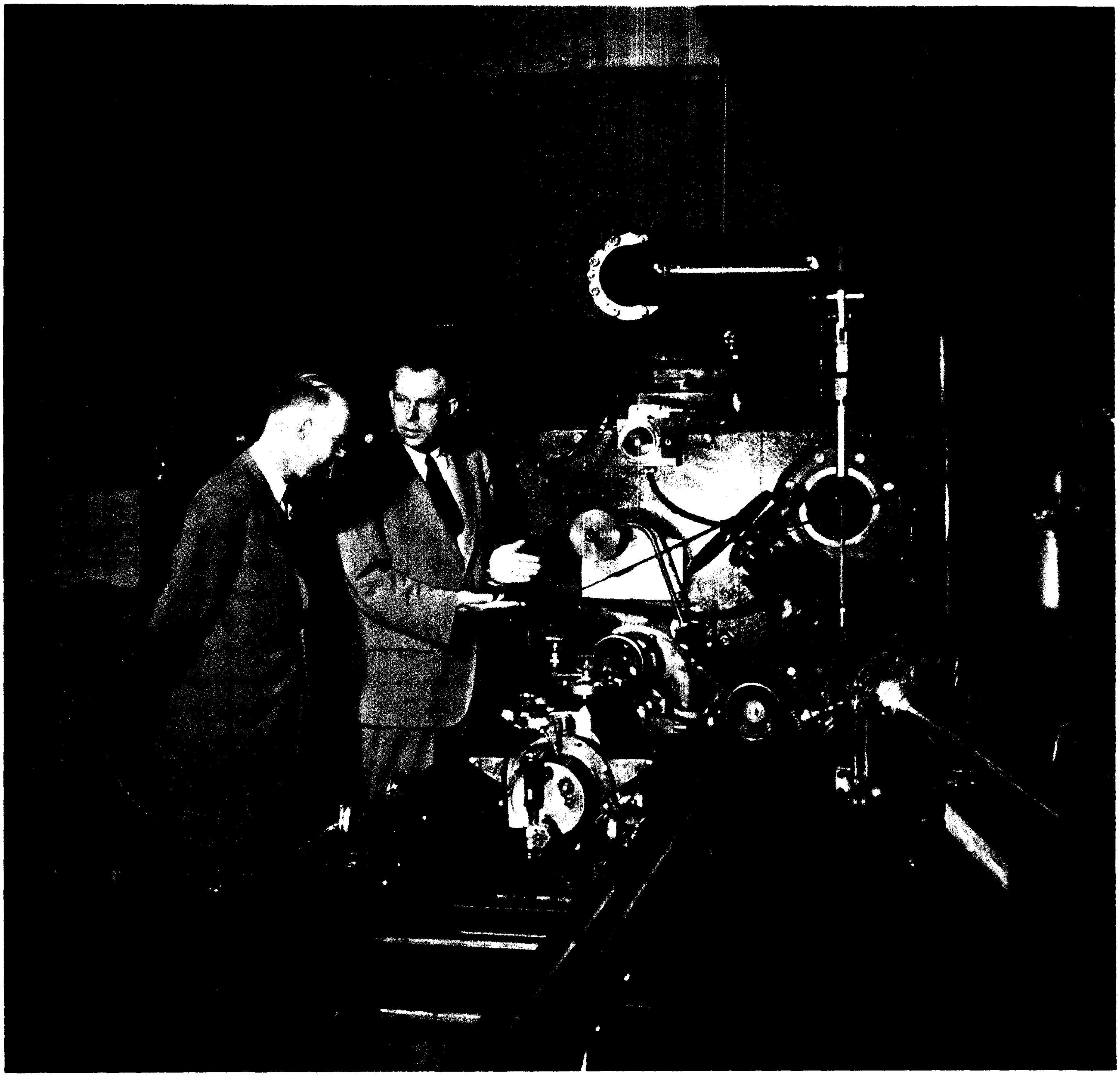
ILLUSTRATED BY WARD BRACKETT



Beginning: ***THE ROCKEFELLER FOUNDATION STORY***

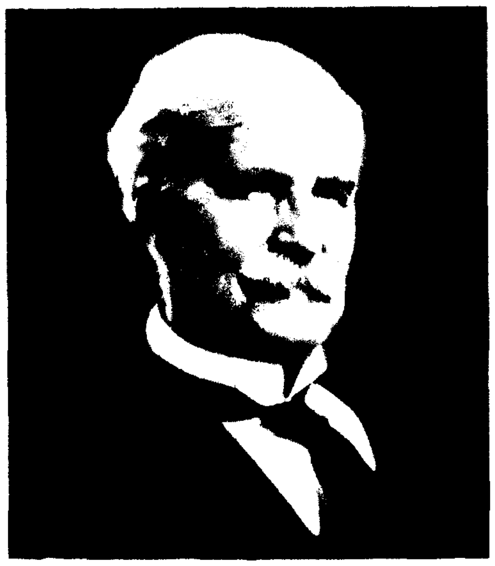
"Our Mightiest Ghost"

By WILLIAM S. DUTTON



MASON WEYMUTH

This giant atom-smashing cyclotron at the University of California was mainly financed by Rockefeller Foundation. Dr. E. O. Lawrence, the director, discusses a project with W. M. Brobeck (l.), his assistant


BRADLEY STUDIOS

Fred Gates, Baptist minister, met Oil King in 1880s, guided his philanthrophy

LEW MERRIM

Chester Barnard, Foundation president, is No. 1 worrier over the ills of mankind

HANS KNOPF

Largest gift of 1950 was $420,000 to Columbia U.'s Russian Institute. Prof. J. N. Hazard is lecturing on Soviet policy

Through the greatest gifts one man has ever made to humanity, the Old Oil King revitalized education, agriculture, medicine, saving millions of lives. And the good he did was not buried with his bones

I

ALARMED officials in Washington once feared that John D. Rockefeller would use his immense wealth to set up a power beyond the control of all governments. Today, his ghost wields influence that touches in some manner the lives of most people on earth.

But it is a different sort of influence from what Washington feared or could have imagined in its wildest witch hunts. The golden ghost of the founder of Standard Oil and modern Big Business—dead since 1937—may now represent our own and the world's most powerful humanitarian force arrayed against the influence of Communism's great ghost of Karl Marx.

The story of this battle of the ghosts, here told for the first time, is a major drama of history.

More than $800,000,000 has been given outright by Rockefeller agencies in New York over the past 50 years for "the well-being of mankind throughout the world." The gift is the largest ever made to humanity by one man.

And the golden spring is far from dry.

Securities with a market value of a quarter billion dollars remain in the vaults of the Rockefeller Foundation, the most far-reaching of the old billionaire's philanthropics. It is planned to distribute this principal in full, together with tax-free earnings that now exceed $10,000,000 yearly, within the next generation. It is not unlikely, therefore, that the bulk of another billion dollars will be dedicated to humanity before the books are closed.

These huge sums are entirely apart from the benefactions of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., totaling tens, possibly hundreds of millions more.

The money is meted out with consummate care; and race, creed and political pressures are ignored. Motivating its disbursal is the same meticulous calculation on maximum returns per dollar that helped the elder Rockefeller run a $4 weekly wage into the mightiest fortune of all time. It has gone for projects ranging from atomic energy to penicillin.

As a result, tens of millions of lives have been saved and many of the pestholes of the world wiped out. The dwindling food supplies of other millions have been restored. Modern systems of public health and disease prevention, ending most epidemics, have been created. And the frontiers of medicine, science and higher education have been moved ahead.

Some 15,000 scientists, many world-famous today, have been aided by fellowships and other grants, until there are few important feats of science with which the Rockefeller name is not connected in some fashion.

Twenty-three of the top physicists whose brains made possible the cataclysm at Hiroshima, the ending of World War II, and the dawn of the Atomic Age were former fellows of the Rockefeller Foundation. The list includes J. Robert Oppenheimer, Enrico Fermi, Ernest O. Lawrence, Henry DeWolf Smyth, Samuel K. Allison and Arthur H. Compton.

The vital atomic researches of Niels Bohr in Europe, Harold C. Urey at Columbia, and of key workers at Princeton and other American universities were largely backed by Rockefeller funds at a time when other support was not to be had.

Early Atomic Research Financed

Most of the cyclotrons, including the giant one at the University of California—all major tools in early atom smashing—were mainly financed by the Rockefeller Foundation. The first step toward the bomb itself—the effecting of the controlled chain reaction among atomic particles by which the fissionable mass is exploded—was taken by the University of Chicago, founded by Rockefeller, endowed by him, and heavily aided in its atomic researches by later grants. The same university was an important supplier of the technology needed to build and operate the plants of the Manhattan Project, from which the bomb finally came.

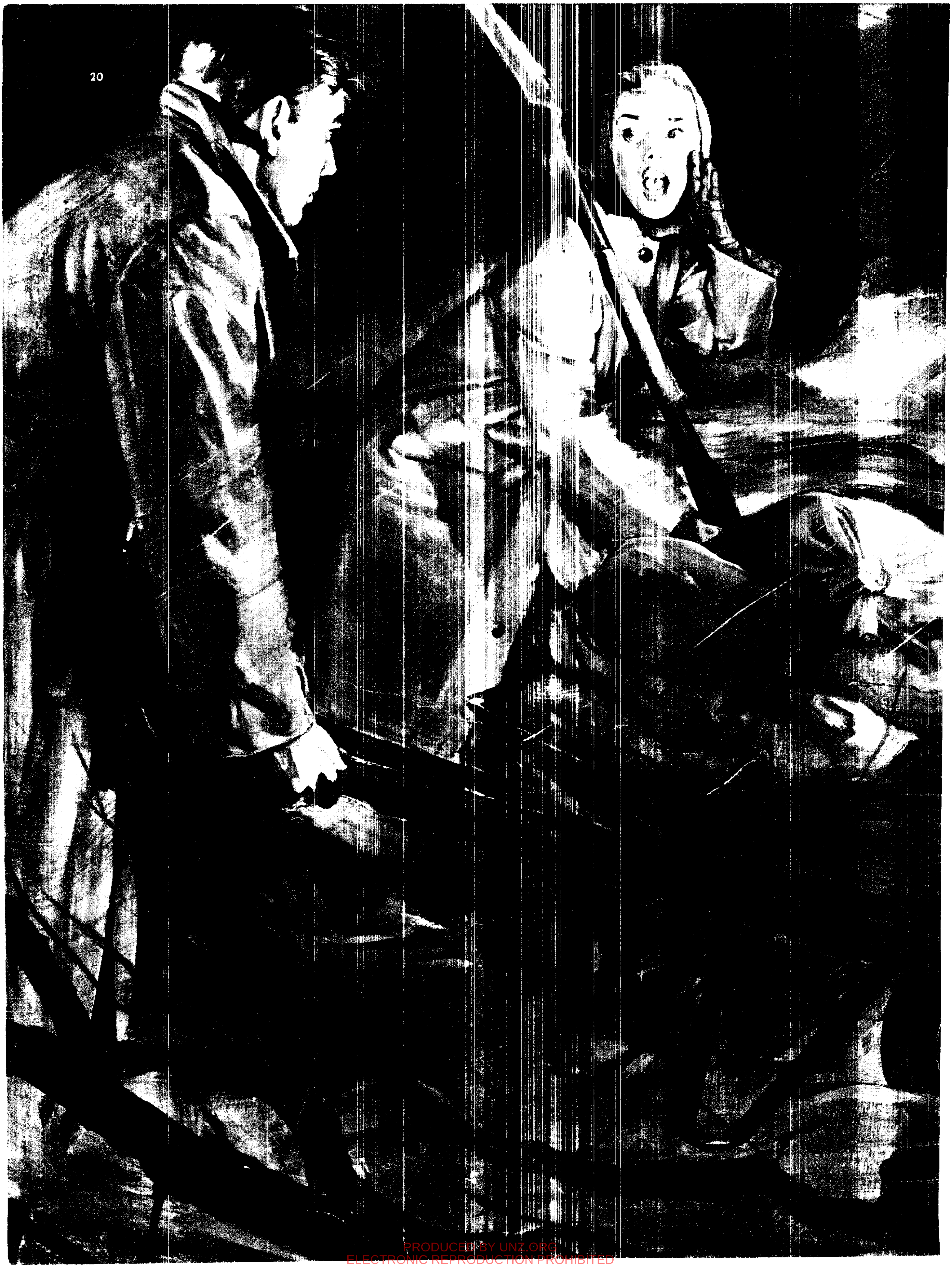
Looking at these facts you might logically conclude that, lacking Rockefeller help, the United States might have had no A-bomb in World War II, or even now. The fact that we do have A-bombs is of monumental importance. Yet the bomb as a bomb was never a Rockefeller objective. It was not even listed on the agenda of projects. It was but an incidental daub on the canvas of a tremendously larger picture.

Atomic energy and all its fantastic possibilities was the big Rockefeller interest. But that interest, in turn, was merely part of a bigger one. The ultimate

(Continued on page 76)

HERBERT PHOTOS

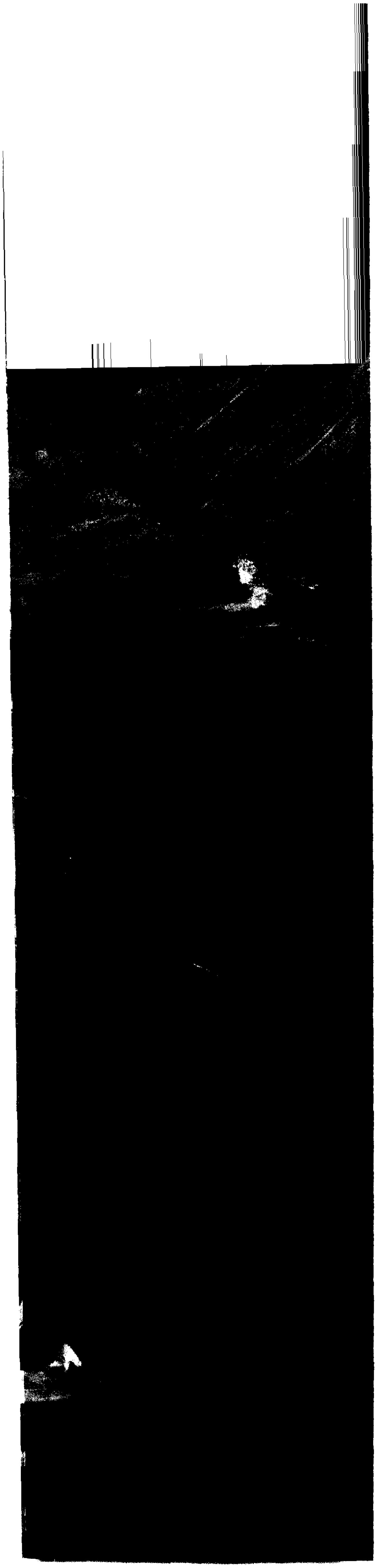
John D. and John D., Jr., on their way to church in New York City about 1920. Younger Rockefeller also gave vast sums



MacIntyre's Flood

By JOHN SAVAGE

The arbor had a special meaning for them, and every spring Mac had fought to save it. Now, suddenly, he had no heart for the battle



From the veranda. Mac watched them work in choppy, ankle-deep water. Still the wall was not high enough

WHEN the flood began, Jeffrey MacIntyre was just finishing breakfast with Alice, his wife. They were having coffee on the glassed-in part of the veranda, because of the rain. From where they sat, they could see a long way down the small canyon that ran through their place.

The near slope of the canyon was bright with the terraced gardens Mac had planted. The far slope was rougher and steeper, covered with wild myrtle and ivy. Along the bottom, twinkling across a bed of silvery rocks, ran the creek.

Even as they watched, the water became muddy. From upstream came a miniature flood crest a few inches high, carrying twigs and leaves and an old tin can. The water behind the crest was muddy, and it kept getting muddier. By the time Mac and Alice had finished their coffee, the stream was running faster, deeper, and as brown as chocolate. A dead jack rabbit floated by, spinning lazily on the current, with one ear sticking up like a sail.

Mac and his wife watched this familiar beginning without a word. They turned away from it together at last, Alice carrying both coffee cups. "It's going to be like last year," Alice said. And Mac said, "Yes."

"Will you do what you can about the arbor again?" Alice asked.

The arbor. Mac turned slowly and looked back down at the stream, and at the small arbor that stood beside it. Then he made a quick decision. "No," he said, "I don't think I will." This wasn't going to be like last year after all, and she might as well know it.

Alice stared at him in astonishment. He had expected to see pain in her eyes, but not this much. After a moment of silence, she turned and went inside with the dishes. Mac stayed on the veranda watching the rising water and trying to keep from thinking of how Alice must feel.

Then the front doorbell rang.

On his way through the living room to answer it, Mac passed the door of his private office. From inside came the steady clatter of the news teletype, all alone in there, keeping abreast of world affairs. It was a sound that could no longer mean anything but bad news.

The course of world affairs for the past several months had filled Jeffrey MacIntyre with a kind of gray despair. As a radio commentator, he had managed to keep the secret from his listeners, but it was his own conviction that there was no longer any hope for the world. The new Dark Ages were coming, and coming fast. The world was too old, too tired. . . .

He opened the front door.

"My name is Charles Gambel," said the young man in the raincoat, "and this is Kay Nuttall."

"I'm Jeffrey MacIntyre. What can I do for you?"

"My name is Kay Nuttall," the girl began. Then she stopped and laughed uncertainly. "Of course, Charles already told you that. I only said it because it was the way I *expected* to begin. I—"

She broke off in confusion, and Mac felt sorry for her.

Then she collected herself. "You see, I'm to be valedictorian at commencement this year, and I wanted to talk to you first. I mean, since you and I are sort of a—well—a double feature."

Mac remembered now that he had promised to deliver the commencement address at the local high school next month. "All right," he said, "come on out on the veranda."

As they sat across from him, Mac studied his visitors. Charles Gambel was freckled, tall and serious. Kay Nuttall had red hair, a pretty face and a surprisingly adult beauty of figure. Mac supposed she must have brains, besides, or she wouldn't be valedictorian.

Alice came in from the kitchen and met the young people. She acted so untroubled and gracious that Mac wondered if she'd forgotten what was happening, or about to happen, to the arbor. He hoped she had.

Alice excused herself, saying she had to write some letters. She went into the living room and turned down the radio. As she crossed the room, Mac caught a glimpse of her face. No, he thought, she hadn't forgotten about the arbor. Maybe she never would.

MAC had built the arbor himself ten years ago. That was right after he and Alice had bought this land, and before they'd had enough money to build the house. Alice had chosen the place for the arbor on a low bank of grassy clay embraced by a curve of the creek. Mac had built the framework of good redwood and had planted the grapes and Virginia creeper to cover it. Later on he had added the marble benches and the sundial just beyond.

Alice had been devoted to her arbor from the start, and Mac had found it a pretty pleasant place himself. They had picnicked there nearly every day while the house was being built, and they still liked to go there once in a while.

But of course the whole thing was on impossibly low ground. Every April, when the warm rains melted the snow, Mac had to get out and fight the battle of his life against the high water. The creek wanted that arbor, and it spent several days out of every year trying to wash it away. Mac had found that sandbags, placed in a kind of wall, usually gave enough protection, but he seldom got around to putting them there until it was almost too late. And each year's wall of sandbags always fell to pieces before it could do any good against the next year's flood.

Standing above it now, watching the whole thing begin, Mac shrugged his shoulders. A struggle like that had a way of wearing a man down. There came a time when you just didn't have what it took any more.

Kay Nuttall coughed politely.

Mac turned to her. "Guess I was gathering wool," he said. "I'm sorry." He sat down in a chair facing the girl. "Please go ahead."

Kay leaned forward. "Mr. Brown, our principal, says my speech should have two parts. First I should tell about high school, and all the things we graduates are saying good-by to; then I should tell what's ahead for us, and how we feel about it."

"Sounds like a good plan."

"Yes," Kay said, "but the second part's got me stumped. What *is* ahead for us?" She smiled at him and waited.

For some reason, Mac got such an ache in his throat that he couldn't answer.

Suddenly Charles Gambel, who had had one ear cocked toward the

(*Continued on page* 40)

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

This Is MOSCOW

It's an overcrowded city where the consumer finds little to consume, reports

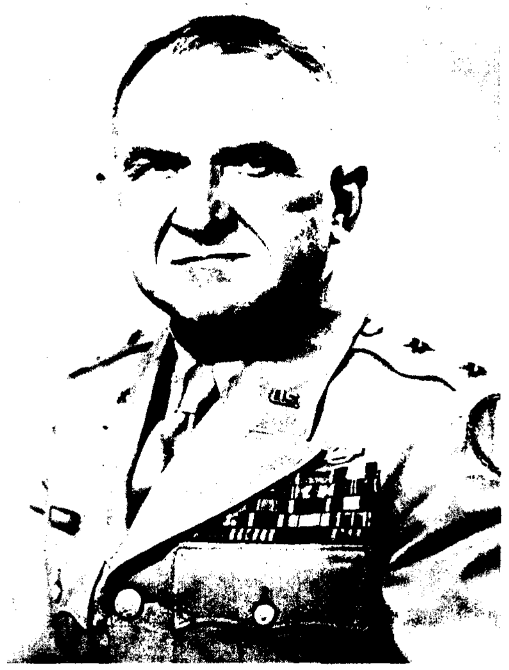
By MAJ. GEN. JOHN W. O'DANIEL with MILTON LEHMAN

DURING my two years in Moscow, I often passed the Palace of the Soviets which isn't there. More than 10 years ago, the Palace was planned, announced and celebrated through the city. With typical modesty, the Soviet leaders declared it would be "the greatest of architectural monuments ever raised by mankind." The Palace would house the delegates to the Supreme Soviet and thousands of lesser bureaucrats. It would soar above the squat and squalid slums of Moscow, capped by a gigantic statue of Nikolai Lenin, whose outstretched arm would reach higher than the spire of Manhattan's Empire State Building. The Palace, declared Stalin himself, would be the tallest building on earth.

Just before World War II, Moscow's workers were ordered to begin construction. First, they tore down one of the oldest cathedrals in the city, an ancient landmark overlooking the Moscow River. Next, they dug deep for the foundation, but unfortunately failed to find rock strata solid enough to support a skyscraper.

The project was attended by much bad luck, which superstitious Muscovites attributed to the destruction of the cathedral. They weren't surprised when the whole unhappy excavation was boarded up by a high fence.

The Soviet leaders, however, were still unwilling to admit defeat. In 1947, when Moscow celebrated the 800th anniversary of its founding, the city decked itself in colored lights and bunting and red stars. The night before, large balloons supporting portraits of Stalin, Lenin and Marx floated above the city. Searchlights played on them, giving the eerie impression of deities looking down on the people. In the morning, all Moscow gasped. On the site of the monumental excavation was the Palace of the Soviets with Lenin perched on top! It was a brilliant camouflage job, a water-color poster soaring three stories above the street, looking for all the world like the Palace itself. Today, the poster is gone and only the mammoth hole remains.


U.S. ARMY PHOTO

Maj. Gen. John W. O'Daniel

For me, the Palace of the Soviets is the symbol of Moscow today, the fantastic capital of the false front, the grandiose and unkept promise. I went to Moscow in 1948 as military attaché to the United States Embassy. During World War II, I had been commanding general of the U.S. 3d Infantry Division from Anzio to Berchtesgaden. As an infantryman, I prefer to make my own reconnaissance of what lies to my front. I approached Moscow with an open mind and hopeful spirit. What I found there was the headquarters of a vast armed camp, and the most mystifying city in which I've ever lived.

My wife Ruth and I left the United States for Moscow in September, 1948, flying to Helsinki, Finland, and there boarding the Soviet steamer Byeloostrov for Leningrad. The Byeloostrov was originally a Finnish vessel, taken in reparations by the Russians. We had avoided the train trip from Helsinki to Leningrad, hearing that accommodations were poor and that the Finnish baggage cars were usually detached before reaching Russia. The reason for this inconvenience, I discovered, was that the Finns had lost every baggage car they allowed to enter Russia and didn't want to lose any more. Tiny Finland's boldness, it now seems to me, was spectacular compared to the sometimes palsied reactions of giant America, thousands of miles away.

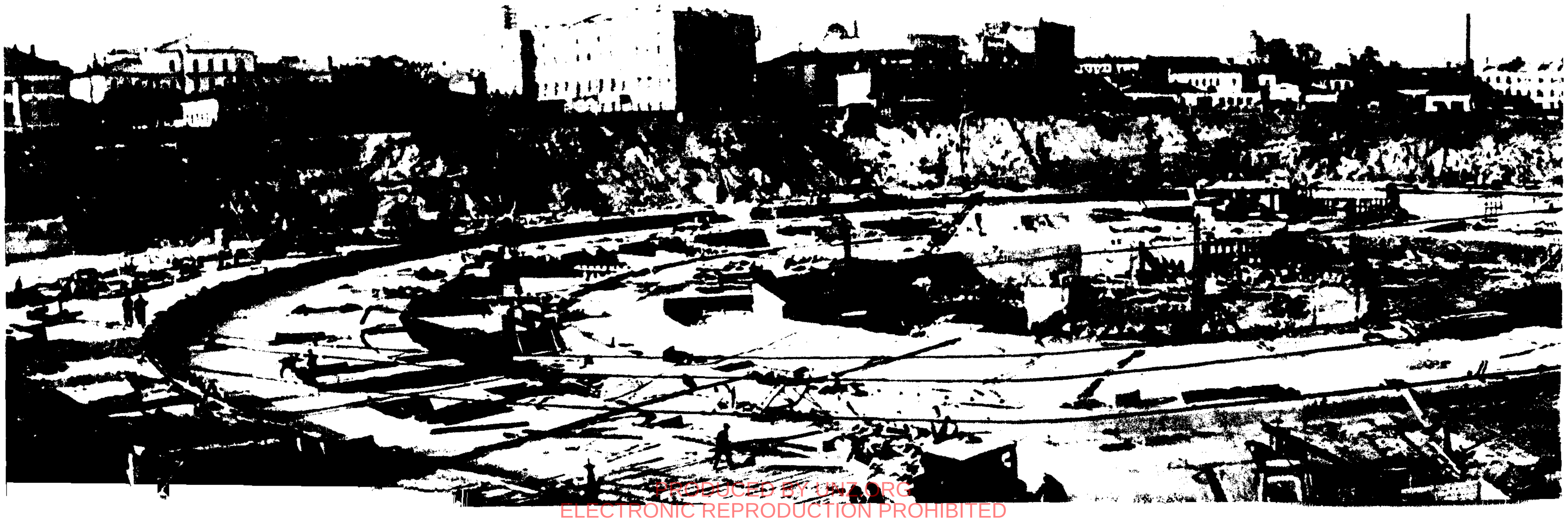
In Helsinki we were met by Intourist, the least amiable travelers-aid society in the world. Intourist is the official Soviet travel agency, responsible for routing and keeping track of foreigners in the Soviet Union. After a dozen inspections of our passports, Intourist congratulated us on our accommodations, declaring they were the best obtainable. They pointed with pride to a bright lithographed poster advertising the steamer Byeloostrov. The lithograph showed a lavish banquet table, handsomely set with a fine lace tablecloth, gold dishes and silverware, crystal wine goblets, candleholders and flowers.

This was my first view of the clean shirt covering the dirty underwear. The advertised banquet table was in the ship's dining saloon, all right, but it was used neither by the ship's captain nor his guests, and to the best of my knowledge it never is used. Instead, we ate at less splendid tables, dining on Russian caviar, beef Strogonov, whitefish and sausage, and noting that some of our silverware was stamped U.S. Army, having come to Soviet Russia through Lend-Lease.

After a 12-hour wait in Leningrad, we boarded

ALL MOSCOW PHOTOGRAPHS FROM SOVFOTO

This huge hole in the ground was dug before the war to build a Palace of the Soviets—the world's tallest building. The Palace



TODAY

a former U.S. military attaché

Moscow's parks provide escape for workers whose average living space is the size of a U.S. prison cell, says the author. At the right is war hero Mikhail V. Kuznetsov

the Diesel-powered Red Arrow Express, taking along a supply of smoked-fish sandwiches, tea and crackers. The Red Arrow is Russia's best train. For all its elaborate billing, it travels to Moscow over a rutted roadbed at never more than 25 miles an hour. Because the roadbeds haven't been adequately repaired in years, the Red Arrow today runs more slowly than it did during the Russian Revolution. Our quarters aboard were good, but I was surprised at the number of classes of accommodations on this elite train of the so-called "classless state."

Ruth and I had a private compartment in the "International Car," a large, paneled car built in the days of the czars, complete with bunks, unbleached muslin sheets and quilts. Next in luxury was the "sleeping category," a car with four wooden bunks to a compartment, including straw mattresses and one blanket apiece for the travelers, who are assigned regardless of sex. "First class" is strictly dormitory style, with tiers of open bunks lining the car; "second class" is slightly less impressive; and finally are the unfurnished boxcars, unlighted at night, where you sit, stand or lie down at your own risk.

Since our return to the States, Ruth and I have been asked thousands of questions about the mysterious Soviet capital. We have tried patiently to answer them all. But in many ways, it's as hard to explain life in Moscow as to explain life on the Anzio beachhead. Like veterans of battle, Americans who have served in Moscow have a strong bond between them, a feeling that nobody else can really know what it's like. And yet it has become important for us to tell our story, to set it down as clearly and reasonably as we can.

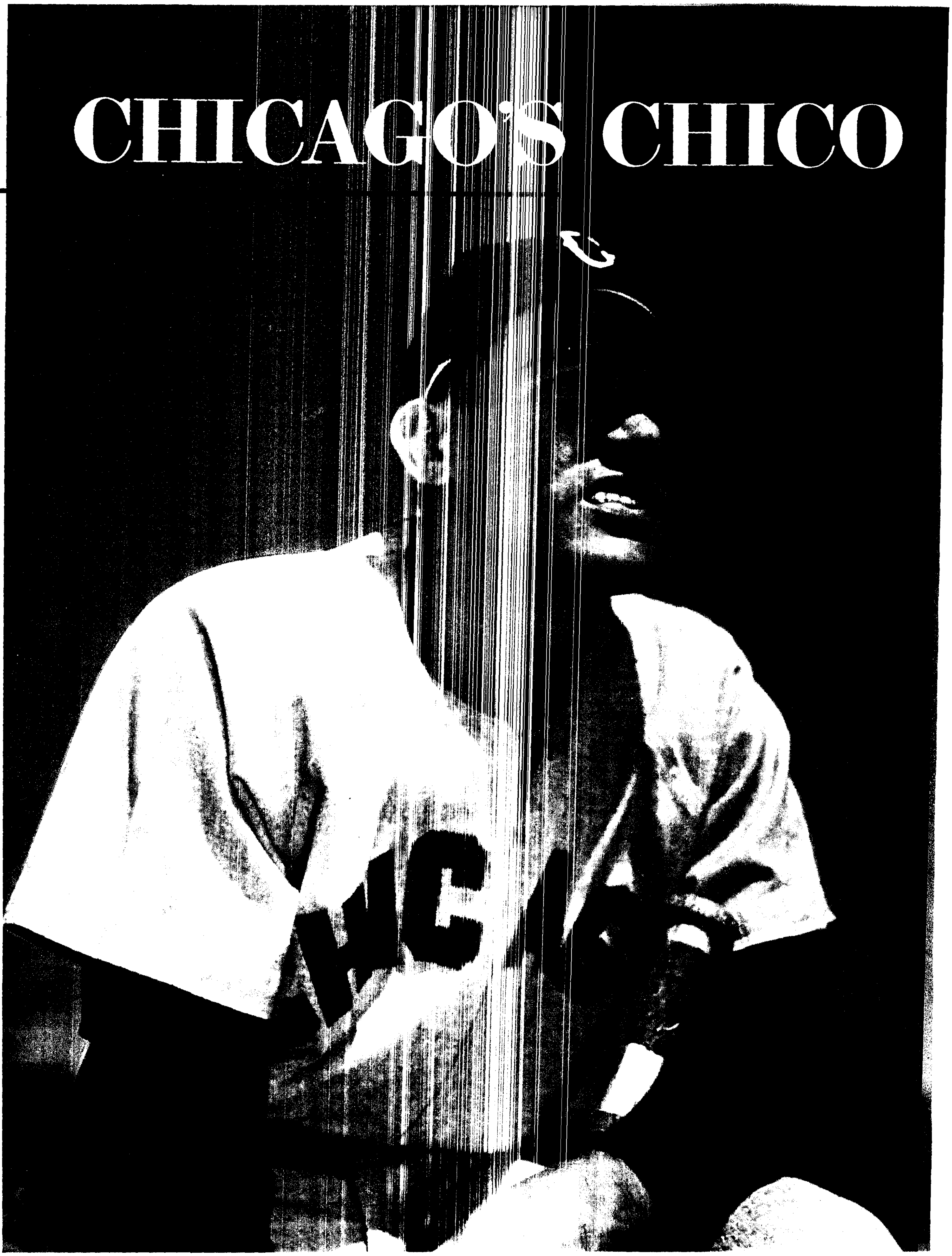
Moscow, showcase of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, sits on a large plain on the banks of the Moscow and Yauza Rivers, which are frozen about five months of the year. They were frozen when we arrived. Out of the plain rise seven low hills, on the highest of which is the Kremlin, the walled fortress of ancient Moscow and now the guarded citadel of the Politburo, overlooking the city and its 5,000,000 people. From the Kremlin comes the Politburo's bullying challenge to the Western World.

(Continued on page 60)

Shoppers crowd grocery section of a Moscow general store. The writer says he had to hire a woman "whose primary duty was to wait out the interminable queues before the food stores to do our shopping." Below, a trolley-bus stops outside a new apartment in the capital. Russian newspapers, says the author, complain of poor construction

is still just a hole in the ground

CHICAGO'S CHICO



After a great rookie year in 1950, Alfonso (Chico) Carrasquel, the Kid from Caracas, looks like a cinch to become the game's best shortstop

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

—Baseball's New "Mr. SHORTSTOP"

By JOHN C. HOFFMAN

EXCEPT for the man behind the cigar counter, the clerk at the desk and a guy sitting disconsolately behind a post in the far corner, the lobby of the hotel was deserted. It was very quiet. The atmosphere, if you were in sympathy with the skidding 1950 New York Yankees, was still heavy with the gloom emanating from a baseball club which, judging from recent performance, was not going to win the pennant, as it had the year before.

It was nine o'clock of a September morning and the world-champion Yankees, having been trundled off an early train from St. Louis to Chicago, had scattered hastily to their rooms for a hurried rest. In the lobby, gray-thatched, gaunt Casey Stengel sat staring into space. A sports writer entered the lobby, spotted the unhappy manager and moved toward him for an interview.

Even in his travail, Ol' Case was pleased to see somebody who might sympathize with him; his eyes lighted up, but only for a moment. So the reporter asked him what he was worrying about.

"Chico Carrasquel," he said. "We've got to play the White Sox tonight and I can't get him off my mind. I get butterflies in my stomach when I think of him at short, gobbling up base hits."

"But Chico won't play tonight," the interviewer said. "He's in the hospital with a torn cartilage in his knee."

A smile crossed the manager's heavily creased face.

"Now," he said, "we can have a pleasant little chat. And then I'll go upstairs and sleep a while."

"Of course," the New York manager went on, apparently still obsessed with Carrasquel, "I'd say my guy (Phil Rizzuto) is the best shortstop in the business, but I've never seen this kid's equal as a rookie. You say, 'Now here is a base hit for us,' and then you see this Chico character throwing your guy out at first base. He never makes a bad throw. Throws strikes over there.

"Don't ask me how he gets in front of those ground balls or where he comes from. I only know he's always there."

Ol' Case pondered a moment, folded his morning newspaper and ran his hand over his chin in a characteristic gesture.

"He can't speak English," he said. "So he isn't getting a lot of bad advice. I figure that's an advantage. When a young fellow like him comes up to the big league, everybody tells him what to do. They say, 'Do this' and 'Don't do this' and 'Don't do it that way' and pretty soon he can't tell a bat from a buttercup. But they don't say much to this kid, figuring he won't understand them anyhow. So he figures things out for himself.

"That fellow has beaten us two or three times with his hitting, too. We pitch him everywhere. We pitch him tight around the waistline and he hits to right field. Well, I think, we'll pitch him outside, so he pulls the ball to left field.

"So now you've got a guy who can field and he can hit (Carrasquel batted .329 against the Yankees in 1950) and he's smart, so you say, 'What else is there for him to do?'

"He'll be the best in the game in a year or two."

Many oldsters, who date back to the heyday of Honus Wagner, already acclaim the twenty-three-year-old Venezuelan youth the most natural shortfielder the game has seen since the retirement of the Pittsburgh miracle man. In 1950—his first year as a major-leaguer, his second in organized ball—Chico was the second-best hitter among the White Sox regulars with a respectable .282 average. And among all American League shortstops who played regularly, his defensive mark of .961 was bettered only by the Yankees' Rizzuto and Boston's Vern Stephens. Only Johnny Lipton of the Detroit Tigers made more assists than Chico's 458 in 141 games, and Carrasquel missed the last 14 games of the season after suffering a torn cartilage in his right knee.

ACME

Chico gets the ball away for a double play after nailing Tommy Henrich, now a Yankee coach, at second base. The White Sox infielder is an "uncanny defensive player" with a rifle arm

In just a few short months, Chico's value as a White Sox chattel skyrocketed from the estimated purchase price of $45,000 to more than $200,000.

From the very outset of spring training at Pasadena, California, last year, it was apparent to the practiced eye that Alfonso Carrasquel was the answer to the club's urgent need for someone to succeed forty-two-year-old Luke (Aches-and-Pains) Appling, who for 19 years had dominated the Chisox scene at short by disposing of one worthy candidate after another seeking to replace him.

Tryout for Appling at First Base

Before the 1950 season even started, plans were afoot to transfer Appling from shortstop to first base, a position where no fewer than four previous candidates had failed to fill the bill and where the team could derive the benefits of Luke's undiminished hitting prowess. The experiment was doomed to failure, but Carrasquel remained at short and was there when the championship season opened in Chicago.

It was the end of Appling's long and fabulous career as the Chicago team's popular Mr. Shortstop. If Luke saw any brilliance in Chico's play, he seemed careful to conceal his enthusiasm, understandably enough, though he was prodded by baseball writers for an appraisal of the nimble kid from Caracas. Eventually, Luke became a coach and second-string shortstop, and last winter was removed from the Chicago roster to manage the team's Memphis farm club for 1951.

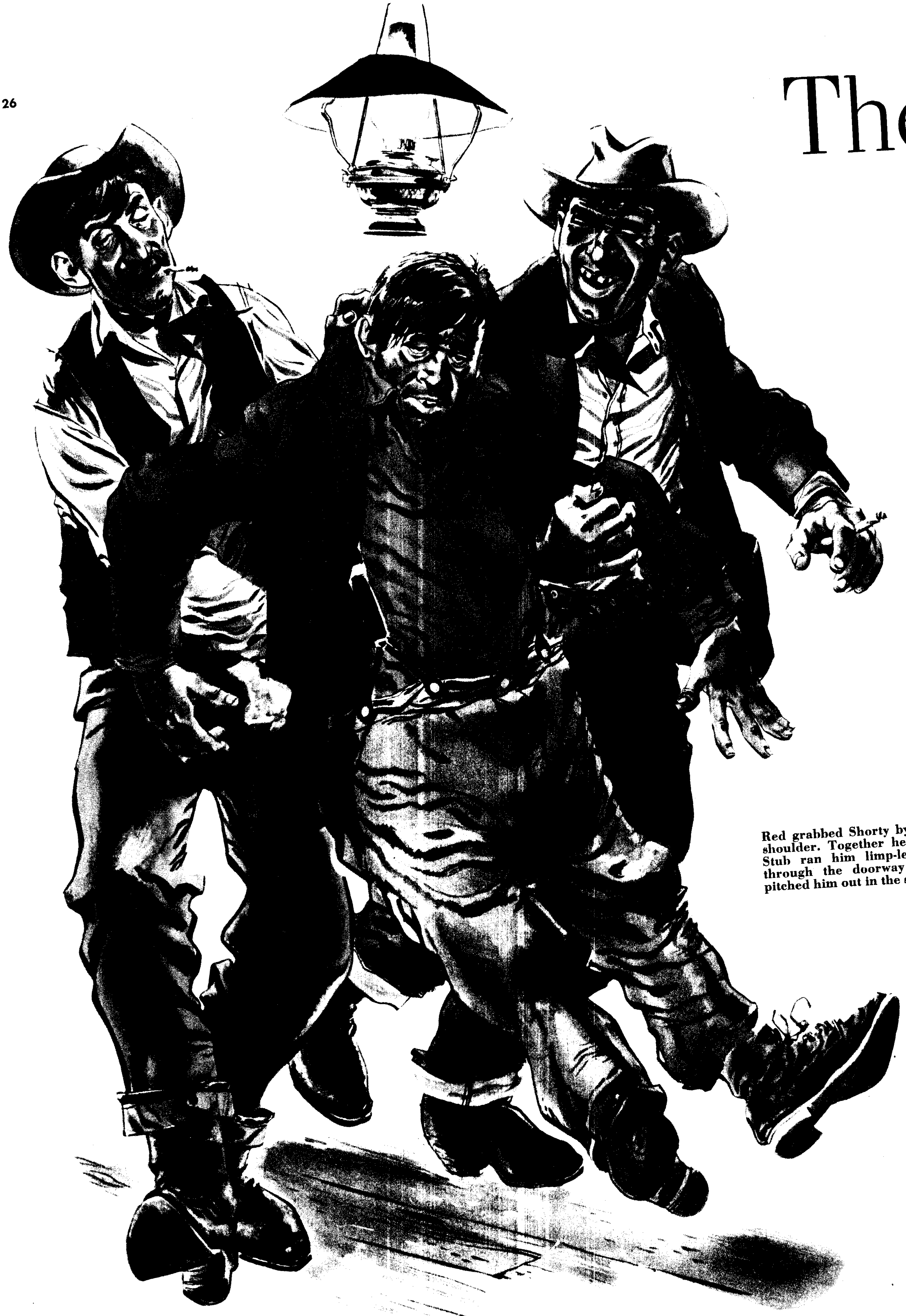
White Sox officials and fans were quick to recognize Chico's genius. There was no hesitancy on the part of the management to place his name in the championship season's opening-day line-up. It was a stratagem that General Manager Frank Lane and Field Manager Jack Onslow agreed upon between intermittent shouting matches, in a feud which ultimately brought about the latter's dismissal in May, 1950.

Chico's poise and skill afforded Manager Onslow most of his infrequent moments of delight. The grumpy old pilot beamed from ear to ear the first time he saw Carrasquel step catlike into the path of a sizzling grounder, scoop it up with consummate ease and throw to first base. Onslow declared, without reservation, that Chico was the finest defensive shortstop he had seen in his 40 years of playing, scouting, coaching and managing.

Physically, Chico suggests the late Tony Lazzeri, famed Yankee second baseman. High cheekbones betray some Indian blood and he smiles through dark-brown eyes adorning an expressionless countenance. There is good humor in his manner, and his temper is even. He walks with the stride of a panther, dresses elegantly off the field.

At shortstop, Chico's mannerisms and technique are reminiscent of Eddie Miller in his All-Star days with the Cincinnati Reds and the Boston Braves. Carrasquel plays deep at his position. His strong, accurate arm permits him to stand far back, where he can roam vast areas in outfield territory. He makes unbelievable plays on the first-base side of second, protects short center and the left-field foul line, and is able to back up the third baseman more frequently than not. On fast grounders hit to his left or right, when he is *(Continued on page 80)*

The



Red grabbed Shorty by the shoulder. Together he and Stub ran him limp-legged through the doorway and pitched him out in the street

FRAUDULENT SKUNK

Shorty was dead broke, hung over, lectured at and cussed. Then all of a sudden he was the most respected customer in the saloon

By A. B. GUTHRIE, Jr.

THERE were five men in the back room of the Moon Dance bar—three ranchers, a hay hand and a cattle buyer—all idled by the rain that was beating outside. They had quit their pinochle game, the cards and chips lying forgotten on the green table, and were listening to old Ray Gibler who'd started on one of his stories.

Then Ray saw me and grinned and held out his big hand. "How, Tenderfoot."

"I'll listen," I said to Ray. I took off my slicker.

"I was just talking. Ought to be making tracks."

One of the ranchers said, "You ain't gonna ride herd on no dudes today."

"My woman's probably on the hunt for me."

"I'll buy a drink," I said.

Ray gave me his wide grin again. It made deep wrinkles in his leathery cheeks. "I don't like to get in the habit of refusin'."

I yelled to the bartender for a round. "What was this about a skunk?"

"Well, I'll tell you—"

Ray doodled the ice in his ditchwater highball with one horny finger. . . .

It was Shorty, the sheepherder, had the skunk, and it happened right here, right in this bar, and there was rooms overhead just like now, only you boys wouldn't remember it, being still slick-eared.

Shorty was new to the town then, but it didn't take us long to find he was all sheepherder. Had a fine, steady thirst and a free hand with money. He had been herding for George I. Smith for five-six months when he decided he couldn't stand thirst nor prosperity any longer. He came to town, a sawed-off, humpy feller with a mop of black hair and a habit of talking to himself, like all herders.

He got fired up good the first day and kep' the blaze going maybe a week, while his whiskers stooled out and his clothes got dirtier and dirtier, and a man meeting him was careful to get on the wind side.

He slept all one day under the hitch rack in back of the Moon Dance Mercantile Company, and when he woke up that night he was just as dry as he was broke, which is as dry as a man can get. He tried moochin' drinks, going from one place to another, but he'd run out of credit, too, and all he got was a bad eye and good advice from the men who had his money.

I was right here, on business you might say, that night when Shorty came in and asked if the roof didn't never leak.

Whitey Hanson said, polishing a glass, "It's leaked plenty. I set 'em for you three or four times. Git out!"

Shorty tried to argue. "My money, you got it."

"Ah-h. Why'n't you git back on the job?"

There was a couple of curly wolves in the bar, along with Whitey and Shorty and me. Anyhow, they figured they was curly. One of them was Rough Red Rourke and the other Stub Behr. Seeing Shorty, they moseyed over. *"Ba-a-a,"* Red said in his ear, loud enough to bust an eardrum.

"Way round 'em!" Stub yelled.

Red grabbed Shorty by the shoulder. "Them pore ewes are missin' you, sweetheart."

Together they ran Shorty limp-legged through the door and pitched him in the street. Shorty got up slow, talking to himself, and dragged off.

Whitey Hanson thought that was good stuff. He said thankee to Red and Stub and poured drinks on the house.

Must have been a couple of hours later—anyhow along towards midnight—when Shorty showed up again, and not alone neither. He had a skunk with him, carrying it along by the tail so it couldn't do business. Old-timers have seen that trick worked many a time in days before saloons got to be hidey-holes for spooners. Of course we didn't know the skunk was Shorty's pet.

Red saw him first and a big, drunk smile came on his face. He couldn't see the skunk on account of Shorty was carrying it on the off side. "Hey, Stub," he said, "look what I see." Then he hollered, *"Ba-a-a-a!"* at Shorty, so loud the roof shook.

He made for Shorty, and Shorty saw him and a look came on his face. He swung the skunk around. "By damn!" he said.

Red stopped like he'd been butted by a bull. Stub was trying to slip out of sight.

"Way round 'em!" Shorty said, and pointed the skunk and held it low, so's its front feet almost touched the floor. "Git out, both you! Git!"

He hazed them around towards the door, still holding the skunk low, business end to. It takes an awful brave man to face up to a skunk. Red and Stub wasn't that curly. They got.

Shorty closed the door after them and headed for the bar like a trout for a hopper. This was the business he had come for. He held the skunk up. To Whitey he said, "Set 'em up or I set 'im down!"

"Sure, Shorty, sure. Don't set 'im down. Nice work, Shorty." Whitey came from behind the bar and stretched his arm away out and shook Shorty's loose fist. "Them fellers couldn't buffalo you, Shorty."

Some of the rest of us ambled up, not too close, and told Shorty he sure did shine. Shorty said, "Wasn't nuthin'. Wasn't nuthin'."

"It sure was, Shorty. Sure was."

I reckon all that glory was too much for Shorty. He wasn't used to compliments, but just to hearing sheep bleat and bartenders say hell no, they wouldn't trust him for a drink and why didn't he go to work. Yep, it must have been too much for him. Anyhow, he dropped the skunk.

WHITEY jumped the counter like an antelope and tore out the back. Tubby Adams got squoze so hard in the doorway he swore his pants wouldn't fit for a month, being way big in the waist and way short in the leg. It must have taken us all of five seconds to clear out, leaving Shorty and his skunk in the saloon—with the whisky.

Well, we got together outside, still breathing hard, and held a rump session by the front door. Whitey was there, of course, and me and two or three cow hands and the printer for the Messenger, who was celebrating on account of getting the paper out just one day late. We couldn't see inside; Whitey always kept the shades drawn and the place dim-lit.

"Boy," Whitey said, hearing a cork pop, "we got to get him out of there."

One of the cow hands—Peter his name was, Pete Gleeson—said, "I could open the door just a crack and shoot the skunk if I had sump'n to shoot him with."

"I can't have the place stunk up," Whitey said quick. "I gotta think about my customers. I gotta think about the hotel. Ain't anyone wants to drink or sleep in a stunk-up place." He gave us an anxious look.

"I couldn't guarantee to shoot him dead first crack," the cow-poke said.

"I figure the place is already stunk up," I told Whitey.

He put his nose to the keyhole. "Maybe not. I can't smell nothin' yet. Maybe that skunk's used to Shorty." He raised his voice. "If you don't come out, Shorty, I'll have to get the law." He waited for an answer. "I'll get the sheriff."

From inside we heard Shorty holler, "'Way round 'em, Shep."

"That settles it. I will get the sheriff," Whitey said. "You fellers stand guard." He moved off down the street, making for the jail.

AFTER a while he came back, bringing Sheriff McKenzie with him. I had an idea he had been chewing McKenzie's ear off on the way.

"All right, Sheriff," Whitey said when they came up to us.

McKenzie gnawed on his mustache. "Now, Whitey, let's augur on this. What you want me to do, anyway?"

"Get Shorty and the skunk outta my place of business, that's what," Whitey told him. "And no stink!"

"It's a big order, Whitey, a mighty big order," the sheriff said.

"You got a reputation as a fast man with a gun. Anyhow, you used to have. But watch you don't hit my new mirror."

McKenzie chewed his whiskers some more. "I don't know. I wouldn't say I was *that* fast."

Tubby Adams said, "Try persuadin'. Looks like Shorty would feel plumb agreeable by now."

The sheriff walked up to the door. "This here's the law, Shorty. This here's the sheriff. You gotta come outta there, Shorty. Best come peaceful. Best not make a stink."

What he got back was a song, or a piece of it. It sounded real pretty there in the dark.

> *"He's a killer and a hater!*
> *He's the great annihilator!*
> *He's a terror of the boundless prairie."*

"Don't look like I'm doin' any good," McKenzie said, turning around to us. He tried it again. "I don't want no trouble, Shorty. You gonna make me come in and git you?"

This time Shorty answered, "Yah."

The sheriff backed away. "This is serious, sure enough."

"You get any smell?" Whitey asked.

McKenzie put his snoot to the keyhole. "Yep."

"Oh, hell!"

"Rotgut," the sheriff said. "The stink of plain rotgut. Nothin' else. Reckon that skunk's ashamed of his equipment by comparison."

Tubby hitched his pants. "Long as you won't let anybody shoot that woods pussy, ain't nothin' to do but starve Shorty out."

"Starve 'im out!" Whitey bawled. "Starve him out, you damn' fool! You think he'll want to eat?"

"I hadn't give proper thought to that," Tubby answered.

Whitey clapped his hands to his head again.

"I could use a drink myself," the sheriff put in.

Come to think of it, all of us could. From here on we began to think deep.

I called the boys away from the door so's Shorty couldn't hear. "Ain't there a way to poison skunks? What they eat, anyhow?"

"Chickens," Tubby answered.

"I hear tell they eat frogs and snakes," the printer said.

While we were thinking frogs and snakes, Shorty began on another tune. *(Continued on page 79)*

HOLM Was Ever Like

IRVING THALBERG, the late sage of Hollywood, once said in defense of type casting: "Versatility is only for acrobats." It was his notion that actors and actresses should welcome, for security's sake, the opportunity to specialize in their roles. Many a Broadway producer has agreed.

Celeste Holm has made a career of proving the theory wrong. In the eight hectic years since she scored a smash success in the musical Oklahoma! she has played a greater number of varied roles than an international spy, each preceded by a battle with the skeptics and each ending in a personal triumph.

She wasn't the type for Oklahoma! She had never sung, never appeared in a musical—but she stole the show as Ado Annie, the gal who couldn't say no. In Hollywood, they pegged her as a thrush and gave her the bird when she asked for an important dramatic part in Gentlemen's Agreement. She won an Academy Award in the film, and a new classification: "straight dramatic actress." Then they said she was "much too normal" for The Snake Pit, yet after she got the role critics applauded her portrayal of a demented patient.

And so it went. She was too zany to be a nun in Come to the Stable, too sweet to sing sour in Everybody Does It, too simple to be sophisticated in All About Eve. She played all of those parts; a measure of her success is the fact that she spent four years in Hollywood and was nominated for Academy Oscars three times.

To achieve this record, Celeste has had to wage a constant struggle against Hollywood tradition. In 1949, revolting against type casting, she decided to quit the 20th Century-Fox payroll to become a free lance. The decision puzzled the studio's president, Spyros Skouras. "Why don't you just unbend and enjoy my money?" he asked plaintively. "We're offering you big parts. Tell me, aren't they the right size?"

"I don't care about size," said Celeste. "But they all have the same shape."

By insistently following her own inclinations, Celeste has made dollars for Hollywood—and $120,000 a year for herself—without ever making sense by studio standards. Instead of going dancing at the Mocambo, she went to UCLA for psychology courses. Instead of studying her fan mail, she studied drama under Kenneth Macgowan at the same university. She never haggled over money. She never bargained for favors.

Star roles meant nothing to her; she turned down several. But when she found a role she believed in, she actually offered to play it anonymously. She proved to her incredulous studio that she wasn't kidding by doing the narration in A Letter to Three Wives—without billing, without so much as screen credit. And this after she had received her Academy Award.

Today, the blond, blue-eyed Celeste is on Broadway, playing to Standing Room Only signs as the star of Louis Verneuil's comedy, Affairs of State. Once again she is confounding the Hollywood experts, who had predicted that she would be a pumpkin as a modern Cinderella, that she could never play the mousy little schoolteacher who becomes a lion in Washington politics.

Affairs of State is a great popular success, and a huge personal triumph for its star. As portrayed by Celeste, with faint mockery and pronounced affection, the schoolteacher could be any woman in the audience, or any man's wife or sister. It's a deft characterization, permitting the patrons to experience all the pleasures of self-identification. They love it.

Celeste is well equipped to bring a stirring femininity to the role. She is a superbly proportioned five feet six, with a size-35 bust and 35-inch hips—

Now appearing in the Broadway hit Affairs of State, Celeste scored her first smash success as a singing comedienne in musical Oklahoma!

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER

This [illegible]

Celeste Holm stubbornly defied type casting and made it stick. Today she sings, clowns and plays straight dramatic parts with equal ease—and the only sure thing about her next role is that she'll do it well

[illegible] role in Gentlemen's Agreement won Celeste Academy Award. Film starred Gregory Peck

in other words, an eye-catcher. She has other natural attributes for the theater as well. For one thing, she has a near-photographic memory, often learning a 60-page part in a few nights (some of her more critical acquaintances, commenting on this talent, have complained that she can memorize an intellectual observation in one second, and pass it off as her own a year later). More important, Celeste has a gift for mimicry like an echo chamber. This is a great asset in learning dialects.

Sometimes, however, she employs it unconsciously, and then it can be embarrassing. When the Duke of Windsor visited her recently in her dressing room she suddenly found herself conversing with him in his own Oxonian accents. The Duke was less discomfited than Celeste. Later he reportedly told friends, "I see the vogue for English muffins is having considerable influence in America."

On meeting Celeste in person, one is surprised to find that off stage she is exactly as on stage—the same rising inflection of the voice, the same wide-eyed smile, the same exuberant gestures. So exuberant, in fact, that she upset a cup of coffee in greeting this reporter at her New York hotel.

"How awkward," she said. "But also how interesting. I suppose a psychiatrist would say I don't really want the coffee." She turned to her husband, Schuyler Dunning. "What do you say, Sky?"

"Get the mop," suggested Dunning.

This bit of dialogue provides an interesting clue to the relationship between the couple. Celeste has an occasional penchant for the well-rounded phrase; Dunning, a husky air-line executive, takes it upon himself to bring his wife down to earth.

When Celeste exults that "the theater stirs the spirit as the church stirs the soul," Dunning translates: "She likes to act."

Her Husband Is Aviation-Minded

Dunning, who is in his early forties, is a member of a socially prominent Syracuse family. Most of his life has been devoted to aviation, first as a sportsman flying his own plane, later as an Air Force liaison officer and now as Hollywood chief of a big air line. He is Celeste's third husband; they have a four-year-old son, Daniel.

Because Dunning's work is on the West Coast and Celeste's current job is in the East, they spend less time together than he'd like. So she has promised him she will quit Affairs of State in June, when she will be replaced by June Havoc. "That's one promise I've got to keep," she says. "He's even more pigheaded than I am."

At another point, Celeste describes her husband as "wonderfully calm." Then she says: "He has even stabilized me. And he's definitely the boss; I like it that way. The only decisions I make are about my acting."

"And there she's like a stone wall," says Dunning. "Sometimes I think she's got rocks in her head. But she's always right. When it comes to acting, she's like radar: right on the beam."

Although in her professional life Celeste is a cool customer who knows exactly what she wants, in her private life she is typically feminine. She saves strings, pins and gaudy pieces of wrapping paper. And like every woman since Eve, she adores a bargain. Occasionally this instinct runs away with her. "Such as the time I bought three coats, each reduced from $300 to $150," she recounts. "It wasn't until I got home that it occurred to me all three were exactly alike."

She has no particular preference in clothes. Sporty, frilly, tailored or formal, Celeste wears them all, "provided they're a good buy. I like them to last at least eight years."

She's still paying with sweat and exasperation for one of her thrifty impulses, according to her secretary, Georgia Gilly, a slightly shorter, less blond and somewhat more mature image of Celeste. In 1949, Celeste went shopping for a hooked rug in Los Angeles. The price, $2,000, outraged her; she vowed she'd make one herself, for less.

"She's been working on that rug ever since," says Georgia. "Celeste has carted it all over the country. She's laid out a small fortune for express charges. And with luck she'll have it done by 1978."

No Economizing on Phone Bills

Talking on the telephone is another of Celeste's female preoccupations. Her endurance would have made her Nordic ancestors proud. Georgia says, "Celeste talks to people in Hollywood as if they were in the room with her. Last month our phone bill here was $288. She'll never save enough pins and wrapping paper to balance that."

Celeste and Georgia share a suite—two bedrooms, living room and kitchenette—in a hotel on Fifty-eighth Street, off Sixth Avenue. Rent, laundry and wood for the fireplace add up to $525 a month. The rooms are furnished in what Celeste calls "Louis the Fourteenth Street" *décor.*

But Celeste is not too depressed by the atmosphere. She feels that it has helped curb her appetite. For Celeste adores food. Her enthusiasm sometimes shows itself conspicuously; and in Hollywood she has to diet.

Celeste and Dunning have an $80,000 white colonial home in Brentwood, a plush suburb of Los Angeles.

"The house," says Celeste, "stands on an acre of ground and is covered with a trace of ivy and a disappearing mortgage. We have a garden, some fruit trees and a 40-foot swimming pool."

The Dunnings spend $2,000 a month to run the place, plus $50 a week for a gardener. The fruit they grow would cost about $3 at a roadside stand, "but your own wormy apples," says Celeste, "give you a great sense of possession."

Two Swedish women—Frida Johnson and Elsie Neptune—do the cooking, clean the eight rooms and periodically wrestle Hokey-Pokey, the family mongrel, into his bath. The rooms are furnished in modern style, with gray the predominating color.

The projected move back to Hollywood will give Celeste a chance to spend more time with her son, an opportunity she is looking forward to.

"I try to be a good mother," she says. "I don't know how well I succeed. My being an actress doesn't impress Danny much. He's more interested in cops and firemen."

Celeste's secretary says she is extremely affectionate with the boy, has a great deal of patience and "treats him like a pal as well as a child."

"I try not to spoil him," says Celeste. "But I suppose I do. My mother spoiled me a little, and I'm kind of grateful."

Danny plays with the children of Eddie Bracken and Pat O'Brien, who are the Dunnings' neighbors.

"In California," says Celeste, "we live like the rest of Suburbia, U.S.A. We go to neighborhood movies, church picnics, flower shows and occasional concerts at the *(Continued on page 82)*

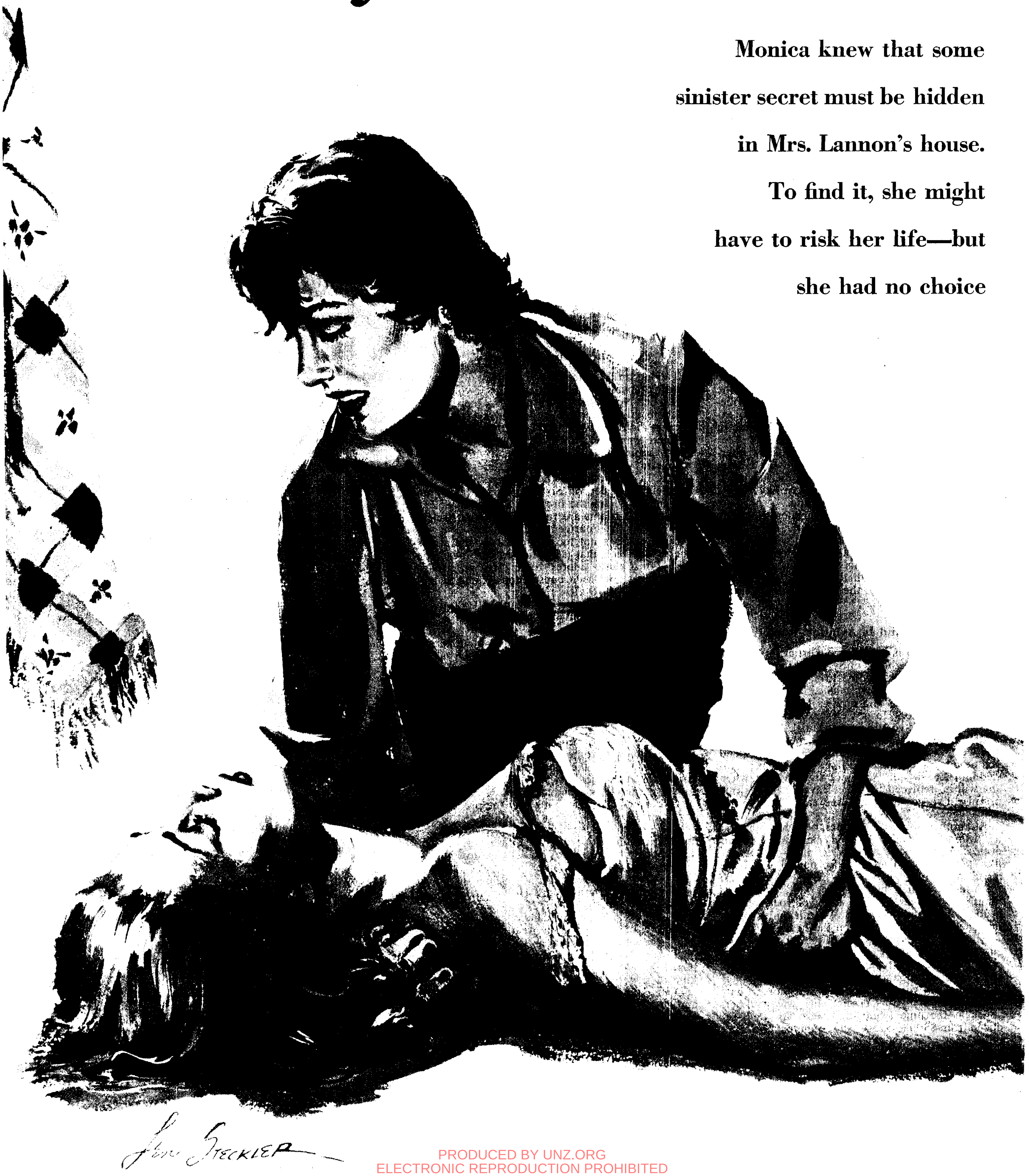
[illegible] in Come to the Stable. Louis Jean Heydt and Dorothy Patrick are others in picture

[illegible] in Everybody Does It, with Paul Douglas. Celeste had to sing sour in this movie

[illegible] who fights for her husband—played by Hugh Marlowe—in the film All About Eve

Stairway to an EMPTY

Monica knew that some sinister secret must be hidden in Mrs. Lannon's house. To find it, she might have to risk her life—but she had no choice



ROOM

By DOLORES HITCHENS

The Story: Monica Marshall was finally convinced that her brother-in-law, Jerry Huffman, awaiting execution for the murder of her sister, Biddy, was innocent. She also knew she might be killed trying to prove it.

After the trial, Monica assumed the care of Biddy's and Jerry's child, Winifred, who had been in the charge of a sinister woman named Mrs. Lannon, and went with Winifred to a resort, where she met a young man named Stevens, who took an annoying interest in her and in the child. There, too, Winifred recognized a fraudulent "psychiatrist" named Veach, and his woman, Wanda, who tried to cause Winifred's death in an accident in which Monica was so badly hurt that her whole upper torso had to be heavily taped up. Stevens persuaded Monica to meet a Mr. Demarist, who believed the Huffman case was connected with the disappearance of his ward, Margaret, a weak-minded young woman who had become involved with Veach. He thought Veach was holding her prisoner somewhere while he tried to extort money from Demarist. Demarist sent Monica to Mrs. Lannon's house with his handsome nephew, Richard Aldeen, and there, in a tiny attic bedroom, she found a closet full of Margaret's clothes—and also found Biddy's wedding ring.

Stevens and Monica were lured to a deserted shack, and found Wanda dead. They realized after they had left that someone had tried to frame them for the crime. Stevens returned to the shack to destroy the evidence that they'd been there, and Monica got away in Stevens' car and went back to the rest home in which she and Winifred had been staying. Further incriminating evidence had been planted in her room, and she took Winifred out into the night with her to dispose of it. She realized then that she must return to Mrs. Lannon's house if she were to find the truth about both murders. Leaving Winifred in the car, she approached the house cautiously.

CONCLUSION

THERE was a light in the upstairs window of Mrs. Lannon's house. Downstairs, Mrs. Lannon's parlor held a soft glow deadened by heavy draperies; in Monica's mind rose the picture of the overcrowded room, airless and prisonlike, and she wondered at Mrs. Lannon's satisfaction with it. Surely if Veach were prospering and Mrs. Lannon were as high in his organization as old Mr. Demarist seemed to think she was, she could afford better than this.

Some quirk, some pretense of clinging to an old-fashioned respectability, kept her here, Monica decided.

She crossed the lawn and approached Mrs. Lannon's windows. Under the skimpy shade she managed a look at the room. The glow came from a big glass-canopied lamp on the center table. Mrs. Lannon was sitting in a chair with a wooden frame propped in her lap, under the light. In the frame was a square of heavy cloth, drawn taut, and she was sewing loops of beads to the material. Her face showed a placid happiness, as though the beading pleased and relaxed her. Only the jet-black eyes looked sharp and alert.

Monica went around to the rear of the house, feeling her way cautiously in the dark. Stevens had said that there must be a secret way in; she meant to find it. She discovered a back stoop and some steps, but the door at the top was securely locked. Monica prowled like a hunting cat, but there were no other doors and no cellar entrance.

She investigated the garage, even daring to switch on the lights. Mrs. Lannon sported a blue Cadillac; it was new, spotless, shining. There were no secret rooms in the garage. It opened to the back yard, and to the alley, and none of the doors was locked, though the car was.

Monica turned off the garage lights and crept through the dark yard to the house. At the moment when she reached the foot of the steps, Mrs. Lannon came out onto the rear porch and switched on a light there. The porch was enclosed in glass down to about waist level; there was a good view of Mrs. Lannon. For an instant Monica stood rooted, the glow reflected in her face, and Mrs. Lannon's advancing figure took on the proportions of a dragon's.

Monica ran blindly, tripped, and rolled into the shrubbery in an effort to get out of sight. She found herself under one of the lantana bushes, breathing the musky fragrance and the stirred-up dust, her shoulders tight against the foundations of the house.

Mrs. Lannon walked with a slow, deliberate step that reverberated in the wood above Monica's head. She loosened the catch on the door, rattling the knob, came down a step or two, and deposited an object, then another.

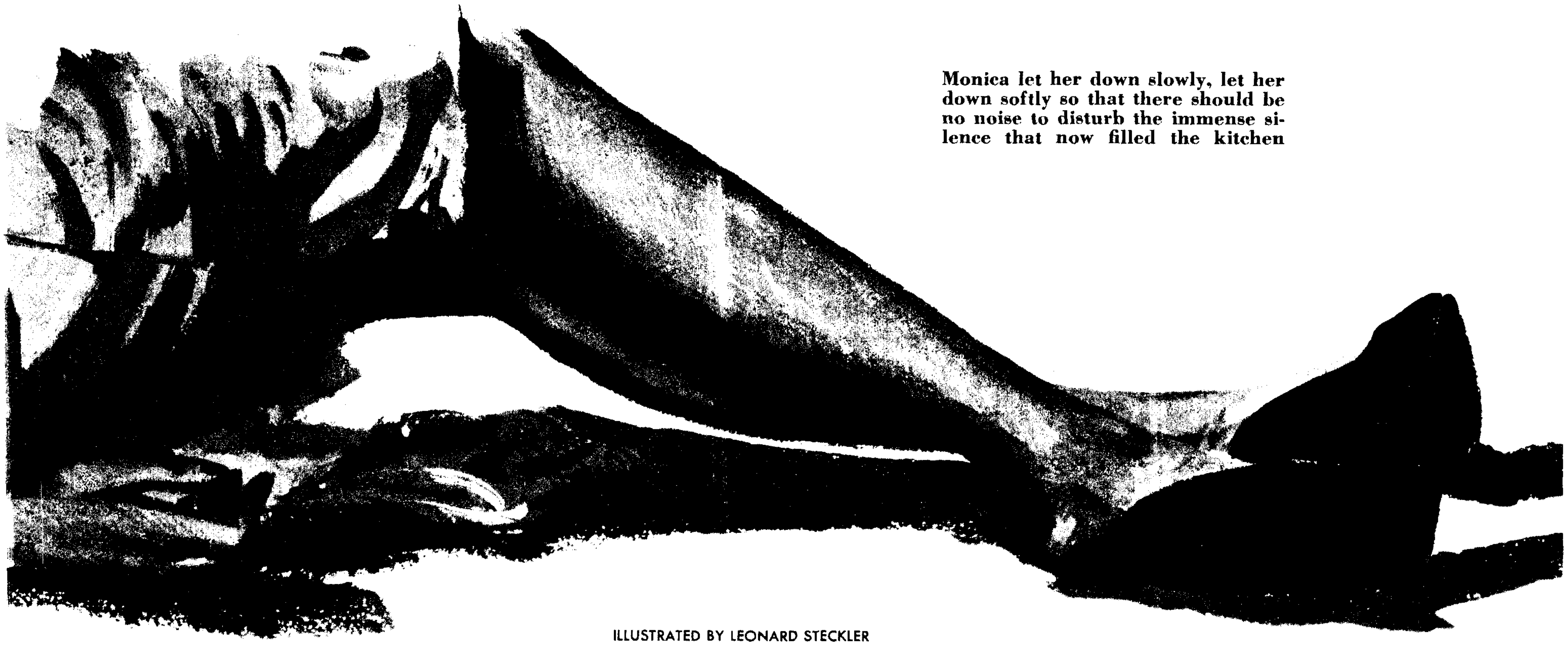
Monica rubbed her face, feeling the dirt there. She was aware, in that moment, of several things she had almost forgotten—the weakness left by the fever, the deep scratch made by the rose stake, and the torture of the tape on her ribs. She lay still, getting her breath, while Mrs. Lannon went back inside and locked the door. Mrs. Lannon had put out her milk bottles, something so commonplace and domestic that it seemed a little ridiculous.

The house above grew quiet again, as though Mrs. Lannon had gone back to her beading. Monica reached out to push herself up, and then an idea occurred to her. If there was a hidden way in, it might be under this rampant shrubbery. Lantana was tough; it could stand passing-through with a minimum of damage.

She began to crawl along the line of the foundation, touching the concrete and the overhanging wooden siding as she went. It was dirty work. Dust sifted down from the lantana into her clothes, under her collar, to the depths of her underwear. The lantana blossoms gave off their musky perfume. Monica wondered if she were making a noise that Mrs. Lannon might hear inside the house. About the time when she was ready to say the hell with it, she found the little door. It was set into the concrete. She ran her hand over the wood and found a knob and pulled, and the wooden square swung out silently.

She found herself looking in at Mrs. Lannon's cellar. It was brick-walled, floored neatly with concrete, and from a rafter hung a light bulb with a dark-blue shade. The brightest spot was on the floor; there would be nothing to show outside, Monica thought, through those narrow panes at the front of the house. She squeezed through, found toe holds in the brick and crept down.

The place had a barren look because of the expanse of floor, though there were a few things stored here. Several pieces of old-fashioned furniture stood in a corner, and there were stacks of newspapers and three orange *(Continued on page 65)*



Monica let her down slowly, let her down softly so that there should be no noise to disturb the immense silence that now filled the kitchen

ILLUSTRATED BY LEONARD STECKLER

AMERICAN FOREST PRODUCTS INDUSTRIES

The South's 100,000,000 acres of pine forest may make cotton a secondary crop, says Kurth

PAPER PROPHET

By FRANK X. TOLBERT

At the age of 50, Texan Ernest Kurth staked his fortune on an "impractical" idea. Now he's shown the South how to turn millions of waste acres to profitable paper-pulp production

AT SIXTY-FIVE, Ernest Lynn Kurth of Keltys, Texas, is an erect, 210-pound extrovert who wears his broad-brimmed hat about as many hours a day as he wears his shoes. He doesn't look like a millionaire, but he is. As president of the Southland Paper Mills, of Lufkin—a $30,000,000 installation—he produces in excess of 10 per cent of all the paper made in the U.S. for newspaper use.

But, though Kurth accounts for a big slice of the 1,000,000 tons of newsprint ground out in the States annually, and a sizable proportion of the almost 6,000,000 tons used by publishers every year, he is more than just another manufacturer. He is a hard-hitting industrial pioneer who showed the South how to turn millions of acres of "wasteland" into a booming new industry; who pushed that industry to such proportions that it is on its way toward breaking U.S. dependence on Canadian and European imports; and who, at fifty, amazed his associates by staking his millionaire's fortune on a chemist's bright idea.

In times of stress, the nation's publishers have always been faced with serious newsprint shortages. Today, according to the American Newspaper Publishers Association, Canada is finding new markets for its paper, and cutting down on exports to the U.S. The United States, therefore, must boost its own newsprint production—and that's where Ernest Lynn Kurth of Keltys, Texas, comes in.

Fifteen years ago, Kurth was already worth well over a million dollars. He had inherited a lumber company and thousands of acres of good timberland in Angelina County, Texas. These he had built into a benevolently run financial empire which included timber, manufacturing and banking businesses, theater chains and insurance agencies. More than any other man, Kurth had made Angelina County one of the most industrialized counties in Texas. But despite his middle age, he was restless for new work.

He found it—with excitement to boot—when, in 1936, he met the late Dr. Charles Holmes Herty of Savannah at a chemurgic conference.

Dr. Herty was a chemist who had found out how to make newsprint from southern pine—a problem others had worked on, and despaired of, for years. Herty told Kurth how he took Georgia slash pine to a Northern mill and made it into newsprint. But although Herty's experiment had been successful, engineers persisted in the belief that the pitch and resin in southern pine would gum up any paper-making machine.

"Actually, the pitch isn't much of a problem, though," said Herty. "Southern pine doesn't have much pitch in it until it is about 25 years old and the heartwood has developed. Our pines are ready to make into newsprint after 12 to 15 years of growth. The logs just have to be ground differently. This is a thing that could industrialize all the poor, cutover forest lands of the South. But I can't find anyone bold enough to try it commercially." For Ernest Lynn Kurth, the scientist's simple statement was an irresistible challenge.

After a few exploratory visits to Herty's laboratories in Savannah, the big Texan plunged in, staked everything he owned, except his house, on the prospect of making an unfamiliar product out of virtually untried ingredients.

Kurth of Keltys began to build the first newsprint mill in the South. The pulp mill and paper plant were to cost some $7,000,000 at the outset. This was a vast sum to raise, even for a man with Ernest Kurth's substantial fortune. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation said it would lend him $3,500,000 to put with his own money, if he could match the sum with Texas collateral.

The Southern Newspaper Publishers Association for years had been trying to interest capital in a Southern newsprint plant. Led by E. K. Gaylord of the Oklahoma City Times, Ted Dealey of the Dallas News and James G. Stahlman of the Nashville Banner, the publishers told Kurth: "We'll take all the newsprint you can produce for the first five years."

"I beat the bushes. And businessmen ran from me as if I were a wounded cougar," Kurth tells folks today. "A lot of them said I was a fool—and would soon be a bankrupt fool."

He began to raise money, though. Louis Calder, an Eastern capitalist who had long before advised Kurth to go into the newsprint business, supplied half a million dollars. Kurth's brothers helped.

An operation for cancer of the larynx cost Ernest Kurth his natural voice seven years ago. He won that fight too by finding a new way to talk

Still, when the publishers met late in 1938 Kurth was $425,000 short of the goal.

He was discouraged, but not beaten. "We need brave dollars," he told the publishers.

Dealey and Stahlman went out and preached to other Southern publishers with almost religious zeal, and raised $495,000 brave dollars.

Kurth's newsprint plant, Southland Paper Mills, went up in 1939. A lot of folks called it "Kurth's Folly," and for a while it looked as though they were right. For when the first newsprint came off the reels in January, 1940, the paper was terrible. The Dallas Morning News was the first to use it for a full edition. And, looking back, Publisher Dealey says, "Our readers and advertisers should have asked for their money back."

But soon the mill, with its minority of skilled imported papermakers and its majority of Angelina County help, was making newsprint as fine in appearance, strength and inking quality as anything from the mills of Canada or Scandinavia.

Even in the face of success, Kurth's plant manager, a Northern expert, continued to be suspicious of southern pine. To keep it from gumming up the machinery, he had a big cement pond built, and soaked the cordwood for 24 hours before sending it to the grinders and cookers.

"I didn't see any sense in giving the lumber a bath, but I humored the man for a while," says Kurth. "Then, when he wasn't looking, I ran some cordwood through without soaking it. It made just as good newsprint. So we quit the bathing, and saved $2.50 a ton."

Southland Paper soon brought a real-estate boom to Lufkin, Texas. Cutover timberlands which had been almost worthless became valuable property. Kurth supplied millions of seedling pines, and, at his urging, the farmers began to turn used-up cotton lands back to timber—"Back to the use God intended for our land here."

In 1940, Kurth ran Texas loblolly and shortleaf pine through the grinders for 30,000 tons of newsprint, and the plant has been going day and night ever since. Last year it ground out 130,000 tons.

Canadian Newsprint Still Imported

But Southern publishers, in the midst of 100,000,000 acres of pine forests, still are importing millions of tons of newsprint, most of it from Canada. Had not World War II interfered, Kurth thinks the South would now be making all the newsprint it needs in five great plants. As it is, though, his enterprise inspired the opening of at least one other plant—at Coosa Pines, Alabama. Opened in January, 1950, it is credited by the American Newspaper Publishers Association with having most to do with increasing U.S. newsprint production by 120,000 tons last year.

"The domination of Canadian pulp industries over publishers of this country will soon be at an end," predicts Stahlman, the Nashville publisher.

Kurth himself thinks the pulp industry will make cotton a secondary crop in the South. "We can grow pines twice as fast as we do now," he says. "With reasonable conservation of the forests, our newsprint industry can go on forever."

Ernest Lynn Kurth seems to have an almost poetic feeling about trees. He has lived in east Texas forests almost all his life. Actually, he was born at Kurth Station, Texas, in 1885; but two years later his father bought the lumber camp at Keltys, a few miles down the forest road, and built the three-story colonial mansion where Ernest still lives. In Keltys, Kurth spent a rugged boyhood. His father was a spade-bearded, stern old German immigrant who hated idleness. "Get out of here and get to work," the old man ordered, and Ernest went into the woods as a lumberjack to learn the lumber business at the helve end of an ax.

Today, the old Kurth house echoes with happy memories. Ernest, his four brothers and Father Kurth himself were all born in July, and Mother Kurth would always make them one big birthday party with a mammoth cake, the biggest watermelons from the garden, and all the kids of Keltys over for the colossal event.

Mother Kurth wanted one of her boys to take piano lessons. Ernest was picked "because he resisted the least." There was no music teacher in Keltys, so every Saturday the little boy would catch a train for nearby Baker, where there was a piano instructor. Ernest chuckles at the memory, but he still plays when he thinks no one is listening.

He lives at the old house with his wife, the former Isla Kinsolving, of Corsicana. Their children, thirty-nine-year-old Ernest, Jr., and thirty-four-year-old Mrs. Julius M. Gordon, of Lufkin, have their own homes near by. Ernest, Jr., is an executive in his dad's lumber company. The grandchildren play at the old house much of the time, and Ernest has put so much play equipment around the mansion that it looks like a schoolyard.

He loves children, but sometimes he startles them. For this great, *(Continued on page 64)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ULRIC MEISEL

The VIBRANT VIDEO

By HANNIBAL COONS

Dear George is sent into enemy territory to peddle a property even a carnival pitchman couldn't sell. But does his boss rejoice when George finds an angle that makes it hotter than a bank note from Brink's?

FEDERAL PICTURES
Hollywood, California

From RICHARD L. REED
Director of Publicity

March 8, 1951
Air Mail

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative, Federal Pictures
Hotel Statler
Boston, Massachusetts

Dear George:

George, do you perchance have an inexpensive disguise of some sort left over from Halloween? I have a little job here which is quite simple, but which requires a certain amount of low cunning. I immediately thought of you.

Here's the situation: Our growing pile of old and new films has finally caught up with the space in our film storage vaults. We've either got to build a new attic or throw away some of the old junk we've got in there.

Things being what they are, we have decided to start no new construction at this time, and thus the only solution is to start hurling some of this stuff over the fence. We've got barrels of film around here that nobody has even looked at in thirty years, and we have decided to purchase a new broom and sweep clean. We have been at it for about a week now, and we have swept stuff out of this place that was old when Edison was a small boy.

In case you are wondering how this rash of housemaid's knee could concern you, I will proceed. In the midst of the house cleaning, our noted coin collector, Mr. Lou Bentley, suddenly got the idea that maybe we could get some money for this stuff, instead of just shoveling it into the wastebasket. Every television outfit in town has been camped on our doorstep for years, and Lou thought that maybe we could sell this rubbish to some deserving television firm. And therein lies the complication.

As it happens, Mr. Bentley has just been elected chairman of the industry's new Home Defense League, dedicated to battling the inroads of television. So it hardly behooves him at this time to sell television a batch of even remotely helpful film. On the other hand, money is money, and the stockholders would no doubt be unhappy if he voluntarily turned down any of same.

Actually, it's an example of what is rapidly becoming an occupational disease around here. In Hollywood, television is practically a naughty word. Still, the boys can smell a little money, and if this TV nag comes in they would like to have a few dollars on it. But surrounded as they all are by competitors, bankers, exhibitors, union straw bosses and other well-wishers, it is difficult to know how to get a bet down without being observed. The thing will of course get worked out in time—even vaudeville actors eventually found jobs—but at the moment it can't be said that Hollywood has any great love for TV, at least in public. So, naturally, the publicity department has been called in to peddle this old film. If it's anything sneaky, they give it to us.

And believe me, this one's got to be sneaky. If it ever came out that Bentley had gone out of his way to sell this stuff to television, his name would be anathema. Lou Anathema. Dave Chasen's or the Brown Derby would probably refuse to serve him, which could mean only sure starvation.

But to business. I have evolved a plan. You may not know it, good old George, but you have long had a wonderful collection of old movies. And as a reward for your good and faithful service, we are going to give you this big batch of old films to add to your collection. Isn't that nice of us?

But you, you dirty dog, *are not going to add them* to your collection at all. You are going to take them out and sell them to the highest bidder along New York's busy television row. (We want it done in New York because New York is so far from here.)

But then, alas, your conscience is going to get the better of you, and you are going to confess all and turn this ill-gotten gain over to us. We will, of course, be sorely puzzled over what to do about this chicanery in our midst, and we will remain puzzled long enough to see if there are any repercussions. If not, we are very apt to forgive and forget, stick the money in the till, and possibly even forward you a small bonus. If you don't mind tainted money.

But if there are repercussions, I fear, George, that things will go hard with you. We will be forced to fire you with a loud to-do, and for a month or so you will have to earn your pay check by being publicly unemployed and looking real mournful. After it blows over, we can possibly return you to simple tasks around the place—publicity or janitor work, or something like that.

But enough of this news from home. I've shipped the stuff to you to New York, Railway Express. Hop down there, and get at it.

And take your time. It's actually quite a big crate of stuff, so it's perfectly all right if it takes you as much as three days to clean it all up.

Only, whatever you do, don't use your right name. And don't use the name of Federal Pictures, or—Heaven forbid—Mr. Lou Bentley, even in jest.

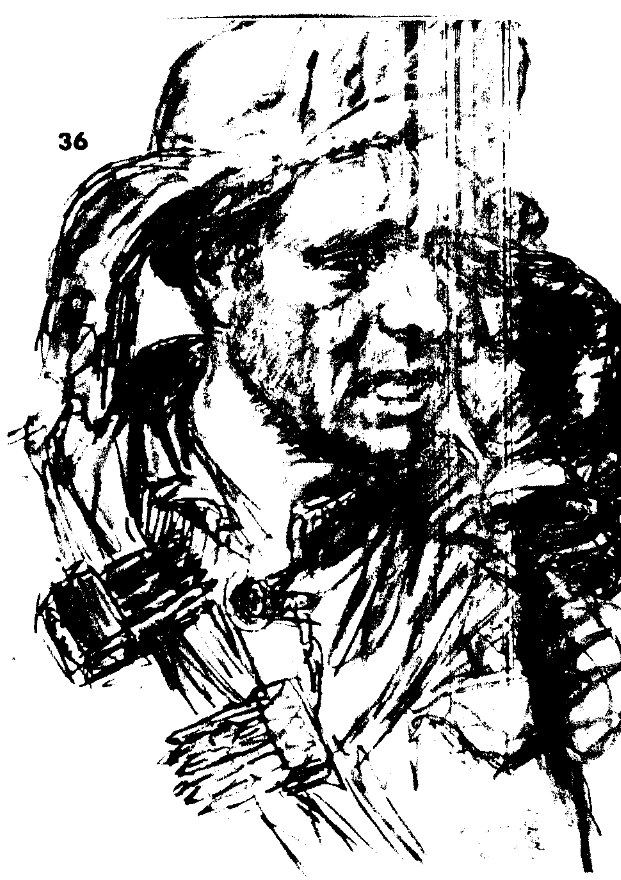
Regards,
Dick.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD CALIF
WOULD LOVE TO JOIN YOU IN OLD CLOTHES DODGE, BUT UNFORTUNATELY HAVE NO PUSHCART. CERTAINLY APPRECIATE YOUR

(Continued on page 43)

Terry waved her copy of the film contract. Speedy Arthur had gone, and the brilliant maneuver was in the bag. Only the bag had a slight hole in it

ILLUSTRATED BY FRITZ WILLIS



Deeply touched by scene at right, Cloyde Morgan weeps after risking life to help carry back Brooklyn GI injured by mortar

UNDER FIRE

By HOWARD BRODIE *Collier's* COMBAT ARTIST

"Lord," the GI breathed, "if You get me outa this one I'll stick up for You forever." A vivid story of front-line combat in Korea

Korea

IN THE predawn darkness, flickers of pale-blue fire gleam dully, like strings of votive lights in a dim church. The men of George Company—G Company, 2d Battalion, 7th Regiment, 3d Division—are gathered on a knoll, warming C rations over canned heat, in preparation for an attack on Objective 11. I remember the battalion briefing the night before: "You'll be lucky if you run into fewer than 100 Chinese on that hill. It may be rough. They have pack howitzers. And watch out for booby traps."

Three of our tanks rumble down the road, and the executive officer yells, "Saddle up!" The soldiers collect their equipment and amble down to join the tanks; we line up along the shoulders of the road. "All right," somebody says quietly, "move out. Pass it along." We start to walk, black silhouettes against a brightening sky, third platoon, second platoon, weapons platoon, first platoon. Garlands of bandoleers are draped around the GIs' necks; field jackets bulge with C rations; bayonets flap from web belts. *"Keep that five-yard interval! How many times do I hafta tell ya?"*

The heavy, repeated crack of artillery opens up behind us; on a little ridge we stop and watch the black smoke blossoms of the UN barrage erupt on the crest of Objective 11. A creaky-voiced Tennessean sings mournfully, "The hardest work Ah ever done was a fireman on a train; the easiest work Ah ever done was . . ."

"Shut up!" snaps a tense voice. Five minutes pass. Ten.

Finally, the cotton burst of a phosphorus shell—the end of the barrage. We start forward, mortar fire blasting a path. Up ahead, there is the sharp rattle of a fire fight. I attach myself to a pair of Pennsylvanians: Captain Hugh B. Casey, of Philadelphia, and his radio-communications man, Corporal Edward Reynolds, of Linesville. Suddenly, bullets start to whine past; we drop quickly and slither into the brush. *Phing-humm!* They're coming from behind us: we're caught in a cross fire. Pine cones fall around us, shot off the trees; Reynolds ducks, his eyes wide. "Wow!" He holds up a thumb and forefinger: that close. His radio receiver crackles as Battalion tries to make contact. *"Halo Able, this is Killer Six. Halo Able, this . . ."* The captain squirms against the ground.

"Tell 'em we're pinned down," he grunts.

Pinned down. We are in a world of our own; after half an hour I know every root, every rock, every pine cone in my field of vision. The situation is unreal. Up forward, there are whistles, rebel yells, shouted profanity. Someone is making a bayonet charge. The noise subsides, but the sound of gunfire continues. We are alone, in a backwater.

Then a lull, and voices off to our left. Figures in olive drab flit through the trees. "Who's that?" hollers Casey.

"Second platoon. Mortars got us," gasps a dogface. "Rosy and O'Malley and Morgan, they're still up there. Rosy's dead. Don't know about the others." He coughs. "They landed right on top of us."

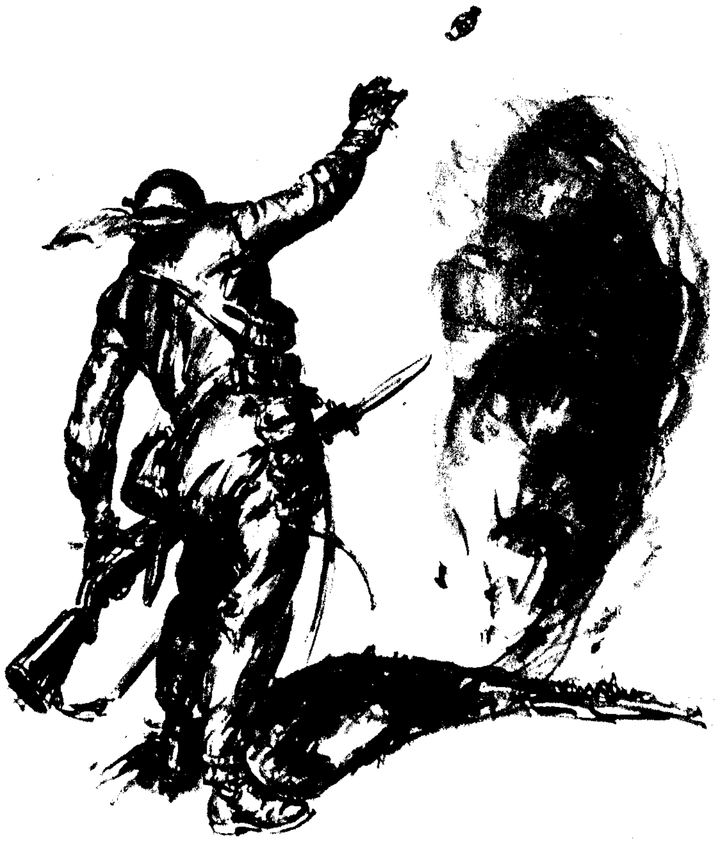
Skirmish in a Bullet-Raked Gully

He and the others tumble into an eroded cleft; we crouch and scoot back to join them, running under a hail of bullets. A skirmish line forms around the gully. A red-bearded machine gunner sets up his weapon and opens fire. ". . . Up in that clearing to the left," points a breathless GI. Other guns open up. Machine gunners fire one burst, then crawl to new positions.

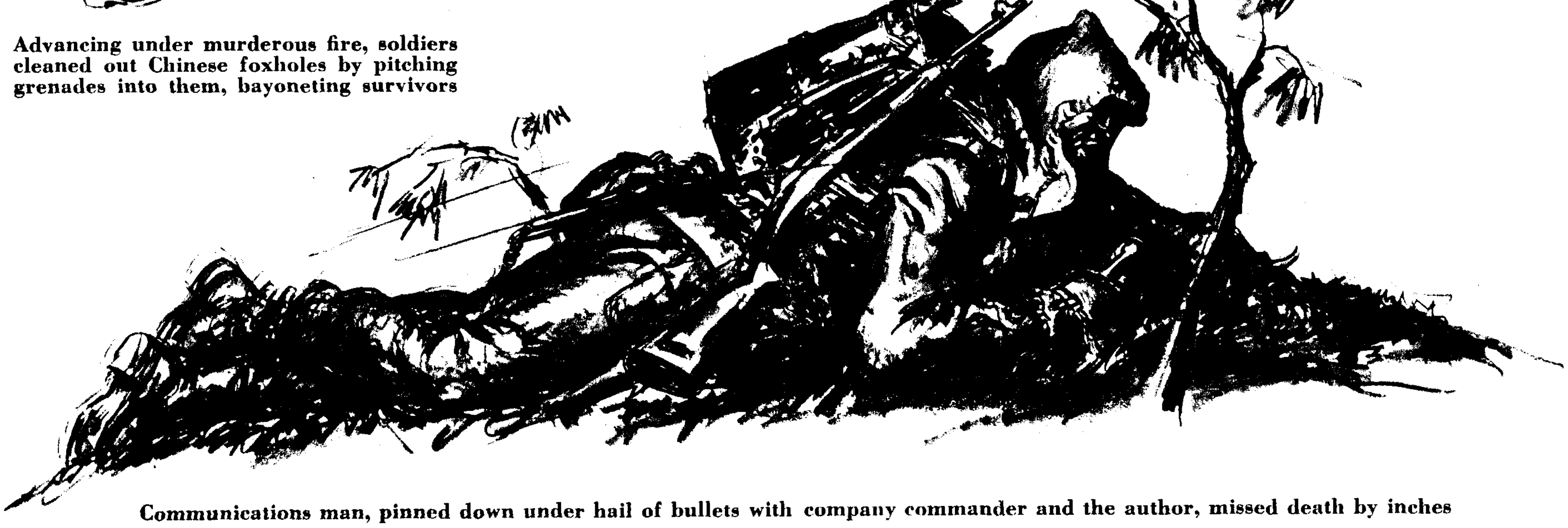
A little way down the gully, out of the line of fire, medics work on the wounded. A Virginian named Luther Arnold sprawls on a stretcher with a shrapnel wound. "Birthday present," he says. "I'm eighteen today." The soldiers take advantage of the momentary security to relax. One puffs on a cigar; another reads a comic book. Several open C rations and grab a hasty meal. One, Sebastian Madrigal, of Isleton, California, pulls out a can of tamales and a bottle of chili sauce.

"Two more wounded comin' in. Pass it along!"

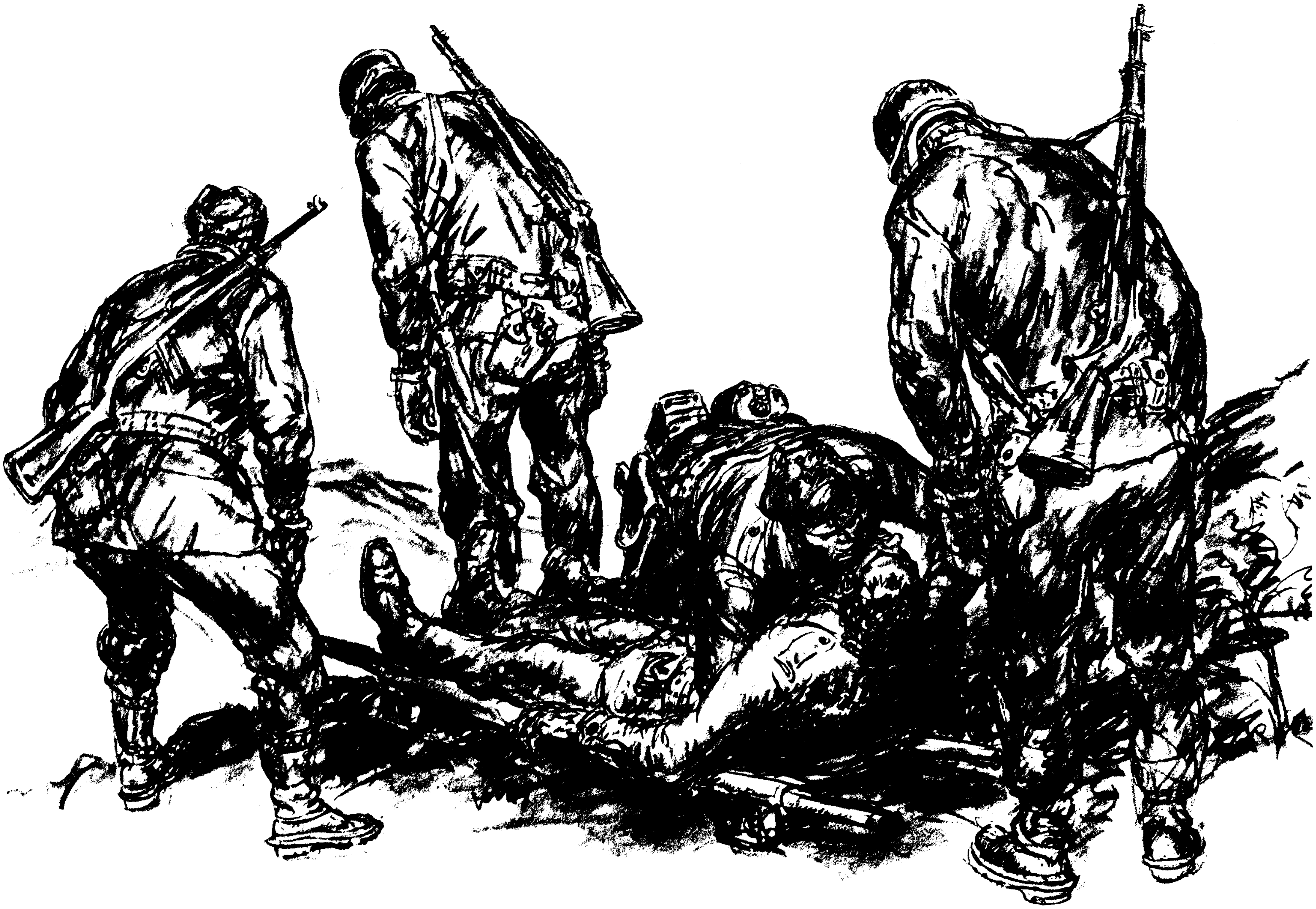
There's a rustle in the bushes. Someone yells in surprise. "Rosy!" *(Continued on page 49)*



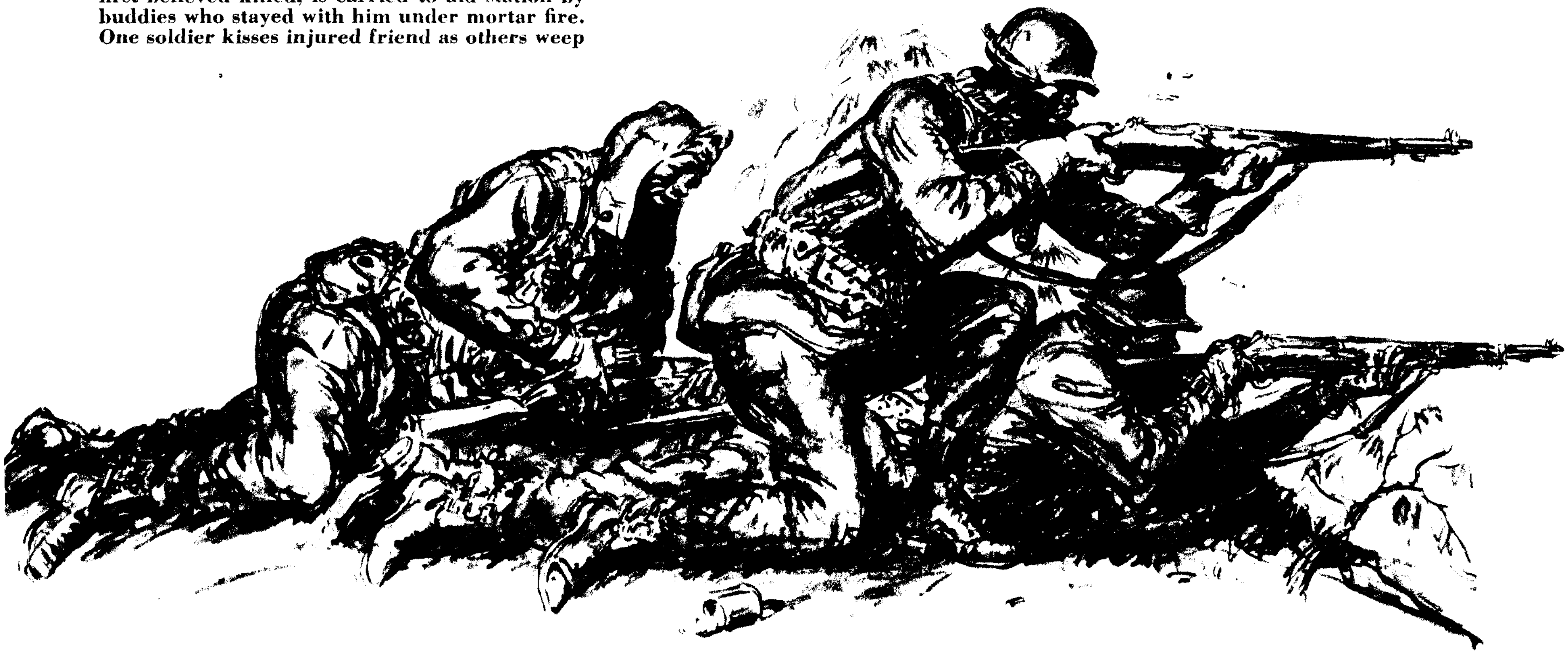
Advancing under murderous fire, soldiers cleaned out Chinese foxholes by pitching grenades into them, bayoneting survivors



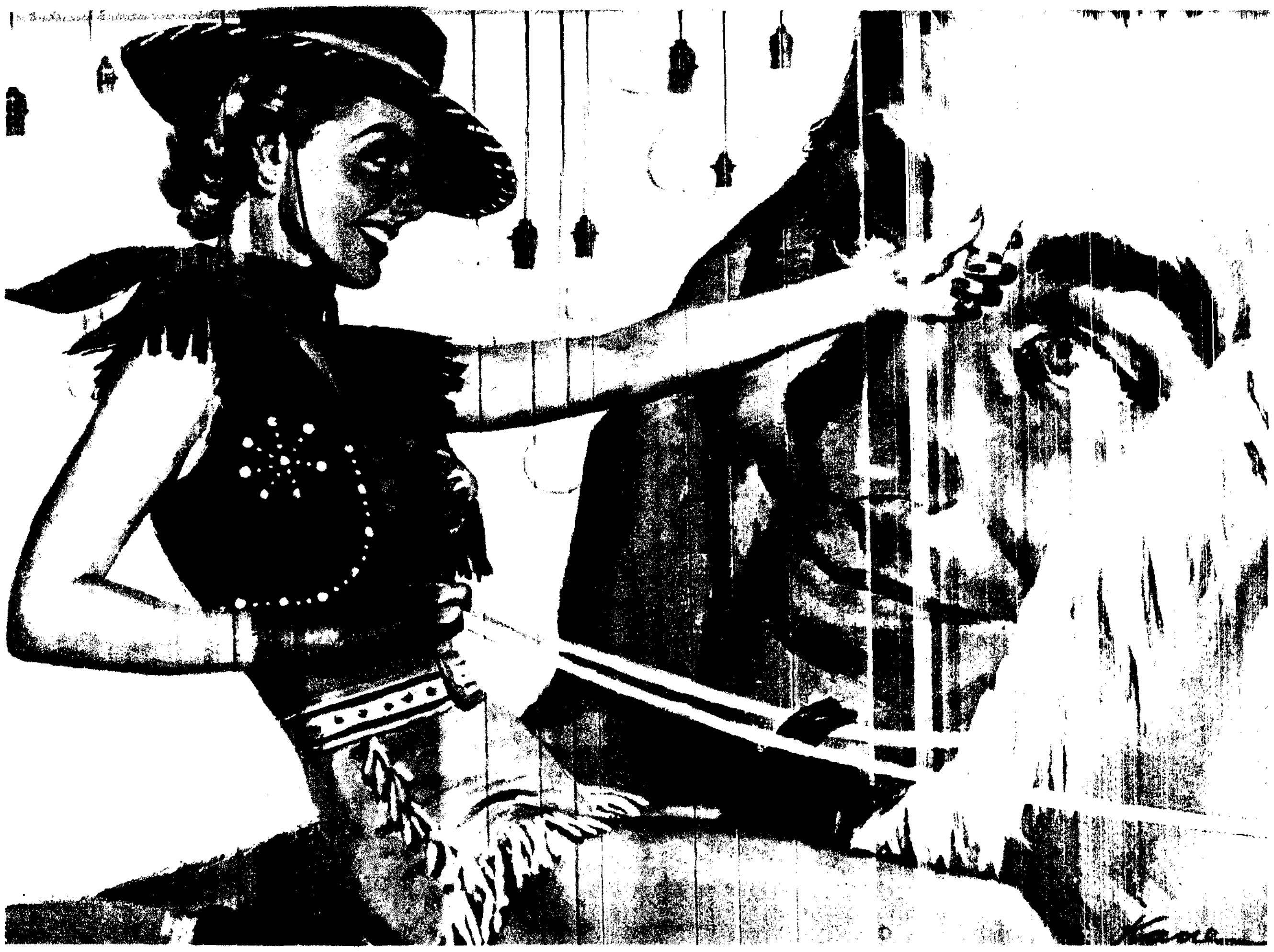
Communications man, pinned down under hail of bullets with company commander and the author, missed death by inches



A stirring scene occurs as GI Stanley Rosenberg, first believed killed, is carried to aid station by buddies who stayed with him under mortar fire. One soldier kisses injured friend as others weep



Skirmish line is formed in gully by GIs driven back by Red mortars and rifle fire. Company later drove ahead and took objective



HARRY KANE

Ann Sheridan, astride a Western pony, tapped him on the forehead with a light bulb

MNEMONICS

By KURT VONNEGUT, JR.

ALFRED MOORHEAD dropped the report into his Out basket, and smiled to think that he had been able to check something for facts without referring to records and notes. Six weeks before, he couldn't have done it. Now, since he had attended his company's two-day Memory Clinic, names, facts and numbers clung to his memory like burdocks to an Airedale. The clinic had, in fact, indirectly cleared up just about every major problem in his uncomplicated life save one—his inability to break the ice with his secretary, Ellen, whom he had silently adored for two years. . . .

"Mnemonics is the art of improving the memory," the clinic's instructor had begun. "It makes use of two elementary psychological facts: you remember things that interest you longer than things that don't; and pictures stick in your mind better than isolated facts do. I'll show you what I mean. We'll use Mr. Moorhead for our guinea pig."

Alfred had shifted uncomfortably as the man read off a nonsensical list and told him to memorize it: "Smoke, oak tree, sedan, bottle, oriole." The instructor had talked about something else, then pointed to Alfred. "Mr. Moorhead, the list."

"Smoke, oriole, uh—" Alfred had grinned, and shrugged miserably.

"Don't be discouraged. You're perfectly normal," the instructor had said. "But let's see if we can't help you do a little better. Let's build an image, something pleasant, something we'd like to remember. Smoke, oak tree, sedan—I see a man relaxing under a leafy oak tree. He is smoking a pipe, and in the background is his car, a yellow sedan. See it, Mr. Moorhead?"

"Uh-huh." Alfred *had* seen it vaguely.

"Good. Now for bottle and oriole. By the man's side is a vacuum bottle of iced coffee, and an oriole is singing on a branch overhead. There, we can remember that happy picture without any trouble, eh?" Alfred had nodded uncertainly. The instructor had gone on to other matters, then challenged him again suddenly.

"Smoke, sedan, bottle, uh—" Alfred had avoided the instructor's eyes.

When the snickering of the class subsided, the instructor had said blandly, "I suppose you think Mr. Moorhead has proved that mnemonics is the bunk. Not at all. He has helped me to make another important point. The images used to help memory vary widely from person to person. Mr. Moorhead's personality is clearly different from mine. I shouldn't have forced my images on him. I'll repeat the list, Mr. Moorhead, and this time I want you to build a picture of your own."

At the end of the class, the instructor had called on Alfred again. Alfred had rattled it off as though it were the alphabet.

The technique was so good, Alfred reflected, that he would be able to recall the meaningless list for the rest of his life. He could still see himself and Rita Hayworth sharing a cigarette beneath a giant oak. He filled her glass from a bottle of excellent wine, and as she drank, an oriole brushed her cheek with its wing. Then Alfred kissed her. As for "sedan," he had lent it to Aly Khan.

Rewards for his new faculty had been splendid and immediate. The promotion had unquestionably come from his filing-cabinet command of business details. His boss, Ralph L. Thriller, had said, "Moorhead, I didn't know it was possible for a man to change as much as you have in a few weeks. Wonderful!"

His happiness was unbroken—except by his melancholy relationship with his secretary, Ellen. While his memory worked like a dollar watch, paralysis still gripped him whenever he thought of mentioning love to the serene brunette.

Alfred sighed and picked up a sheaf of invoices. The first was addressed to the Davenport Spot-welding Company. He closed his eyes and a shimmering tableau appeared. He had composed it two days previous, when Mr. Thriller had given him special instructions. Two davenports faced each other. Lana Turner, sheathed in a tight-fitting leopard skin, lay on one. On the other was Jane Russell, in a sarong made of telegrams. Both of them blew kisses to Alfred, who contemplated them for a moment, then reluctantly let them fade.

He scribbled a note to Ellen: *Please make sure Davenport Spot-welding Company and Davenport Wire and Cable Company have not been confused in our billing.* Six weeks before, the matter would certainly have slipped his mind. *I love you,* he added, and then carefully crossed it out with a long, black rectangle of ink.

IN ONE way, his good memory was a curse. By freeing him from hours of searching through filing cabinets, it gave him that much more time to worry about Ellen. The richest moments in his life were and had been—even before the Memory Clinic—his daydreams. The most delicious of these featured Ellen. Were he to give her the opportunity to turn him down, and she almost certainly would, she could never appear in his fantasies again. Alfred couldn't bring himself to risk that.

The telephone rang. "It's Mr. Thriller," said Ellen.

"Moorhead," said Mr. Thriller, "I've got a lot of little stuff piled up on me. Could you take some of it over?"

"Glad to, chief. Shoot."

"Got a pencil?"

"Nonsense, chief," said Alfred blandly.

"No, I mean it," said Mr. Thriller grimly. "I'd feel better if you wrote this down. There's an awful lot of stuff."

Alfred's pen had gone dry, and he couldn't lay his hands on a pencil without getting up, so he shrugged and lied. "Okay, got one. Shoot."

"First of all, we're getting a lot of subcontracts on big defense jobs, and a new series of code numbers is going to be used for these jobs. Any number beginning with 16A will designate that it's one of them. Better wire all our plants about it."

In Alfred's mind, Ava Gardner executed a smart manual of arms with a rifle. Emblazoned on her sweater was a large 16A. "Right, chief."

"And I've got a memo here from . . ."

Fifteen minutes later, Alfred, perspiring freely, said, "Right, chief" for the forty-third time and hung up. Before his mind's eye was a pageant to belittle the most flamboyant dreams of Cecil B. de Mille. Ranged about Alfred was every woman motion-picture star he had ever seen, and each brandished or wore or carried or sat astride something Alfred could be fired for forgetting. The image was colossal, and the slightest disturbance might knock it to smithereens. He had to get to pencil and paper before tragedy struck. He crossed the room like a game-stalker, hunched, noiselessly.

"Mr. Moorhead, are you all right?" said Ellen, alarmed.

"Mmm. Mmm!" said Alfred, frowning.

He reached the pencil and pad, and exhaled. The picture was fogging but it was still there. Alfred considered the ladies one by one, wrote down their messages, and allowed them to dissolve.

As their numbers decreased, he began to slow their exits in order to savor them. Now Ann Sheridan, the next-to-the-last in line, astride a Western pony, tapped him on the forehead with a light bulb to remind him of the name of an important contact at General Electric—Mr. Bronk. She blushed under his gaze, dismounted and dissolved.

The last stood before him, clutching a sheaf of papers. Momentarily, Alfred was stumped. The papers seemed to be the only clue, and they recalled nothing. Absently, he reached out and clasped her to him. "Now, baby," he murmured, "what's on *your* mind?"

"Oh, Mr. Moorhead," sighed Ellen.

"Oh, gosh!" said Alfred, freeing her. "Ellen—I'm sorry, I forgot myself."

"Well, praise be, you finally remembered *me.*"

THE END

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MacIntyre's Flood

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

symphony on the radio, said, "Your tweeter's shot."

Mac looked at him. "My what?"

"Your tweeter. It's part of the speaker of a radio," Charles explained. "Your woofer's okay," he added modestly.

"Well, that's something," Mac said.

"The tweeter gives you your highs," said Charles. "If you don't have it you miss a lot, sometimes without knowing it."

Mac nodded.

"You might not need a whole new speaker," Charles said. "Mind if I have a look?"

"Please do," Kay said. "You're interrupting us."

"Yes," Mac said. "Please do."

Charles went into the living room, where the radio was.

KAY was peering out through the glass. "My, your brook's high!" she remarked. Mac looked out. The stream had risen a great deal more. A sheet of muddy water an inch deep was running across the grass under the arbor.

"Nothing *will* be harmed," Mac said sternly to Kay. "Forget it."

Kay laughed. "All right. I just thought it couldn't be very good for the arbor—all that water. Well, here's what I hoped you'd do for me: just tell me in general what you plan to say in your speech, so that I can arrange mine to go with it smoothly."

"Kay," Mac said slowly, wishing he could think of some merciful way to put it, "I'm going to tell you the truth. I—"

"Excuse me," Alice said brightly from the doorway. "Mac, I have to talk to you." Mac could see that his wife was in a rare state of disturbance. "Kay," she said, "will you and Charles excuse us for just a minute or two? Make yourselves perfectly at home. Mac, maybe they'd like to watch the teletype. Would that be all right with you?"

"Sure," Mac said. He showed Kay the door to his office and then came back to Alice. "What's the matter?" he asked.

Alice was looking out of the window at the flooding arbor. "I don't think I can stand it," she said.

Mac put his arm around her waist. "Yes, it's tough. But we might as well admit we're licked. Tomorrow maybe I'll start building us a new arbor higher up the hill."

"It's not the arbor that worries me."

"Huh?"

"It's not the arbor," she repeated, walking away from him toward the door of the library. "It's *you*." Then she began to cry, and she went through the doorway fast, closing the door behind her. She never liked him to see her cry.

Mac stood for a moment in misery, looking at the closed door. This was even worse than he'd thought. He hadn't known that his own loss of hope would harm Alice.

But what could he do? You couldn't recapture a sunny outlook on the world just by wishing for it.

Mac frowned and sat down, trying for the thousandth time to find some weakness in his own reasoning, to discover some overlooked secret weapon that men might use against the disaster that faced them. So far as he could see, there wasn't any.

Suddenly he stood up. The young folks. That was where hope was, if it was anywhere. He moved toward the door of his office, thinking of Kay and Charles, and hoping to find in them some evidence of superior wisdom and dignity.

They didn't see him when he opened the door. Charles was holding a dead microphone to his mouth and burlesquing Mac's own style. "The news tonight is predominantly bad," he intoned, and Kay giggled.

"Yes," Charles said, "I have to report that giant termites invaded New York and San Francisco today. Also Terre Haute, Indiana." Kay doubled up with mirth.

Charles was beginning to giggle himself. "Hello, Mom; hello, Dad," he said. Then he saw Mac. "Hello, Mr. MacIntyre," he said, putting down the microphone.

Mac smiled, thinking how foolish he'd been to expect anything better. "Hello yourself," he said. Then he turned to Kay. "I'm sorry we were interrupted. Let's take up where we left off."

Mac and Kay and Charles went back to the veranda. As he sat down, Mac looked out at the creek. It was swirling higher than ever, eating steadily at the bank where the arbor stood. "I'm afraid," he told Kay, "that my speech at commencement will be somewhat pessimistic."

Kay nodded.

"In fact," Mac went on solemnly, "I don't believe the world will be worth living in, by the time you're my age. And I propose to say so." He watched Kay closely, half expecting to see her eyes fill with terror.

"I see," Kay said, smiling. "Well, then, I'd better make *my* speech real optimistic. That way there'll be a balance."

Charles Gambel looked at his watch and said, "We'd better go. It's almost noon."

"All right," Kay said. "Only let me say good-by to Mrs. MacIntyre." She and Charles both went into the library.

Several minutes later, Charles came out again. "The women are still jawing in there," he said to Mac. "I thought I'd better tell you about your radio."

"Oh?"

"You'll need a new speaker, all right."

"Thanks a lot. I'll have somebody come out and fix it up," Mac said. Maybe he *would* someday, he thought, if he ever got around to it.

Kay and Charles left soon after that.

TWO hours later, Alice and Mac were standing on the glassed-in porch, watching the flood. "Kay Nuttall is a nice girl," Alice remarked. Mac noticed that his wife seemed resigned now, and not particularly sad. But he'd still have given anything in the world to make her really happy.

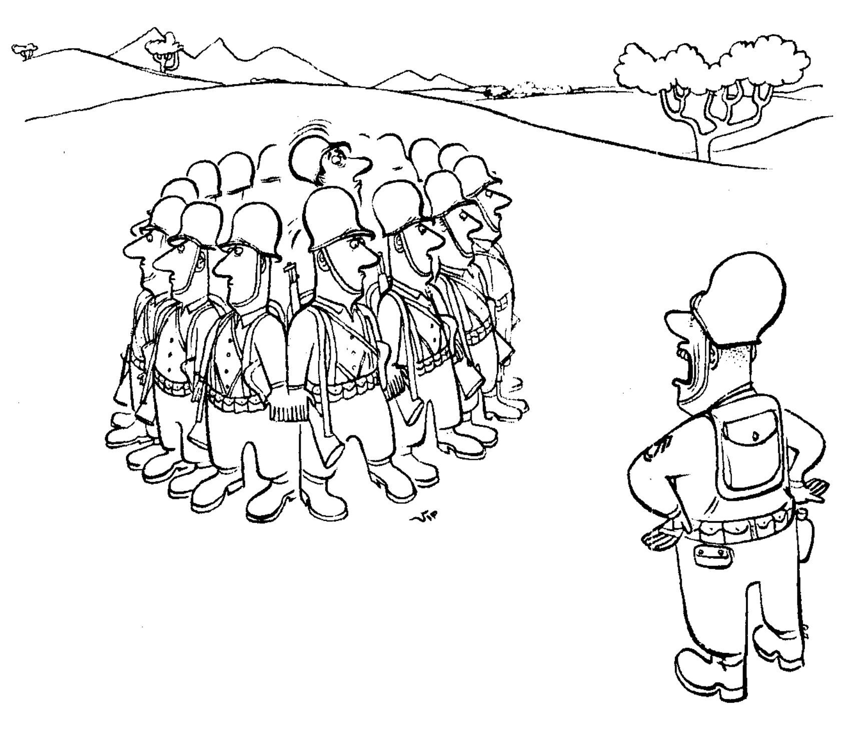
"What were you and Kay talking about, there at the last?" he asked.

"About the house. And the arbor; I told her about the arbor."

"Oh."

"And we talked about you," Alice continued. "She was funny about that."

VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S "I didn't mean you had to change your ripped pants right this very second, Garson" VIRGIL PARTCH

"How do you mean?"

"Kay wants to be a social worker," Alice said. "She wanted to start her career by working on you. Offered to come to tea sometimes and cheer you up. Thought you needed it."

"Good Lord!" Mac said and laughed. "Why, that girl—"

He was interrupted by the doorbell. Kay and Charles were back again. Charles had a large package, which he placed on the living-room table. He and Kay both wore rubber waders and carried shovels. "We thought we might as well have a little fun with your creek," said Charles.

"It's no use," Mac said.

"May we try?" Kay asked.

Mac shrugged. "Sure. If you want to."

He and Alice watched the work from the veranda. The kids shoveled mud for over an hour, and got no place at all. Mac was sorry. He knew it would have made them feel good to be able to help.

At last they came back up the hill. "Not getting along very well," Charles reported briskly. They both had mud all over them.

"That's all right," Mac said. "You did your best, and we appreciate it."

Charles grinned. "We're not giving up. I just thought if you had some burlap bags that we could fill with sand—"

Mac produced a stack of fertilizer sacks from the tool shed, and Charles went back to work. From the veranda, Mac watched him filling the sacks while Kay held them open. When they were full, Charles began placing them to form a wall. He did part of the work standing in choppy water up to his waist, and it took an hour and a half.

The wall wasn't high enough.

Charles came back for more sacks. "I'm sorry," Mac said. "I'm afraid there aren't any more." He and Charles had a look in the tool shed, just to be sure, and found nothing.

Charles's face fell. He yelled at Kay and she came up from the creek. They took off their waders and moved in under the protection of the veranda. "Maybe we could get some sacks in town," Kay suggested.

"That'd take half an hour," Charles said, "and by then the arbor would be gone."

Mac looked out and saw that Charles was right. The pitifully low wall of sandbags wasn't helping any, and the water was steadily eating at the bank. One of the redwood posts seemed already to have begun sagging outward. Alice looked not exactly sad, Mac saw, but older, somehow.

Suddenly Charles had an idea. "If we moved those sandbags upstream about thirty feet, I'll bet it would throw the whole force of the stream over against the other bank. Then the water could dig out a channel for itself without getting the arbor."

It wasn't a very good idea, and Mac knew it. The other bank was too steep. After the water had cut into it for a while, it would probably cave in and block the new channel, throwing the water right back where it wasn't wanted. But he had to give the kids a lot of credit; he'd never have thought of the idea himself.

He wondered *why* he'd never have thought of it, and as he wondered, his heart began to pound strangely. Suddenly he knew he had reached the center of his problem. He hadn't found the answer yet, but—

"You can stay here," Charles said to Kay. "Won't need you this time."

Kay sat down thankfully on the floor, still breathing hard from her exertions. "Good luck, superboy," she said.

"Go climb a weed," said Charles affectionately, and went on down to the water.

BY THE time Charles came back up the hill, forty minutes later, the water was receding from the arbor. His idea seemed to have worked very well; the flood was still getting worse, but the water was being coaxed by the sandbags into shifting its malice in the other direction, away from the arbor.

Charles, surveying his accomplishment, said with some pride, "There. That ought to hold it." Then he led Mac into the living room to see the package he'd brought. "I got this for you wholesale," he said. "I know a guy with a radio-repair shop."

After Charles and Kay had gone home again, Mac and his wife sat on the veranda, watching the sunset and listening to the radio. "The music sounds a lot better," Alice remarked. "*Brighter*, sort of."

"Yes," said Mac.

"What was in the package Charles brought?"

"New speaker."

"How nice of him. What was the matter with the old one?"

"My tweeter was shot."

"Oh."

"My woofer was okay." Mac spoke absently, because his eyes were on the stream. It had been Charles, and not himself, who had kept thinking up new ideas as fast as the old ones failed. This fact was not good for Mac's ego, but the more he thought about it, the more it did for his outlook on the future.

"Alice," he said, feeling a little proud of his discovery, "the world *never* grows tired or old."

"That's right," she replied. "Only some of the people in it." To Mac's surprise, she still sounded unhappy.

Mac was mystified. What more did she want? Everything was rosy now, wasn't it? Women were certainly funny.

Just then, with a rumbling crash, the far bank caved into the creek. There were about two tons of rock and mud, all of which would have to be removed immediately. Otherwise, the arbor would be gone in half an hour. Maybe less.

A little amazed at his own lack of hesitation, Mac went to get his shovel.

As he passed the veranda, Alice called to him. "Good luck, superboy." She looked happy, at last.

With a feeling of great relief, Mac strode down into the gathering darkness. The water was higher now than he'd ever seen it, and it was still rising. This was going to be a bad one.

He smiled, spat on his hands, and went to work.

THE END

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Saved Joan Ward's
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Joan's college education seemed assured by her father's thriving hardware business. But fire destroyed the business overnight! And it would have wiped him out completely and ended her college career—except for fire insurance.

It's not the spectacular fire—the four-alarm call—the million-dollar loss—that typifies fire insurance protection. No. It's the tragic loss suffered by the small home owner—or the little store keeper. When his home, his shop, his furniture, his business stock goes up in flames, too often it means that the hopes and plans and savings of a lifetime are blotted out.

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the Fifth Horseman

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this is YOU in a

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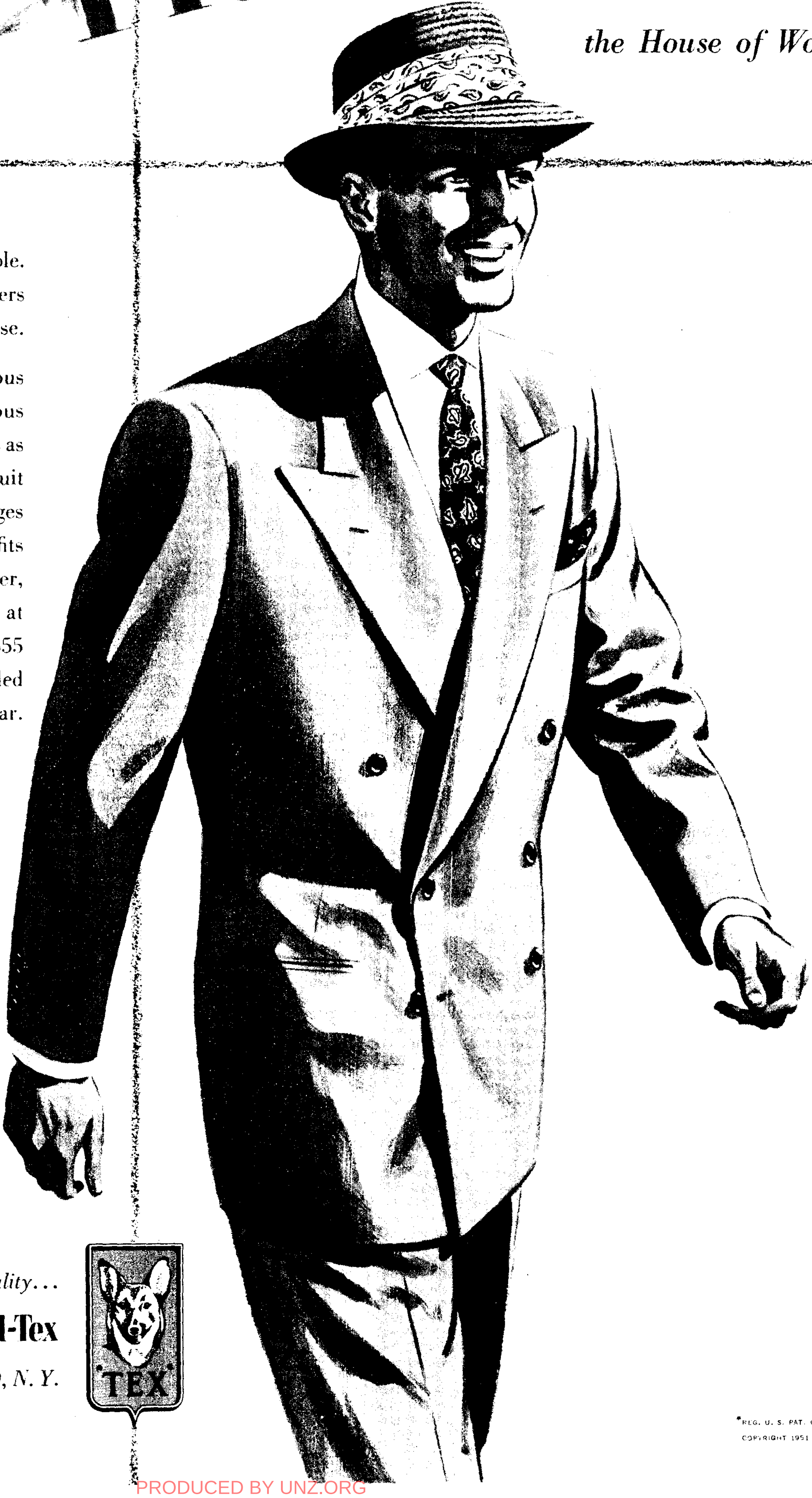

It's a hot day, but you're cool, comfortable. You appear taller, slimmer. Your shoulders look broader. You're completely at ease.

You're wearing a Tropi-Tex in the famous British Lounge Model . . . the naturally porous 100% worsted. You've worn it all day, but it's as fresh as when you put it on. This is the suit that is "engineered" to give you the advantages of lightweight clothing and the benefits of built-in, built-up styling for a younger, smarter appearance. Tropi-Tex Tweed at $50 . . . And Tropi-Tex at $50 and $55 are all seasonably weighted and styled for April through September wear.

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Philadelphia 3, Pa. • New York 10, N. Y.

TEX

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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The Vibrant Video

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

THINKING OF ME THOUGH. REGARDS.
GEORGE.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL STATLER BOSTON MASS

GO. BOY. GO. THINK WHAT FUN IT WILL BE JUST LOOKING AT ALL THAT OLD FOOTAGE. DICK.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

COULDN'T SOMEBODY IN THE DISTRIBUTION END WALK THIS DOG? MY FEET HURT. GEORGE.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL STATLER BOSTON MASS

WELL, YOU'VE EVIDENTLY COME INTO MONEY. CONGRATULATIONS. IT'S BEEN A REAL PLEASURE HAVING YOU WITH US. YOU GO FORWARD TO NEW AND BRIGHTER THINGS WITH THE BEST WISHES OF EVERY MEMBER OF THIS FIRM. DICK.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

LEAVING FOR NEW YORK IN TWENTY MINUTES. GEORGE.

HOTEL WALDORF-ASTORIA
New York City
March 10, 1951
Air Mail

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, I am here. And after a preliminary survey of the situation, it is my sad duty to inform you that you have made a slight miscalculation.

Meaning that nobody that I can find seems to want this junk. At any price. They won't even come over to look at it. I have canvassed every television station in town, and let me tell you the welcome was slender. "Be gone," they said; "out of the way—we've got to mop."

Where did we get this idea that television was waiting with its poor little cracked tongue out for any remnants of old film we might throw its way? Wherever we got it, it's not so. From what I can find, television is indeed interested in getting some pictures more recent than the vintage year of 1906, but they are increasingly uninterested in Hollywood's wastebasket.

Also, in the present negotiations, I am in the impossibly stupid position of not even being able to tell anybody that I am representing a major studio, and thus possibly worth listening to. All I could tell anybody was that I was Mr. Henry J. Lamour, just in from Hollywood, and that I had a large crate of lovely old films in which I was sure they'd be interested. "Well," they said, "we are glad that you are so sure, but the fact is that we are not interested: we have seen carpetbaggers by the score with valises of old films, and we are getting so sick of old films that we could throw up. So thank you very much, and don't miss Time for Beany." And they rang off. One after another.

So let's either figure out a way to get honest and go about this thing right, or forget it. And I say forget it. Even if I could call on these TV lads as the official representative of our mighty studio, I still don't see any way to get enough money out of the stuff to make it worth bothering with. And this way, the way you want it done, it just can't be done at all.

Regards,
George.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL WALDORF-ASTORIA NEW
YORK NY

NUTS. YOU MAY BE FAINT OF HEART. BUT I'M NOT. I WAS TOLD TO SELL THOSE OLD FILMS, AND I INTEND TO SELL THEM. SO GET AT IT.
RICHARD L. REED.

HOTEL WALDORF-ASTORIA
New York City
March 11, 1951
Air Mail

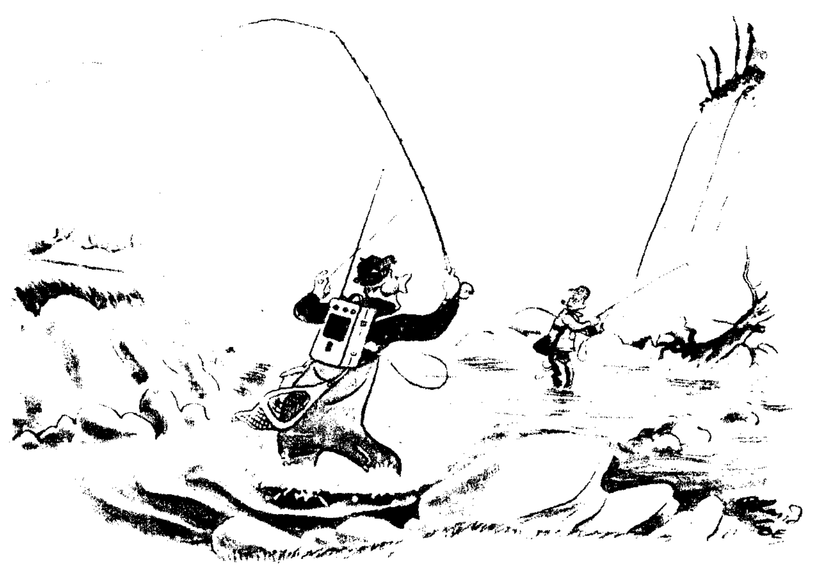
Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Richard:

Well, what a cheery surprise.

And I don't mean your last wire. I expected some such answering communiqué, so without even waiting for it I began pawing through this remnant counter to see if I could possibly find anything salable. The hotel furnished a projector and screen, and I donned rubber gloves and began running your old films.

And they're wonderful. Absolutely wonderful. I had forgotten that pictures were once this entertaining. No messages. No social documents. Just entertainment.



COLLIER'S

"Williams is up with the bases loaded! Boy! I never miss an opening game!"

ROLAND COE

Aside from this temporary bitterness, however, I'm getting along fine, and now that I have rediscovered my beloved old movies, I frankly never intend to stir from the joint.

I have long heard it said that you could spend the rest of your life in the Waldorf in perfect comfort, without ever needing to venture outside. and this is as good a time as any to find out if it's true.

In other words, don't expect any action too fast. I intend to savor each of these wonderful old films in turn, while I figure out some really effective campaign.

And when the job is completed, you'll thank me.

As ever,
George.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL WALDORF-ASTORIA NEW
YORK NY

YOU SENTIMENTAL OLD FOOL. SELL THAT STUFF FOR WHATEVER YOU CAN GET FOR IT. AND LET'S GET ON TO OTHER THINGS. YOU'RE WORSE THAN AN OLD MAID IN A FRIEND'S ATTIC. DICK.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

AND NEVER HAPPIER, THANKS. I'LL CONTINUE LOOKING THIS STUFF OVER, AND WILL CHECK WITH YOU FROM TIME TO TIME. GEORGE.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL WALDORF-ASTORIA NEW
YORK NY

WELL, I'VE DONE IT AGAIN. SURELY THERE IS SOME SIMPLE TASK I COULD ASSIGN TO YOU WITHOUT IT GETTING ALL COMPLICATED. SELL THAT RUBBISH. AND NOW. IF NECESSARY, SELL THE CRATE TO SOMEBODY AND THROW IN THE FILMS. IS THAT DEFINITE ENOUGH? RICHARD L. REED.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

YES, SIR. I'LL GET RIGHT AT IT.
GEORGE.

HOTEL WALDORF-ASTORIA
New York City
March 13, 1951
Air Mail

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California
Dear Dick:

Well, I thought that if I looked this stuff over carefully enough, I might find something of value, and I have.

Did you realize that all the old Pearl Hart serials were in this "old junk" you were so blithely throwing away? Well, they are. And if I can't sell them to television, and for some real money, I will hand in my time card.

Why, I grew up on these old Pearl Hart cliff-hangers. When that girl got close to that buzz saw in those riding pants, I practically waited in front of the theater from Saturday to Saturday, to see how she came out. That, sir, was entertainment. And the minute I came across them in your crate I knew at once that I had stumbled onto the Pegleg Mine of TV. Here, unless I am sadly mistaken, is the long-awaited lady Hopalong Cassidy.

So just content yourself for about five minutes, and I hope to have some real good news for you. These I can sell.

Relieved regards,
George.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL WALDORF-ASTORIA NEW
YORK NY

OH, NO! NATURALLY HAD NO IDEA THOSE PEARL HART SERIALS IN THAT STUFF. WE DO NOT—REPEAT NOT—WANT TO SELL THEM. TO ANYONE AT ANY PRICE. AND PARTICULARLY NOT NOW. JUST STAY IN YOUR ROOM AND HAVE SANDWICHES SENT IN TILL YOU GET AIR MAIL SPECIAL LETTER NOW ON WAY. DICK.

FEDERAL PICTURES
Hollywood, California
From RICHARD L. REED
Director of Publicity
March 15, 1951
Air Mail Special

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative, Federal Pictures
Hotel Waldorf-Astoria
New York, New York

Dear George:

Let me sit down. How glad I am that you found those things. If you had sold them as part of that other stuff, as I must admit I told you to do, I would now be on my way to Alcatraz.

How they ever got into that crate I will never know. How can a guy leave a hundred bucks in a pair of pants he sends to a cleaner? I don't know. But it's done every day. Some of my quick-witted help around here just booted one, that's all. I can't be everywhere at once.

Naturally you could sell those Pearl Hart serials. A five-year-old idiot could sell them. Every TV outfit in the country has been trying to get them for years. The last offer Bentley had was a flat hundred thousand dollars.

The trouble is that the Pearl Hart things are so infernally well-known, and it's also so well-known that Bentley is the guy who has them, that he doesn't dare sell them at all. Particularly now. If these Pearl Hart serials got out to TV now, everybody in town would know that Bentley had had a hand in it. and at the next meeting of the Home Defense League, Chairman Bentley would be served barbecued. And out of me they would make the sauce.

So, however those serials got in that crate, discard any thoughts of selling them. Think of no brilliant maneuvers. Just nail the lid back on that crate, tell the expressman it's a shipment of old clothes for the natives of Borneo, and ship the whole works back here, heavily insured.

Whew! How glad I am that you told me about this before you made some horrible error.

My finest regards,
Dick.

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

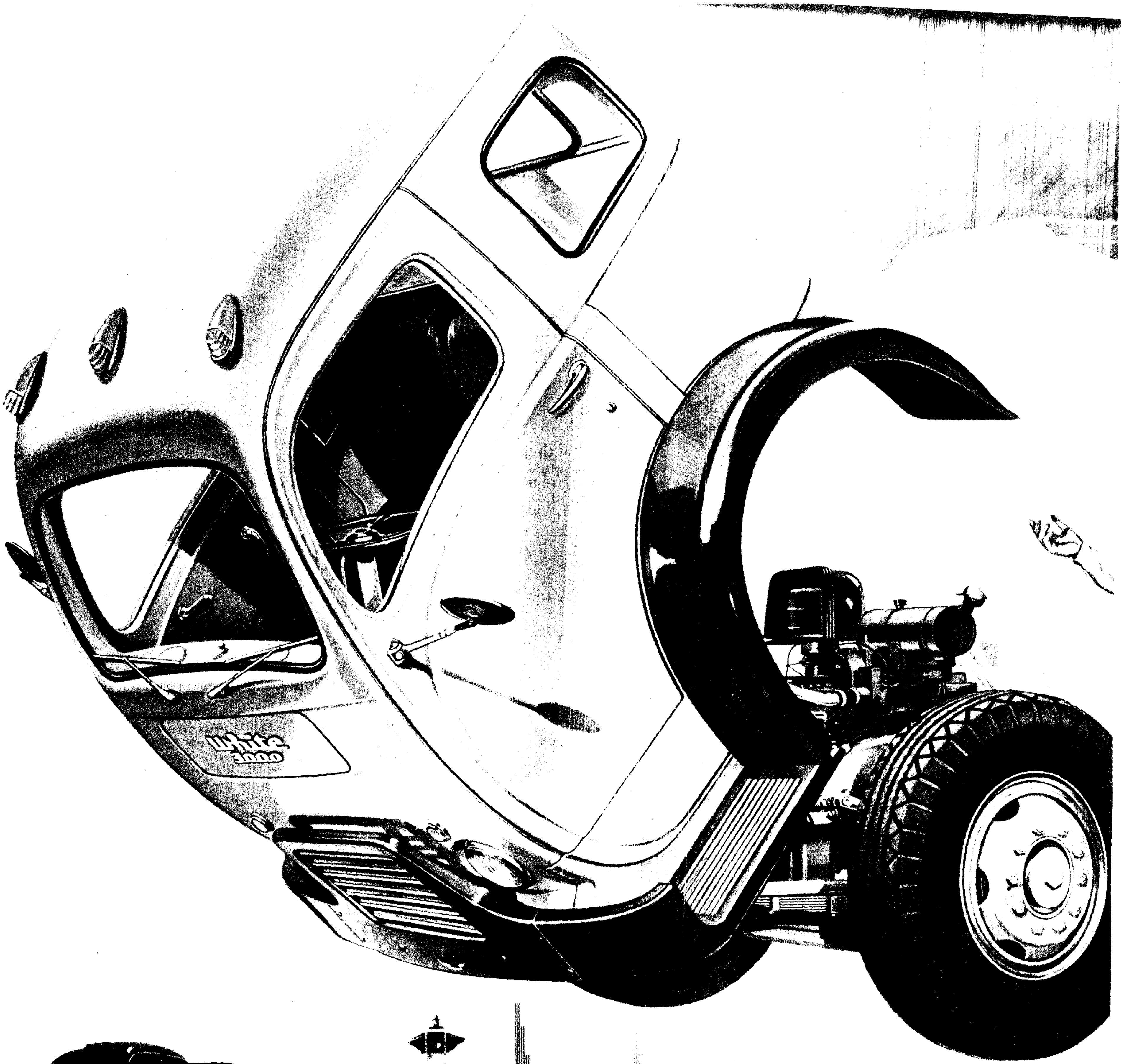
Well, it's Monday noon here, and I've just got your puzzling wire. I don't know what could be in the letter you're sending, but whatever it is, I fear that it's a little late for us to do much about it. You said to sell this stuff, and the only thing of value I could find were the Pearl Hart serials, so I set about selling them. Naturally.

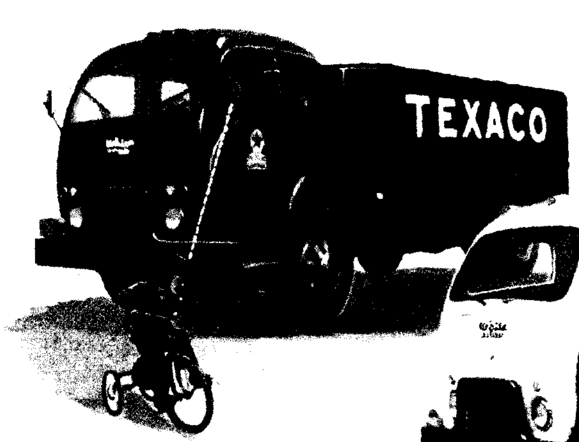
First I hustled around among the music publishing houses till I found an old guy who was once a master of the piano mood-music that accompanied these old serials. You ought to hear him—he can still do a storm scene that would have Captain Bligh radioing the Coast Guard. And he has entered into the project with the utmost enthusiasm. He's even got a lot of the old music lead sheets we used to send out with these serials for the guidance of the house pianist. He said he kept them because he knew that someday they'd come back, and he wanted to be ready.

When I started running the Pearl Hart things over for him, his eyes moistened, and he blinked rapidly. "Wonderful, aren't they?" he said.

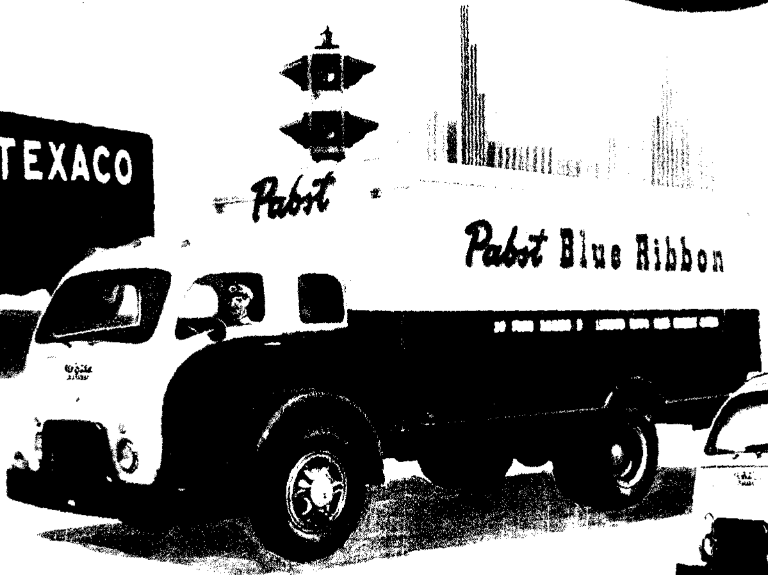
Next we took the projector and screen over to his ratty little studio and I ran them over and over for him while he re-created the old arrangements on his battered piano. And as soon as he said he was ready, we hastened to a recording studio and recorded a complete piano score for the first of the serials.

This took most of yesterday, Sunday—





BETTER VISIBILITY-SAFETY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and I spent the rest of the day on the telephone. And all morning I have been running the completed production for an enthusiastic and growing throng of TV moguls. I got them to attend by telling them that I was Pearl Hart's nephew, and that I was finally ready to release Auntie Pearl's priceless pictures. If they hurried right over, perhaps they could get in on the bidding.

And there is no use delaying any longer the happy news. The truth is that the Seibert-Hart Productions have simply slain one and all, even the hotel bellboys. And when *you have something that can interest a hotel bellboy*, you have something of great interest indeed.

My sitting room at this very moment is like sales day at Macy's. A hundred thousand dollars for these films? Why, I'd hardly show them to a buyer for that. The bidding for the TV showings alone is now up to 65% of the proceeds, which should run into millions. And there's a line of people extending halfway around the block, pleading piteously for any deal at all on the rights to make Pearl Hart riding pants, *Pearl Hart tooth paste*, Pearl Hart pistols for girls under six; there's even one guy who wants to put out a line of Pearl Hart buzz saws for the lumber trade.

So here I sit with the key to Fort Knox, and you say stop. It's like saying stop to Niagara Falls. Even a beaver would be helpless.

As ever,
George.

P.S. There's one other little thing I think I should tell you.

During my mission here I have naturally kept very close to my room, for fear of meeting somebody I know. When I have gone out at all, I have donned dark glasses, a pulled-down fedora, red-and-white cane, and a skulk. And I have tapped my way rapidly across town, and tapped back, not saying a word to a soul.

Which worked just fine, up to last night, when I foolishly stopped in at the Shiny Claw Lobster House. I was forced to remove my dark glasses, to distinguish claw from lobster, and I had no sooner done so than a hearty hand descended on my shoulder, and there was our former publicity colleague, Al Block. "George!" he roared, "you old son of a gun, how are things at Federal? And how is that little louse Bentley?"

"Shush," I said, "for Heaven's sakes, Al, shush." And shakily replacing my dark glasses and burrowing down among the French fries, I told him in a low voice the salient facts of my mission. After all, I've known Al for twenty years; he's my good friend.

"And what are you doing these days?" I finished.

"Why, I, George, old pal," he said, "am now head of the new Blue-and-White TV network, and I have followed you around for three days, waiting for a chance to catch you off guard and find out what was going on around here. And now if you'll kindly see to it that Blue-and-White gets those Pearl Hart films at a fair price—say three dollars—I might not notify so much as one columnist. By the way, George, you're eating shell there instead of lobster." And he was gone.

Friends—hah!

At any rate, those are the facts. Meaning that, as of the moment, all the spirited activity of this morning is really academic. Because unless we give the Pearl Hart films to Al's outfit, he will blow a whistle on us that will sound like four thirty at the gasworks.

But don't worry; I'll work it out somehow. Just have confidence. George.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL WALDORF-ASTORIA NEW YORK NY

OF COURSE WE HAVE CONFIDENCE IN YOU, GEORGE, OLD FRIEND. JUST STAY RIGHT THERE, TAKE YOUR TIME, AND WORK IT OUT. YOU'LL COME OUT ON TOP, BOY. YES SIR. JUST STAY RIGHT THERE. DICK.

KENNESAW

"A room with a bath huh? We're only stayin' till June!"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

ARTHUR SAMUELSON
FEDERAL PICTURES DISTRIBUTION CORP
331 W 45 ST NEW YORK NY

HAVE JUST DISCOVERED THAT A MR. GEORGE SEIBERT IS IN NEW YORK TRYING TO SELL SOME OF OUR FILMS TO TELEVISION. RUSH AT ONCE TO WALDORF HOTEL, AND ARREST THIS SCOUNDREL FOR ATTEMPTING TO SELL STOLEN PROPERTY. CANCEL ANY DEALS HE MAY HAVE UNDER WAY, EXPLAIN UNFORTUNATE CIRCUMSTANCES TO ALL CONCERNED AND RETURN THE FILMS TO THIS OFFICE. THEN TAKE MR. SEIBERT TO ATLANTIC CITY, AND THROW HIM OFF THE END OF THE STEEL PIER.
RICHARD L. REED.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD CALIF

MR. GEORGE SEIBERT CHECKED OUT OF WALDORF JUST AFTER MIDNIGHT LAST NIGHT, TAKING PURLOINED FILMS WITH HIM AND LEAVING NO TRACE OF DESTINATION. SHALL I NOTIFY THE COAST GUARD? HE IS PROBABLY ATTEMPTING TO BOARD SHIP FOR EUROPE.
ARTHUR SAMUELSON.

ARTHUR SAMUELSON
FEDERAL PICTURES DISTRIBUTION CORP
331 W 45 ST NEW YORK NY

OH, SHUT UP. WHAT DO YOU THINK HE IS—A CROOK? STICK TO THINGS THAT CONCERN YOU. I'LL FIND HIM MYSELF. GEORGE, YOU MISERABLE IDIOT, WHERE ARE YOU!
RICHARD L. REED.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD CALIF

HOPE MY MOVING TO SIMPLER LODGINGS DIDN'T DISTURB YOU. HAD TO GET AWAY TO THINK. AND I HAVE THOUGHT. AIR MAIL LETTER FOLLOWS WITH STARTLING NEWS.
GEORGE.

HOTEL SUTTON
New York City
March 16, 1951
Air Mail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, with practically no trouble at all, I have solved our whole problem. All it took, as usual, was a little intelligent action.

Very early in my research here, I found that many of the really old films are no longer owned by the studios at all, but by assorted heirs of various people. And suddenly I thought: How did I know that the Pearl Hart films were still actually owned by us?

Well, with me, as you know, to think is to act. I grasped the phone. And one call out there to our own legal department disclosed that the Pearl Hart films have not been owned by Federal since 1933, four years before either you or Bentley went to work there. They have only been in our safekeeping. Actually they've been owned since that date by Pearl Hart's granddaughter, a Miss Terry Taylor of New York City, who, by a strange coincidence, has just been elected Miss New York TV of 1951.

So relax. Nobody can do a thing to us. By one three-dollar phone call, I have discovered that we have no part whatever in all these millions.

Did you ever hear better news in your life?

Regards,
George.

P.S. I have a dinner engagement with Miss Taylor at eight tomorrow night, at which time I will inform her that she has come into riches, and place the whole mess in her hands. I will then ship the rest of the stuff to you, and head joyfully back to Boston.
George.

ARTHUR SAMUELSON
FEDERAL PICTURES DISTRIBUTION CORP
331 W 45 ST NEW YORK NY

ARTHUR, FORGET PREVIOUS HARSH WORDS AND FIND SOMEBODY NAMED TERRY TAYLOR, MISS NEW YORK TV OF 1951. EVEN IF SHE'S A UBANGI, SIGN HER TO FIVE-YEAR CONTRACT, STARTING AT THOUSAND A WEEK, WITH PROVISO—REPEAT, WITH PROVISO—THAT ANY FILM RIGHTS SHE OWNS REVERT TO STUDIO. DO NOT DWELL ON THIS POINT—JUST GET IT IN THE SMALL PRINT SOMEWHERE, AND INDUCE HER TO SIGN. GOT IT? THEN GO AS THOUGH YOUR PANTS WERE ON FIRE. THERE IS NOT A SECOND TO LOSE. RICHARD L. REED.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD CALIF

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED, AND WITH SURPRISING EASE. IRONCLAD CONTRACT ON WAY AIR MAIL.
ARTHUR SAMUELSON.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD CALIF

PLEASE DISREGARD LAST LETTER. HAVE JUST LEARNED THAT TERRY DOESN'T OWN PEARL HART FILM RIGHTS AFTER ALL BUT DON'T WORRY: I'LL FIND OUT WHO DOES IF IT TAKES ALL WINTER. ONLY TROUBLE IS AL BLOCK DEMANDS WE QUIT STALLING AND DELIVER FILM RIGHTS BY TOMORROW NOON OR HE'LL WHISTLE FOR THE COLUMNISTS, BUT DON'T WORRY: I'LL WORK IT OUT. HOPE THIS SLIGHT ERROR HASN'T INCONVENIENCED YOU.
GEORGE.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL SUTTON NEW YORK NY

NO, YOU HAVEN'T INCONVENIENCED US. WHAT COULD HAVE GIVEN YOU THAT IDEA? WE'VE JUST SIGNED THAT TAYLOR DONKEY TO A FIVE-YEAR CONTRACT STARTING AT A THOUSAND A WEEK. AND BENTLEY IS ON HIS WAY TO NEW YORK BY PLANE TO MAKE IMPORTANT HOME DEFENSE LEAGUE SPEECH BEFORE EASTERN BANKERS AT WALDORF TOMORROW NIGHT. AND IF AL BREAKS THAT STORY DURING THE DAY BENTLEY WILL BE ASSASSINATED AS HE MOUNTS THE ROSTRUM. AND I WILL BE FORCED TO FLEE, AND END UP GIVING AWAY DISHES IN BIVALUE, NEW JERSEY. YOU HAVEN'T INCONVENIENCED US. THERE'S NO TROUBLE HERE. NOW WHERE DID I PUT THAT REVOLVER?
DICK.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD CALIF

DO NOTHING RASH TILL YOU GET AIR MAIL SPECIAL LETTER NOW ON WAY. CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU WORRY SO. GEORGE.

HOTEL SUTTON
New York City
March 17, 1951
Air Mail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Richard:

I'll swear, I don't know why you get so excited about these things. What could possibly go wrong, with me right here on the scene? There are times when I think you must have a vitamin deficiency.

But perhaps you would like me to hurry on.

Today has been busy, but not without its pleasant moments. I breakfasted well, and then called Al and told him that I would see *him* tonight at his apartment and give him our answer. And as soon as I actually saw the film rights in Miss Taylor's possession—leaving us well out of it—I fully intended to call on Al and give him our answer. I planned to purchase a large lobster and hit him in the eye with it.

And as for my approaching social evening with Miss Taylor, it loomed as richly as the first day of an extended vacation. Miss Taylor is possibly nineteen, tall, slender, blond and beautiful. All week, as Miss New York TV, she has been gazing down on subway and bus passengers, clad only in a radiant smile and a few pinfeathers, and it is easy to see that she has no bad scars or anything. In fact, I can't imagine where they could ever have vaccinated her.

All in all, for a man just in from Boston,

The [illegible]

We thank all y[illegible] you men behind the bar of the[illegible] fine taverns...you men behind the [illegible] thousands of stores. Your recommen[illegible] much to make Seagram's 7 Cr[illegible] America's No. 1 Whiskey.

And we thank YOU the people. Your appreciation of 7 Crown's taste-perfection...your habit of asking for it *by name* in stores and taverns ...have made Seagram's 7 Crown pass all others in popularity.

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Seven 7 Crown
Blended Whiskey

Say S[illegible] and be

SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN. Blended Whiskey. 86.8 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, CHRYSLER BUILDING, NEW YORK

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FREE! Valuable, handy combination diary—address book—pocket calendar. Beautiful leatherette. Send for yours today. Hurry! Write Department C-4.

ARMSTRONG Rhino-Flex TIRES

it looked like an unusually good evening ahead.

Then about six I suddenly thought it might be a smart idea to make sure that Miss Taylor had the film papers right there at the apartment, so I could take care of everything, so to speak, in one call.

So I phoned to ascertain this point.

"Why, isn't that funny?" she said. "There was a man just here talking about film rights. And the only film rights I ever owned were the ones to Grandmother's silly old serials, and I gave those away three years ago."

"You didn't!" I cried, staggering back and giving myself a nasty crack on the bureau.

"I certainly did," she said. "I had nothing else to give Sharon for a birthday present."

"Wait right there," I said, "and do not answer the door till you hear two longs and a short."

I rushed out—ignoring the slight crash as I got to the end of the phone cord—and sped across town.

Terry was dancing about her apartment waving her copy of her film contract. Speedy Arthur had been and gone, and your brilliant maneuver was in the bag.

The only trouble was that the bag had a slight hole in it. Because it seems that three years ago Terry and a group of other beautiful but improvident show girls were living in a mangy little apartment down in the Village, and it came time for Sharon Hendrix's birthday, and nobody had anything to give her, not even an unopened jug of hand lotion. So Terry, in as much of a celebration as they could muster, presented her with the film rights to the Pearl Hart serials. And Sharon said, "Gosh, kids, thanks." And everybody cried a little, and they went out and succeeded in charging a small bottle of sherry, and later that night Sharon chunked the film rights into her drawer of the bureau, and nobody had ever mentioned them again to this day.

"And where is Miss Sharon Hendrix now?" I asked, fearing the worst.

"Why, she is in a new show that's rehearsing," said Terry, "and she lives in a little hotel right over on Forty-fourth."

"Grab a coat," I said, "and let us see if we can find her." And we found her, and I gave her a hundred dollars for the film rights. She didn't even want to take that. People think of show girls as beautiful but mercenary characters, with the hand always out for fur coats or loose diamonds; whereas, as you know, most of them are highly sentimental and generous to a fault—they would give you the shirt off their back at the drop of a hat, if that's clear.

Sharon, for instance, without even waiting for me to finish, said, "Why, Terry, honey, if you need that paper back for any reason—here." I insisted, however, on her taking the hundred bucks. But in view of her splendid attitude I saw no reason to be foolhardy, so we finally agreed on fifty.

Then Terry and I repaired to the Shiny Claw, and during an excellent dinner I performed a couple of small final tasks. Terry, as I must say I rather expected, hadn't the foggiest idea as to what to do about all this money that Auntie Pearl's pictures were going to bring in, so I thought it best for all just to sign her to another small contract. Which I did. In our spare time, we are to help her market the films on TV, in return for a modest fifty per cent—or half—of the swag. Which should pay the tab rather handily for that little acting contract you gave her.

Then I called Lou Bentley at the Waldorf—he was just about to go on—and explained that he could now speak freely to all, including the reporters, since it had turned out that we didn't own the Pearl Hart serials after all; we had merely secured a small interest in the program in order to "study the medium." And certainly nobody could blame us for that; even Boy Scouts believe in being prepared.

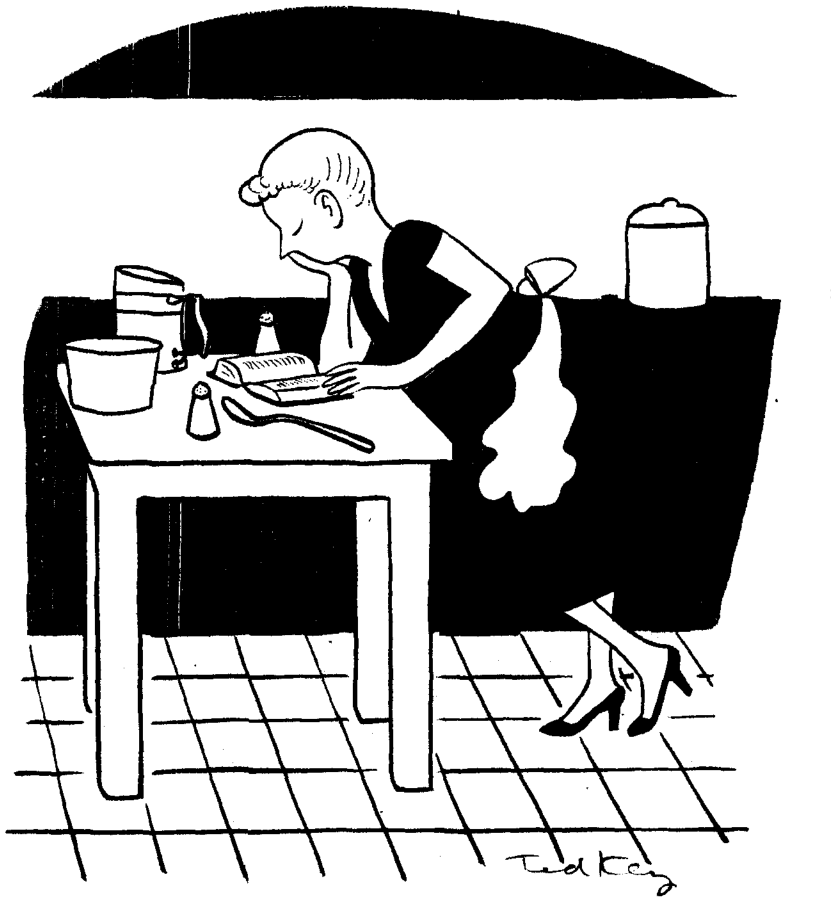
And then I called Al, and spent almost my whole dime on one tremendous Bronx cheer. It was a beauty.

As ever,
George.

P.S. Oh, one thing more. When you get the contract for our half on Terry's TV money, don't be upset when you see that it really calls for only forty-five per cent. When it came to the details, I couldn't resist writing Sharon in for a small hunk. Okay? I feel that unselfishness should be rewarded.

And besides, her new show opens in Boston just about the time I'll be back up there.

THE END



"... two cups of flour, half cup sugar, teaspoon of salt, pound of butter—OUT OF THEIR MINDS—teaspoon—"

COLLIER'S TED KEY

Under Fire

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

Hulking John O'Malley, of Reedsburg, Wisconsin, crashes through the foliage carrying an injured man in his massive arms; close behind is blond-whiskered Cloyde Morgan, of Kingsport, Tennessee. Together, Morgan and O'Malley have brought Stanley Rosenberg of Brooklyn back for medical treatment.

Mortar man Louis Gaybrant rushes to the side of the injured man, shouting, "I thought you was dead, Rosy! I thought you was dead!"

Rosy is placed on a stretcher, and Gaybrant drops to his knees and embraces him. Weeping, rifleman Morgan turns his head away.

Up ahead, the second platoon starts forward, braving the rain of gunfire. I scramble to join them. Word is passed back: "Creep and crawl; pass it along." We creep and crawl, up a short rise, hard by the enemy positions. Two riflemen rise briefly and hurl grenades with the professional air of a couple of baseball pitchers, and thin wisps of smoke curl up on the other side of a little ridge. A bullet whines past, and a sergeant on my right stands and fires his M-1, shouting: "Over by the dead pine."

"Holy cow!" yells Captain Casey, and fires his carbine toward the tree. I can't see the target, but no one pays the tree any more attention.

We're making progress now. We've taken the preliminary objective, and all platoons are now in contact with one another, the first platoon in the lead. Suddenly a sergeant stumbles for cover, clutching a wound. As he sits, a bullet strikes his neck, and he topples forward, dead. On a slope to the left, a blue-eyed soldier murmurs: "Lord, if You get me outa this one, I'll stick up for You forever."

The platoons fan out and begin to pick up speed, sweeping the enemy ahead of them, crawling over Chinese foxholes, cleaning them out with grenades, with rifle fire, with bayonets. An enemy figure rises on the crest, poised to throw a grenade; bullets strike him from the side, and as he turns another hits him in the face.

Close by, a second Chinese soldier hurls a grenade; in an instant a GI and an officer have killed him with bayonet and clubbed carbine.

We storm forward. The air is smoky and acrid. It smells like the Fourth of July. The silhouettes of the Chinese disappear from the crest, and the silhouettes of Americans replace them. The firing dies down, except for one machine gun pounding after the fleeing enemy. Objective 11 is secure. Up the slope file the men of F Company, sent to relieve us. Reynolds' radio crackles.

"Halo Able, this is Killer Six." Captain Casey picks up the phone.

"Killer Six, this is Halo Able. Over."

"Nice going, Halo Able. You can bring your chickens home now." THE END

48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

the consensus is that the damage was relatively light. Here and there were signs that governors as well as legislators are not always crystal-clear in their determination to see that we the people do not suffer more than necessary. For example, Governor John Davis Lodge of Connecticut did his very best to wrench from the legislature $3,000 for a state board which hasn't existed for quite a long time. And the California legislature got itself into a steaming lather about several bills. There was one which decreed that a simple two-man fist fight would legally be a riot provided one of the participants got killed and he had an insurance policy which didn't pay off should he be killed in a riot. Also in California, there was a bill which classified popcorn as a food instead of a candy. Furthermore, the debate continued bitter over an attempt to change the spelling of acidophil*ous* to acidophil*us*—both sides contending that the other couldn't spell. And one California legislator wanted it made illegal for public-school pupils to write essays about candidates for public office, and Senator George J. Hatfield, deciding that all the foregoing was entirely too uncomplicated, introduced a measure which we are glad to set down in its entirety: "The failure of the legislature to enact any bill or other measure shall not be considered as any indication whatsoever of any legislative intent whatsoever." Then they adjourned.

★ ★ ★

There are times when no matter how hard a fellow tries to straighten things out he can't satisfy people. Even gets into bad trouble. As an example here's a citizen named James A. Green in Detroit. Mr. Green told a visitor who was inclined to regard the future gloomily, that if he'd just fill a jar with pure, cold water, put it under his bed and cover it with a policy book just before retiring, he would be taking the first step toward happiness. On arising, Mr. Green told his caller, he had only to face east, bow low and drink heartily from the jar. Do this for a week, said Mr. Green, and he'd be wallowing chin-deep in good luck. Naturally Mr. Green could not reveal a secret like that for nothing, times being what they are. So he charged his visitor $39.07, taking a down payment of two bucks. Alas, his visitor was a cop. The judge fined Mr. Green $75 for fortune telling. Unhappily, he never did get a chance to explain the seven cents.

★ ★ ★

Almost forgot to tell you there is an Indian princess (Shoshone) in Wyoming who on her return from the Chicago Travel Show, announced she wanted no more of that sort of trouping. Said her feet were killing her. Couldn't stand those moccasins Indians are supposed to wear.

★ ★ ★

And now the state of Washington Highway Patrol is beseeching the Spokane Chamber of Commerce to pipe down a trifle in its tourist-luring propaganda—particularly through its beautiful travel folders. Trouble is that some tourists want to know where those handsome cowboys are and where the state keeps those picturesque dancing Indians. Also where they can catch those huge trout in such vast numbers. The state cops say they've run out of answers.

★ ★ ★

Landlocked Nebraska finally decided to do something about Kentucky colonels and is honoring very important people with admiralties. If you amount to anything at all, in the estimation of Governor Val Peterson, you will probably become a Nebraska admiral with a nicely embossed commission to prove it. Now, that's what we call a dry sense of humor.

★ ★ ★

And before resuming our raids into the more serious aspects of the American state of mind, we think we should warn you that in Los Angeles there is a pet shop offering, with best-seller success, a volume called Our Puppy's First Baby Book.

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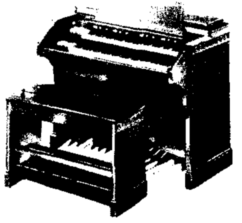

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A Shot in the Dark

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

Except for the peso I would pass him on the street and not see him. That is all I know, truly."

Could a kid make that up? It wasn't likely. He'd be more apt to invent a guy who was five feet seven and a half, weighed one twenty-nine, had four gold teeth and a scar on his right cheek. And besides, the description sort of matched another vague description he had picked up, five months ago, of the guy who had apparently been the finger man in the killing.

Johnny lifted his feet.

The crumpled bill flicked out of sight in a grimy hand, and the kid swept up his stuff and sauntered off, whistling.

THE Havana cops, Johnny thought, undoubtedly had had his best interests at heart when they threw him out of the country. If he could keep on improving his mind, he might work up to moron eventually. He had let that girl come up to him and talk about the Border Patrol in a voice that anyone snooping around could hear. That fixed things. The boys in the smuggling gang wanted to find out who was offering a reward for information about the death of Antonio Mendoza. They had tried to persuade him to sit stupidly in the Plaza with his left shoelace untied, so that they could identify him without giving themselves away. He hadn't done that, but he had identified himself by talking stupidly out loud about the Border Patrol.

The guy who spotted him may have worked things out like this: the señor was supposed to sit on a bench with his left shoelace untied. Since the señor did not do this, perhaps he is not quite as stupid as we thought. Perhaps he has been trying to set a trap for us. Let us therefore show the señor that we know all about his trap by hiring a boy to untie his left shoelace. That should upset the señor. It should make the señor realize that he is dealing with very clever and dangerous people, and that the safest thing he can do is forget the unfortunate death of Antonio Mendoza and return with great speed to the United States.

Of course, he hadn't been expected to catch the Cuban kid at work and bribe the story out of him. He was making real progress. He was getting part of this racket pinned onto a guy nobody noticed and nobody could describe.

He wondered whether the man you couldn't describe was still around, watching. It was possible. It was also possible that he had found something very interesting to do, such as trailing an American girl along the Prado. He wouldn't know that the girl had merely been looking for a date; he might figure she was playing detective too, and he might decide that she needed some attention. It began to look as if, one way or another, Sally McCarter wasn't going to be lonely during the rest of her visit to Havana.

Johnny got up and walked rapidly across the park and down the Prado. As he walked, he kept looking for men who fitted the description the Cuban kid had given. It wasn't very profitable. Once you started looking for the sort of person nobody ever notices, you found the streets were full of them.

He walked for block after block and finally spotted the girl. She was looking at hats in a shop window. When things went wrong in a girl's life there were always hats.

He paused beside her and said, "I like that second one from the right."

Her head jerked around toward him.

"In case you don't remember," he said, "the name is Johnny Edwards. We met about three thirty Thursday afternoon a week ago in the office of Chief Patrol Inspector Ed Brian in Miami. Eight days later, which happens to be today, we had an unforgettable ten minutes in the Plaza de la Fraternidad in Havana, which happens to be here. I was going to give you a ring, remember?"

It would be interesting to see what kind of act she'd put on. The average girl would make a real production job of it. First ice the guy thoroughly— She said happily, "I don't know when a nicer thing has happened to me."

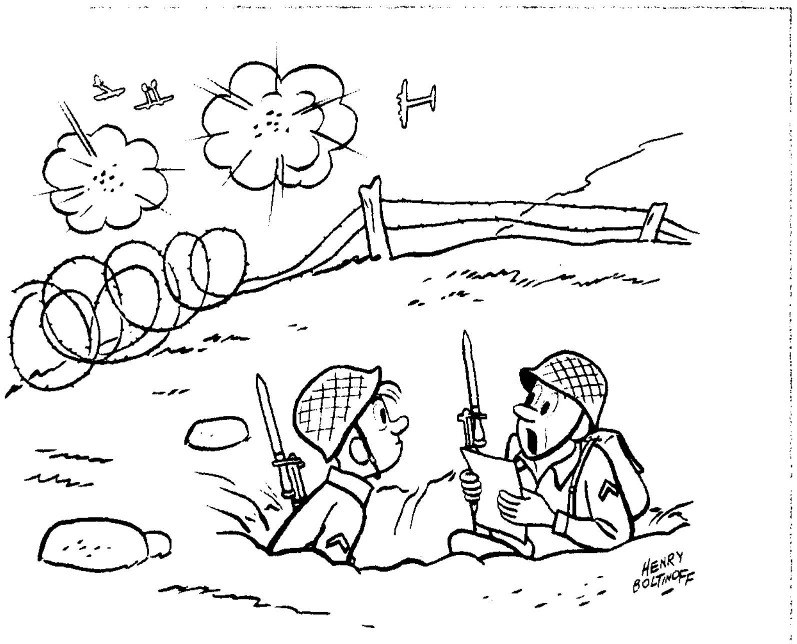
This girl was either very naïve or a fast operator. Either way, she was the kind you could only handle safely at long range. That was great. Here he was weaving in for a clinch. "You'd make me feel better if you tried on a few sneers for size."

"I thought of that," she said, "but then I realized how awful it would be if in the middle of a sneer I broke into a smile."

"How soon are you going to ask why I suddenly chased after you?"

"I don't think I'll ask until I can figure out an answer I'd believe."

"I suddenly realized you're a mighty attractive girl."



"Mom's worried. She says we may soon be at war!"

COLLIER'S HENRY BOLTINOFF

"I like that answer the best but I believe it the least. Do you have any others?"

"I was trying to keep this from you," he said, "but somebody came by right after you left and said you were going to inherit a million dollars."

"That's one I didn't think of. Shall we let it go at that? Besides, it gives me the right to invite you to lunch."

"Sorry. I'm inviting you."

She said quite firmly. "Either I buy the lunch or I'll have to refuse your invitation."

"You'll be sorry," he said, "when I order *filet mignon*."

"And you'll be surprised when what you get is plain old *arroz con pollo*. At this place they never heard of *filet mignon*."

Women could find the most delightfully inexpensive places to eat when they were paying. He went with her to the place and ate the chicken with rice, as advertised. During the meal she chattered happily about Fort Myers and the Border Patrol and her brother, all of which were wonderful. Her brother was much older than she was. When their parents died, she was only five and her brother had insisted on raising her. Wasn't that wonderful of him? He had been in the Border Patrol (wasn't it a wonderful organization?) since shortly after it was started in 1924. They had been living in Fort Myers on the lower west coast of Florida for the past ten years. Had he ever stopped in Fort Myers and what did he think of it?

"I thought it was wonderful," he said.

"I hope you choke on a chicken bone," she said cheerfully. "You're poking fun at me. I do use that word wonderful a lot, don't I?"

"Oh, some. Look, I've enjoyed lunch with your brother very much. How about letting me have dessert with you? Do you ever talk about yourself?"

"Ordinarily, not more than once a sentence. But I thought, just for fun, I'd wait and see if I could make you talk about yourself first. Outside of admitting that your name is Johnny Edwards, you haven't told me a thing."

He thought about that. If he gave her the story of his life it would go like this:

I was in college when World War II came along, see? I went into the war believing in the Ten Commandments, the Four Freedoms and the One and Only Girl. You know what I believe in now? I believe that a tommy gun is better than a bayonet. What does a tommy gunner do with himself between wars? Well, if your family has money, like mine, and handles you with kid gloves, like mine, you drift around the country picking up knowledge.

For instance, did you know that Merion Golf Club's East Course is no place for a guy with a wild slice? Did you know that after a sailfish hits the bait you need to give him slack line for about ten seconds? Did you know it almost never discourages a girl to learn I may inherit a lot of money someday? I got quite an education bumming around the country, didn't I?

While I was bumming around, people kept telling me I needed a goal in life. You know what? They were right. I got a nice little goal now. I want to track down a guy and kill him. Greatest little cure for boredom ever invented.

It really wasn't a very interesting story. As a matter of fact, it even sounded corny when you strung it together.

The girl said, "You've gone into one of your trances again. If I snap my fingers do you come out of it?"

"I was just trying to boil down the story of my life for you. It came out awfully small. I had a year in college and the war came along and I put in five years in the Army and afterward I just fooled around until I managed to get in the Border Patrol."

"Didn't you finish college after the war?"

"Seemed like too much trouble."

"You should have finished," she said earnestly. "You— No, I haven't any right to say that, because I certainly haven't done much with my life, so far. Here I am twenty-three and all I've done is go to school and keep house for Tim and fool around with a little orange grove."

"That's terrible. Twenty-three and your whole life behind you."

"Maybe there's hope for me in oranges, though. I took a few courses. I'm trying to bring back an old grove by top-working the trees over to Temples. Do you know anything about oranges?"

"I often find a slice in an old-fashioned."

"You won't be angry if I say something?"

"No. What?"

She looked at him solemnly and said, "You could stand a little top-working too."

This was getting to be quite a date, he decided. You pick up a girl in whom you have absolutely no interest, except that you want to keep her out of trouble, and you have to put on a show of liking her a lot, and that gives her a license to reform you. "I don't think you could top-work me over to Temples."

"What I mean is, you don't seem to be happy about anything."

"I'm happy about meeting you."

"Good. How soon do you throw caution to the winds and give me a faint smile?"

He couldn't help grinning. "Stand back," he said. "This is it."

"Not bad for an amateur. Can you remember how you did it?"

"I'll have to practice in front of a mirror," he said. "Look, I have some errands to do this afternoon. But how about tonight? I'll put on my patent-leather hair and a knowing leer, and take you to a few rumba joints."

She thought that would be wonderful, and he arranged to pick her up at six. He took her back to her hotel and asked about her plans for the afternoon. She was going shopping. It sounded safe enough. Nobody was likely to bother her unless she wandered off the tourist beat.

He dropped a few casual hints about the trouble a girl without an escort could get into if she roamed around carelessly. She said it was wonderful of him to worry about her. He would have to watch that stuff. Some girls became grateful much too fast.

THE hotel had one of those bars where the light is so dim even in the daytime that you can't see what brand of liquor you're getting. After he'd left the girl, he went in and ordered Scotch and carried it to a booth in the corner. After a little while he took a letter from his inside coat pocket and stared at it. The envelope was limp from being carried around so long and the queer writing, so unlike the script taught in American schools, was blurred. He didn't really need to open it and read it. He knew it by heart.

Querido Johnny, it began.

That was an emotional way for one man to address another. You would feel like slugging an American who wrote to you like that. But the Spanish were emotional people. They wrote the way they felt. To a Spaniard, a friend wasn't just a guy you liked to bum around with. He was a guy who could have the shirt off your back. The skin off your back, too, if he needed it. Johnny looked down at the letter in his hand.

> You will be surprised to hear from your old Tony. Who would think to find me in Havana?
>
> Well, Johnny, there was nothing left for me in Manila. I could have gone back to Spain, but I had been away twenty years and did not wish to go back to that tortured country.
>
> Your country seemed like the one good place left in the world. I had no way to get in from the Philippines and so I came to Cuba thinking it would be easier. Unfortunately, Johnny, we Spanish nationals who lived in Manila under the Japanese are looked on with some suspicion, and we must prove that we were not collaborators. So your officials here in Havana would not give me an

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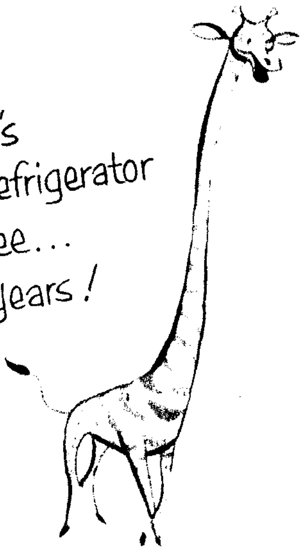

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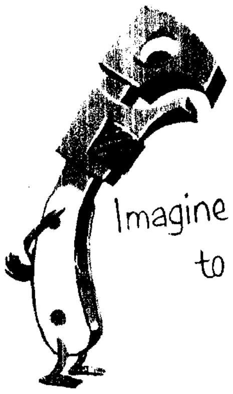

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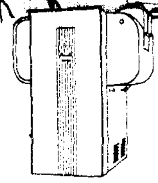

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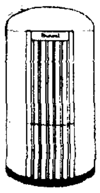

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You've gotta see it
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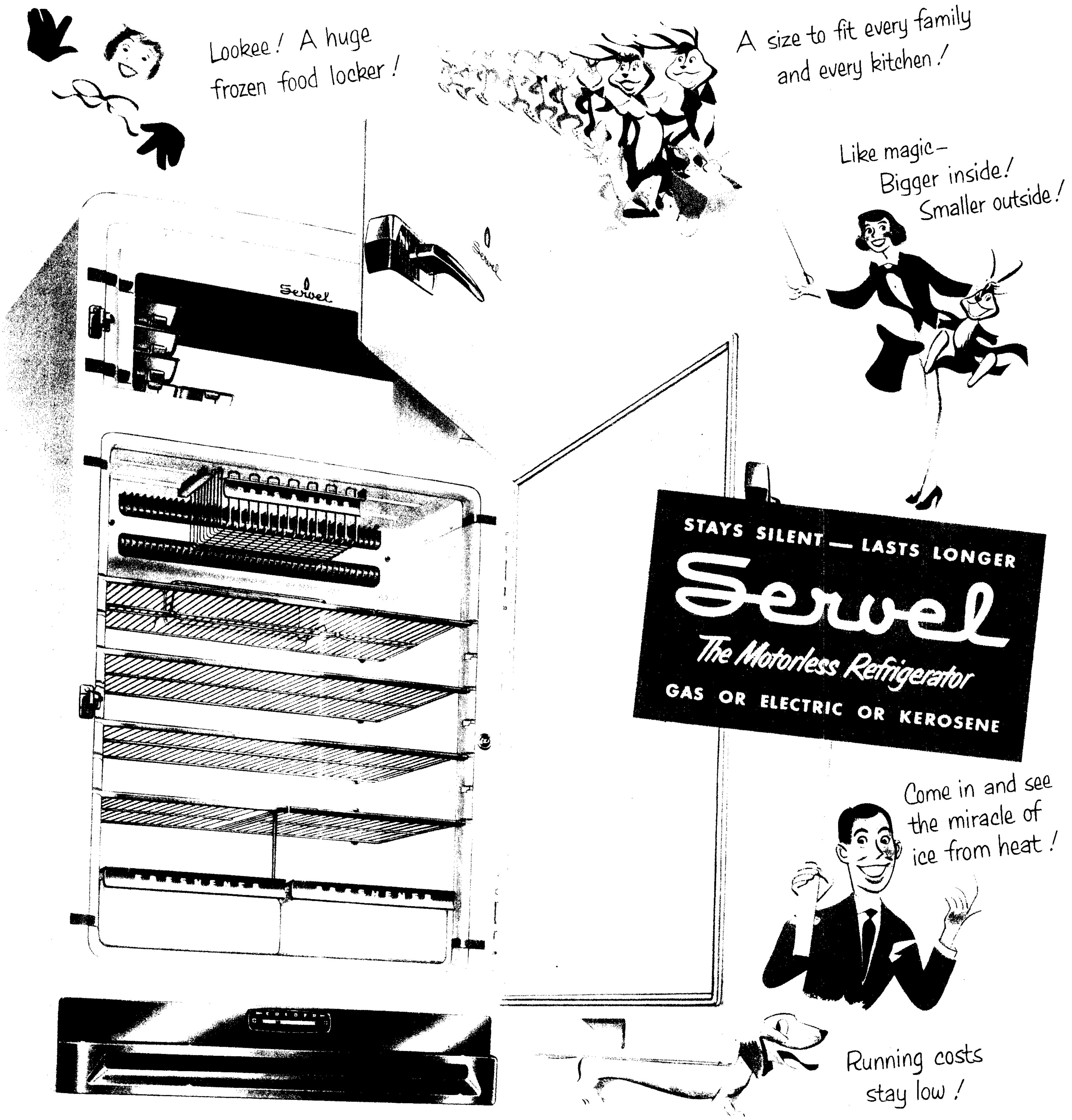
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immigration permit until long investigations could be made.

Johnny, it was not pleasant to wait. One is not given a work permit in Cuba. One waits and waits, and every day the money gets less.

I tell you this because I have done something very foolish. A man said he could get me into your country without a permit. I should have refused to listen, but I was weak. Then later, when affairs had gone much too far, I became frightened. And you know how easily I get frightened. In this case I ran away just when I was about to board a boat to be smuggled into your country.

It became at once very clear to me that it is not permitted to change one's mind after learning something of the system. Shots were fired after me, and the next day certain men visited the place where I had been living. The good Cuban woman with whom I had been boarding told them nothing. She knows where I am hiding, however, and will guide you if you can come to help your foolish old Tony . . .

A guy like Tony got scared easily, all right. Almost as easily as a guy named Johnny Edwards.

HE CLOSED his eyes and he could see some pictures flickering in front of his eyelids. Newsreel stuff. There ought to be an announcer telling you solemnly: This is Manila. February, *nineteen forty-five*. Driving in from north and south, MacArthur's men have closed a trap on twenty thousand sons of Nippon. Now the Japs must be blasted out, street by street, house by house. A job for the heroic GI. A job for the foot soldier . . .

Yeah, and here comes that heroic GI S/Sgt Edwards, John C., of the 11th Airborne. There he goes, all alone, tommy gun in hand, slipping past the corner of what had been a house. Is he out to silence a Jap machine gun? Is he seeking water for his thirsty squad? Rescuing a wounded comrade? Hell, no. He's looking for souvenirs. There he goes, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed. Watch closely. Hooray, he found the souvenirs!

Unfortunately the souvenirs are still in use.

That sound you hear, folks, is one of those Jap machine guns. It is stitching bits of metal through the legs of our hero. This is a very inefficient way to collect souvenirs.

Now we dissolve to a night scene. That dark blotch you see is a smashed house. In it is S/Sgt Edwards, John C. He has remembered what he was told about pressure *points* and so he hasn't lost more than a quart of blood. He expects somebody to come for him any minute. Not his squad, though. They don't know where he is. He expects Japs. He dropped his tommy gun while he was crawling into the house and he only has a knife.

He hears someone searching the room for him. He jabs blindly with the knife, wondering dully why the Jap keeps dodging and sobbing and talking Spanish at him. Fortunately he blacks out, because the Jap is a *horribly* scared little Spaniard named Tony Mendoza who has been hiding in the cellar, and who saw the heroic GI get his, and came up to help him.

Johnny opened his eyes and took a pull on his drink, but he went on remembering.

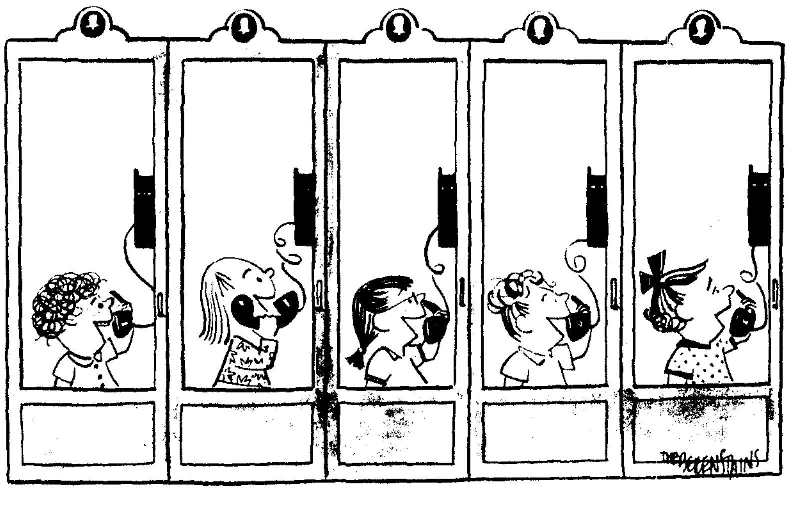
It had turned out that he was four hundred yards and three days inside the Jap lines. The scared little Spaniard had carried him down into the cellar and kept him alive. So naturally, when the little guy got in trouble a few years later, he thought maybe his American friend would help.

Of course that sort of stuff was strictly from Don Quixote. Americans were practical people. The guy named Johnny Edwards had his own life to live. He was living it fishing for salmon on the Restigouche in New Brunswick when the letter reached him. Manila was a long way back. Why should he jump on his horse and go charging off a few thousand miles after windmills *like this one? Tony always had been scared* of shadows. He could send the guy a hunk of change to buy off his playmates. Besides, the salmon were hitting well.

He went out fishing with the letter in his pocket. The salmon were rising nicely but he had forgotten how to take them. He kept thinking of Manila. He remembered how he'd waked up in the cellar of the smashed house to find Tony wiping sweat from his face and talking to him in soft musical Spanish the way you might croon to a baby. At the time he hadn't realized what chances Tony was taking. First the guy had crawled upstairs where he could have been shot by a Jap patrol. Then Tony had to get in close and take a knife away from him and carry him to the cellar and nurse him through a delirium in which he moaned and yelled. Any one of those yells could have brought Japs, and no visiting Jap would have considered Tony a neutral.

What made a scared little guy like Tony take those chances for somebody he didn't even know? And what made a guy like Johnny Edwards hate to admit he owed Tony anything? Was it because, if somebody took a lot of risks saving your life, you ought to try to prove your life was worth saving? He went through the motions of fishing most of that day, but finally he gave up and started charging windmills. It was a little late. Maybe if he had started the moment he had read the letter, caught a morning plane, missed that delay in Miami . . .

SISTER



"Mom, I'm having dinner at Sister's, tonight!"

"Hello, Mom. Now, don't get mad, but . . ."

COLLIER'S

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

A thin little man had called on Tony's landlady. She couldn't exactly describe *him* because he was the sort of person you didn't really notice. He wasn't a Cuban or a Spaniard or an American, though. He was a friend of Tony's, he said politely, and where could he find him? She thought perhaps she had done wrong to say firmly that the Señor Mendoza had left word that only a certain American friend of his was to be told where to find him. Two days later, an American friend came. At least, she could tell he was an American and he said he was a friend.

Yes, Señor Mendoza had given her a description of his American friend, but when one had never known many Americans it was not easy to tell them apart. They looked alike, the way Chinese looked alike, perhaps, to the señor? So she had told the American where to find Señor Mendoza.

And sometime that night, crouching in a cellar about the size of the one in Manila, Tony had heard footsteps and called happily to his American friend and had heard three shots from a Colt .45. Or maybe he'd only heard the first shot.

The friend named *Querido Johnny* arrived ten hours later.

What did you do when you found you had let a guy like Tony be murdered? Well, he'd started by feeling numb. Then he began trying to shrug off the blame. But every time he tried that, he picked up a little more blame, *until* finally he didn't quite know how he could go on living with himself. Except for one thing. There was a man involved in the affair who had even less right to go on living—a man who had walked up to Tony and shot him and walked away.

The more he thought about the killer, the less he was forced to think about himself. When he stopped to analyze that reaction he found it was made up of a lot of subtle emotions, and maybe one of them was a desire to throw most of the blame onto somebody else. But he didn't have to sit around analyzing it. All he had to do was to start hunting the guy so he could kill him.

WHEN Johnny left the bar he got a cab. Just in case anybody was tailing him, he had the cabby do some broken-field driving. When they reached the Malecón he paid off the cab, cut across the boulevard and hailed another cab going in the opposite direction. He told the driver to head for the building that housed the United States Embassy and Consulate, and to park down the avenue from it.

Now that his trap had failed he didn't have much to work on. But there was one clue. According to the Cuban woman, Tony had gone to the consulate almost every day hoping for news about his immigration permit. Finally, one day, Tony had returned, looking very excited. He hadn't told the woman what had happened except that he had met a man and hoped to enter the United States very soon. That sounded as though it had been Tony's first contact with the smuggling gang.

But where had Tony met the guy? Tony had had no friends in Havana except the Cuban woman. He hadn't been the type to drop into bars and tell everybody his troubles. So there was a good chance that Tony had met the guy somewhere around the consulate.

How would a recruiter for a smuggling gang have known that Tony was a hot prospect? He wouldn't walk up to just any alien on the street and say "Hey, bud, you want to sneak into the U.S.?" He'd be an idiot if he didn't study his prospect first.

So, what Johnny wanted to know was whether you could pick out hot prospects if you hung around the consulate, and whether anyone *was* hanging around the consulate doing that.

Of course, this was very thin stuff to work with. But there was one thing to be said for it. What Tony had stumbled into was no ten-centavo racket. Only a well-organized gang that was in the business for keeps would have gone to so much trouble to knock off an alien who might have talked. They must be handling aliens in wholesale lots, and a good place to find them in wholesale lots was the consulate. If he could get a line on how the gang operated, maybe he could pick up the trail of the American killer. He didn't figure he would ever get enough evidence to send the guy to jail. All he wanted was enough to send him to the morgue.

The taxi halted down the avenue from the embassy-consulate building. Johnny told the driver he just wanted to sit there and watch for a friend. The driver accepted the explanation and a five-peso note, pulled his hat down politely over his eyes, and prepared to take a siesta. Johnny settled into a corner of the back seat and began watching the steps leading up into the big gray building.

In the Border Patrol they taught you how to spot aliens. There were a lot of different ways but in this case he'd have to go by appearance and actions. He'd look for stringy neckties, for trousers too narrow at the ankle, for coat lapels cut too high. He'd look for men in coats that were too heavy for Havana's climate, and for women who didn't know how to use make-up and wore faded and much-washed dresses.

On that basis quite a few of the people entering and leaving the building could be classed as aliens. Of course, some of them were on errands that had nothing to do with visas and entry permits, but he could rule out the ones who looked brisk and confident. That left people who seemed to be very unsure of themselves.

He sat for two hours watching them. At the end of that time he was ready to swear it was possible to go in business as a recruiter right outside the building. Not on the basis of a two-hour study, of course. But if you watched day after day you ought to begin recognizing people who came back time and again and who always had the same nervous, timid manner. You would see them come out trying not to be discouraged. And, finally, you ought to be able to spot the people who were just about ready to give up hope. Then you would sidle up to them.

Unfortunately, nobody was sidling up to anybody. No one was even watching. He had a nice theory but nobody was proving it. He roused the driver and had the man drop him a few blocks away from the building. Then he walked back. He was going to visit the local intelligence unit of the Immigration and Naturalization Service. That sounded impressive, but what the unit consisted of at this moment was one Senior Patrol Inspector of the Border Patrol. The unit must give Havana smugglers a lot of sleepless nights.

HE FOUND the office on the second floor of the consulate, put on an eager-beaver expression, and walked in. A nice-looking guy in civvies was behind the desk. "My name is Edwards," Johnny said, giving him a shy grin. "I'm a new trainee over in Miami." He dug out his credentials and slid them across the desk.

The other man glanced at the credentials *and got up. "Glad to meet you, Edwards,"* he said, shaking hands. "I'm Wilson. Nobody told me you were coming."

"I wasn't sent over. Just had a couple days off and wanted to see Havana and I couldn't resist dropping in to say hello."

"Glad you did. Sit down. How do you like the outfit?"

Johnny sat down. The problem was to get Wilson talking about the Border Patrol and then ease the conversation around to the present setup in Havana. Maybe a good way to do that was to play the role of a wide-eyed recruit and coax Wilson to play the part of an old campaigner. In any line of work men felt like old campaigners if they had ten days on the new guy. And all old campaigners loved to talk.

"It's a wonderful outfit to be in," Johnny said. "I never thought I'd make it." That was the right touch, so far; Wilson was

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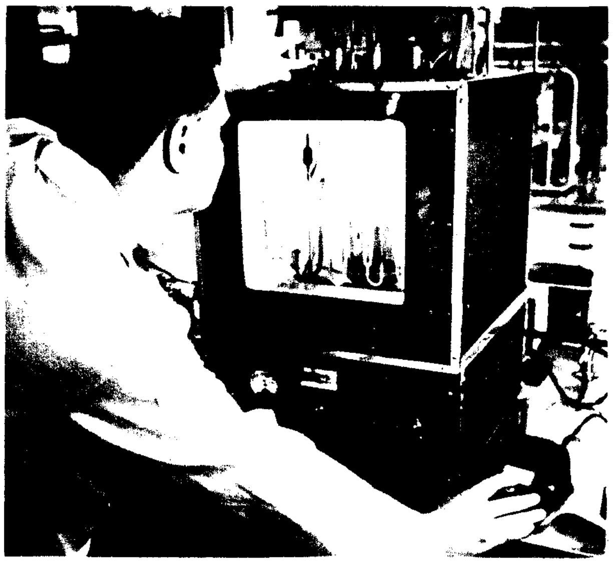

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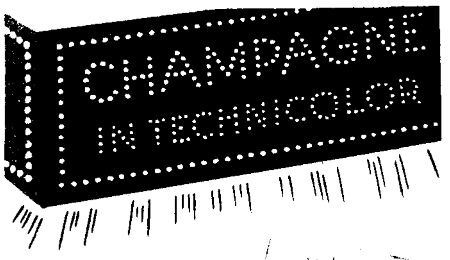

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nodding indulgently. "They almost scared the life out of me at training school with all those courses. I didn't think I'd pass. It was good stuff, though."

"Yeah, that school's a good idea," Wilson said.

"I figure what a guy learns out there will come in mighty handy later on."

Wilson grinned. "You're telling me," he said. "Getting it in school's a lot better than learning it the hard way. Why, back when I came in . . ."

We're off, Johnny thought. He sat on the edge of his chair and listened, keeping the eager look on his face and tossing in admiring comments at the right moments. With all this attention, Wilson became a very old campaigner indeed. He gave the impression he had personally organized the Border Patrol. He told about the old days along the Mexican border when the agents walked along the streets of El Paso keeping their eyes open for Mexicans whose trousers were wet to the knees. When they saw one they ran him in. They knew he had just waded across the Rio Grande to get into the United States. He was wet.

Johnny tried hard not to yawn. He had heard all this stuff dozens of times.

Wilson finished with the glorious old days and reached the drab present. This was the moment to switch him onto the proper track. "Yeah," Johnny said sadly, "I guess I got in too late. Looks like nothing happens nowadays. Just a matter of picking up guys who jump ship and rounding up people who overstay their visitors' permits and—"

"Wait a minute," Wilson said. "Maybe they never told you there are a hundred thousand aliens in Cuba trying to get into the States."

"So they want visas. That isn't our business."

"All right, they want visas but they aren't getting visas. Maybe they have criminal records, or were tied up with the Reds or the Nazis. Maybe they aren't healthy. Maybe they have no money and nobody in the States to put it up for them. Or maybe there just isn't room for them on their nation's quota. They still want in, visa or no visa. Don't they teach that to you guys in training school or over in Miami?"

"Well, yes, but everybody knows they don't have a prayer of sneaking in. Oh, maybe one or two will stow away on a ship. Or a charter boat from the Keys will pick up a couple. But—"

"In case you never looked at the figures, our sector picked up about six thousand wet aliens last year."

"But what I mean," Johnny said, "is that none of that is organized. You couldn't call it big-time crime."

"Oh, you couldn't, huh?" Wilson said irritably. "It just happens I sent a report to Ed Brian about that last night. You'll be hearing about it when you get back. And it just happens that some gang or other is getting the racket damn' well organized."

HE GOT up and began striding up and down the room, talking. There was hell to pay. It had sneaked up on him slowly. First there was the business of the aliens who were regular visitors to the consulate downstairs. The clerks got to know them. And so, when some of the regulars stopped showing up, the clerks noticed it. What had happened to them? They didn't have U.S. visas. They couldn't get work permits in Cuba. If you checked at their addresses they were gone. Vanished.

And take the Chinese. Part of the job was to watch for bunches of Chinese who came in on freighters from the Orient. They couldn't work in Cuba, either. Three months ago a bunch of twenty-four arrived. By last week they had vanished. Probably a lot of others, too.

Johnny said, "Got any idea who's behind it?"

"An idea!" Wilson cried. "How would I have an idea? I got nothing to work with. No men. No money to speak of. All I can do is hire a lousy stool pigeon named Rankosci and buy a few dollars' worth of news from him every week. Mighty little news I get for the money, too. So—" He stopped suddenly, and whirled toward the door. "Who told you to come in?" he said.

Johnny swung around. He hadn't heard a sound, but a third man had entered the room. He stood just inside the closed door, a thin little guy in dirty white clothes. He had pale, mild eyes and bleached hair. The kind of guy you'd never look at twice.

"I am sorry," the man said humbly. "I had some information for you, Inspector. As I came near the door I heard you call my name and I thought you saw me."

"I can't see through the door," Wilson growled. "And you know perfectly well nobody ever hears you coming."

The man shrugged. "Perhaps that is fortunate," he said. "If people noticed me I would never learn anything."

"Just remember not to learn anything around here."

Johnny got up. "I better go," he said. "Looks as if you have business."

"Stick around," Wilson said. "They'd send you over here someday to see how we operate. Might as well pick it up now. This is the man I was telling you about. Works for us some. Rankosci, this is one of our new men, Edwards."

Rankosci bowed and said, "I am honored to meet Inspector Edwards."

"That's an unusual name of yours," Johnny said. "How do you spell it?"

The man smiled faintly. "On your records," he said, "it is spelled G-e-o-r-g R-a-n-c-o-s-c-i."

"Polish?" Johnny asked. "Romanian?"

"Well, yes and no."

"What does yes and no mean?"

"Don't be shy," Wilson told the man. "Give him the spiel."

Rankosci said politely, "It is a large world with many fine countries in it. I like to feel that I belong to a number of fine countries."

Wilson chuckled. "It works like this, Edwards. Our pal here changes his country depending on who he's talking to. He can be Polish or Russian or Czech or Hungarian or French or Romanian or the devil knows what. He talks most of the languages I've ever heard of. Like a native, too. He switches his name around to match. Want to see him be a Frenchman? Allow me to present Monsieur Georges Rancossy. Accent on the last syllable, please. If he ever met an American Indian, I bet his name would be Rancocas and he could talk Ojibway."

"That's interesting," Johnny said. "But what does it say on your Cuban visitor's permit?"

"Please," Rankosci said. "That is a personal question."

"Yeah, but don't the Havana cops ever ask it?"

"They do not bother me," Rankosci said. "I do not cause them trouble and sometimes I am quite useful."

Wilson said, "You won't get anywhere pumping him. All right, Rankosci, sit down and spill your news."

Rankosci pulled up a chair and sat down. "Do you have a cigarette?" he asked.

Johnny slid a pack across a corner of the desk to him. Rankosci's thin yellow fingers fluttered over the cigarettes and carefully extracted one. For some reason that seemed to reduce the number of cigarettes amazingly. It seem to Johnny that the pack had been almost full when he passed it over. Now it looked only two-thirds full. He shook his head admiringly, wondering how Rankosci had done it, and left the pack on the desk to see if Rankosci would give him another sleight-of-hand lesson. This was quite a guy. You wouldn't think it to look at him. In fact, if you didn't know his background, you wouldn't get around to looking at him. There seemed to be a lot of characters in Havana you didn't notice, but ought to.

"This is my news," Rankosci said. "Last night a seaman from a freighter was drinking with friends in a café and boasted that he is going to jump ship when they dock in Miami next week, and go to live with a cousin in Detroit. He is a Czech national."

WILSON began asking questions and making notes. Johnny didn't pay much attention. He was trying to identify a vague feeling of uneasiness that was creeping over him. He wondered if he could have seen Rankosci before. That idea seemed to fit in with the uneasy feeling. A guy nobody noticed . . .

"Well, thanks," Wilson said finally. "Anything else stirring?"

"Things," Rankosci replied, "are very quiet."

"Yeah. Too quiet. What about those Chinese?"

Rankosci puffed out a small cloud of smoke and seemed to vanish in it. "Chinese?" he asked, as if the word were a new one.

"Don't play dumb with me. What happened to those twenty-four Chinese who vanished?"

"Perhaps they have been hired for work outside Havana in the sugar-cane fields."

"Try again," Wilson said irritably. "They all had visitors' permits. They can't take jobs here."

"Such things can be arranged."

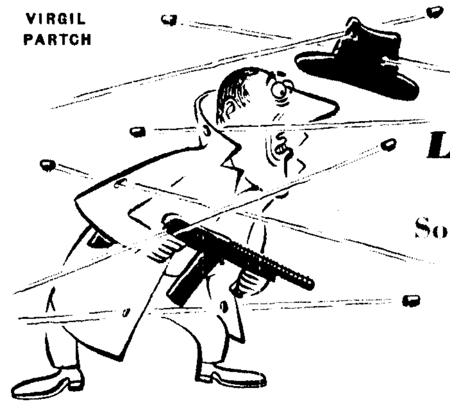
"In this case it hasn't been. So where are they?"

"Perhaps," Rankosci said, "they have—"

He stopped suddenly. There was a moment of silence.

That was queer, Johnny thought. Rankosci had started to say something and then changed his mind. Or had he? The guy

VIRGIL PARTCH



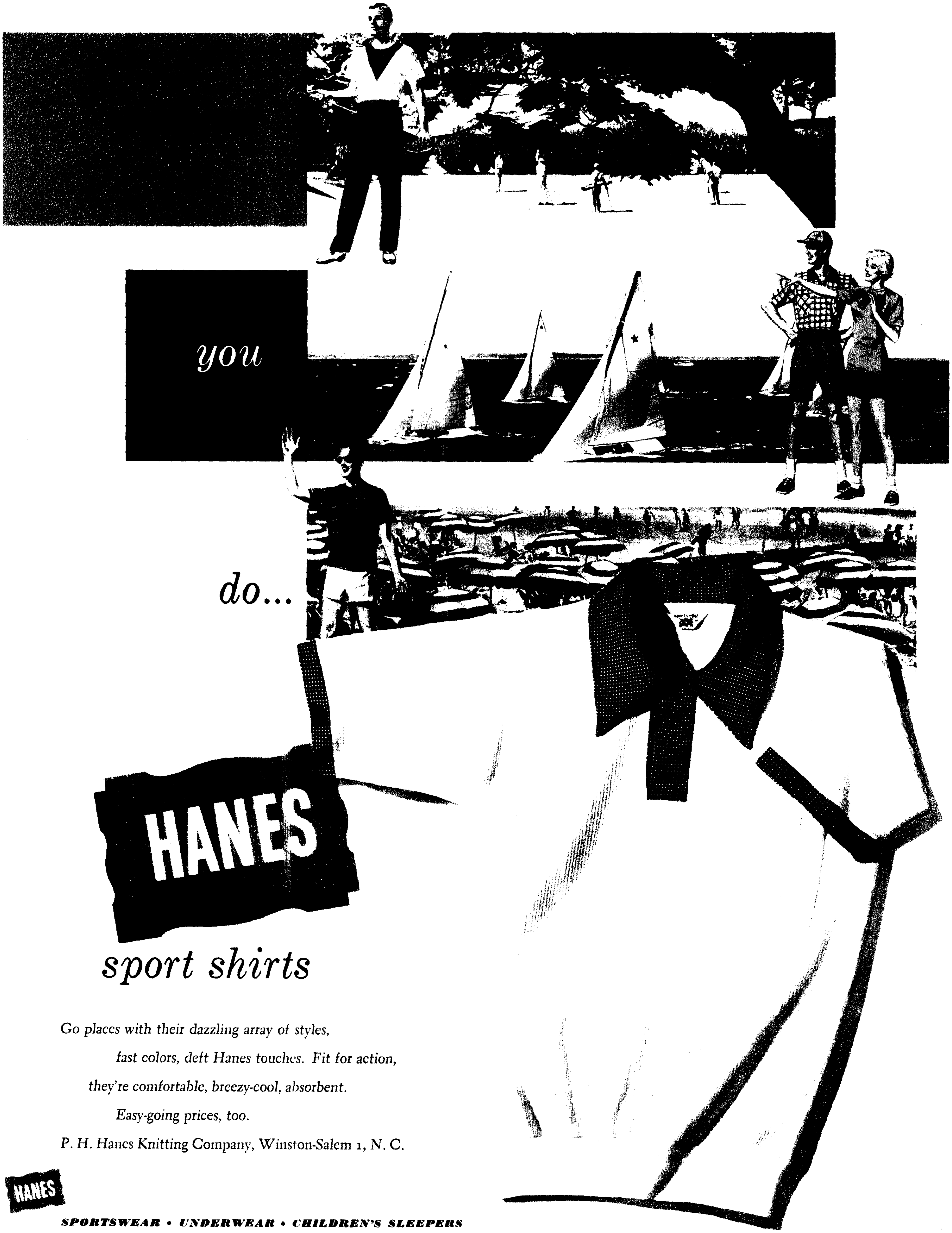
LITERAL LATIN

Some Free Translations of Familiar Phrases

VII

Multa gemens:	The place is lousy with feds
Malum prohibitum:	For women only
Cicatrix:	Fed up with horseplay
Pactum vestitum:	Stuffed-shirt
Sub judice:	Second-string Judge
Perpetuum mobile:	New car every year
Nomen nuda:	Full dress required

—DICK SHAW



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HANES

SPORTSWEAR • UNDERWEAR • CHILDREN'S SLEEPERS

wasn't the type to talk first and think later. And nothing had happened to distract him. Nobody had moved or spoken or— Wait a minute. Somebody *had* moved. A guy named Johnny Edwards had crossed his left leg over his right. Johnny looked down. A few hours ago his left foot had been important to a man nobody noticed. He swung the foot gently, watching Rankosci. Was it imagination, or did the man's pale eyes glance at the moving foot? And if there had been a glance, did it prove anything?

Johnny began sweating a little. This was nightmare stuff. You woke up screaming and you couldn't put your finger on what had done it.

Rankosci said, "I was thinking that perhaps they have gone back to the Orient."

"Sure," Wilson said. "They got homesick. Now, look. Has one of the local gangs organized this racket?"

"I do not think they would do that."

"Every other racket in town is organized, right down to the stealing of hubcaps from automobiles. Why not aliens?"

Rankosci said, "When a Cuban must leave this country quickly, because of some local disagreement, where does he wish to go? To the United States. He does not engage in activities which would make him unwelcome in the United States."

"Yeah, I know they used to figure that way. But I wonder if they still do."

RANKOSCI got up. "I will try to find out," he said. "Now if you would be kind enough to look out of the window and see if the back street is clear . . ."

Wilson went to the window. "There's a Cuban standing in a doorway across the street."

"I thought there would be," Rankosci said. "People are always interested in who enters or leaves the United States Embassy and Consulate by the back way. However, I do not think he will see me." He bowed politely, opened the door eight inches and slipped out.

"What a character," Wilson said. "I want to see how he works this. Usually he won't come in here at all. I meet him outside, at night. Let's watch this, huh?"

Johnny joined him at the window and they stared down at the quiet back street. On the other side, a Cuban with lank black hair was drooping in a doorway. As they watched, a girl with side-wheeling hips came down the sidewalk. She was on the Cuban's side of the street, and as she came toward him the limp figure in the doorway began to look more starched. The Cuban turned his head slowly to watch her pass. Apparently Rankosci had been waiting for something like that. Suddenly there he was on the near side of the street, drifting along, going nowhere and doing nothing. A guy nobody noticed. Certainly the Cuban didn't notice him. By the time the girl reached one end of the street, Rankosci reached the other. Each turned a corner and vanished at the same moment.

"Nice timing, wasn't it?" Wilson said.

Johnny nodded. He wondered if there had been nice timing in the fact that he had met Rankosci in the office. He hadn't seen anybody tailing him but that didn't prove much. If Rankosci had been the guy in the Plaza de la Fraternidad and had tailed him ever since and finally had seen him go into the embassy and enter Wilson's office, Rankosci might have decided it was a good moment to pay Wilson an official visit. And if all that were true, Rankosci would be waiting out front to pick him up again. There were a lot of ifs and maybes in that but he couldn't help it. Working with the facts he had now was like trying to pat smoke into shapes.

He looked at his watch and said, "I'd better run along. Thanks for letting me sit in on that."

"Don't mention it, Edwards. See you in Miami sometime. Pick up those Chinese for me when they check in, will you?"

"Yeah, sure," Johnny said.

He walked back to the desk to get his cigarettes. Then he swore under his breath. He should have known the pack of cigarettes had vanished as completely as Wilson's twenty-four Chinese. And quite possibly in the same way.

Johnny went downstairs and decided to leave by the rear exit, on the theory that Rankosci had circled the building and was watching out front. Of course there was a Cuban watching the rear exit but Johnny didn't think that had any connection with him. He went out the back way. Across the street the Cuban was scratching his shoulder blades against the doorway and hardly wasted a glance at him.

Johnny walked rapidly down back streets for a few blocks and finally circled up to the main avenue and sauntered back toward the embassy. There was no sign of Rankosci. He passed the embassy and went on for another block. Still no sale. Of course, Rankosci might be thinking circles around him. He turned off the main street and walked on two more blocks and turned a corner.

He stopped, waited ten seconds, stepped quickly back around the corner. Nobody was in sight on his side. Across the street, though, light and shadows from the setting sun dappled a whitewashed wall, and if you looked closely some of the patches of light and shadow began to resemble a dirty white linen suit and a faded Panama hat. Another patch might be a newspaper hiding a man's face. Johnny guessed that if he looked over the top of the newspaper, the man might begin to resemble Rankosci.

Johnny crossed the street whistling, and sauntered toward Rankosci. The newspaper in front of the man's face quivered. Johnny stopped ten feet away, leaned against the wall, stared up at the sky and waited. He had an interesting plan. If it worked, he would find out whether or not Rankosci was the man nobody could describe. He would also find out whether or not the quickness of the hand always deceived the eye. In this case the hand would probably be holding a knife.

Ten feet away, the newspaper rustled. Rankosci folded it and put it carefully in his pocket. He gave Johnny a hurt look.

"Don't do that," Johnny said. "You'll make me cry. What I'm doing is bad form, huh?"

Rankosci said in a sorrowful voice, "Havana is a large and evil city. I saw you wandering through the streets and merely wished to make sure you came to no harm."

"Thanks, pal."

"I will see you some other time," Rankosci said. He turned and walked away.

Johnny followed at a slight distance, whistling. The thin shoulders ahead of him cringed slightly.

Rankosci stopped and said, "I do not understand."

GEORGE CRENSHAW

COLLIER'S "I wish there was some other way of starting a day besides waking up" GEORGE CRENSHAW

"Havana is a large and evil city," Johnny said. "I don't want you to come to any harm, either."

"What harm could come to me?"

"I don't know yet. But I'm hoping to find out."

"This is most embarrassing."

"Yeah, I know. I'm new at this tailing stuff. But give me a little practice and you'll hardly know I'm behind you. By the way, can you spare that newspaper?"

"Why do you wish the newspaper?"

Johnny said in a reasonable tone, "If it's my turn to tail you, I ought to have the newspaper to hide behind. And I figure it has a little hole cut in a couple of pages so a person can peek through it. Right?"

Rankosci licked his lips and walked away. Johnny followed a few steps behind him. If he could stay with the guy a while it ought to get on Rankosci's nerves. Maybe it would scare him to a point where he'd be able to make him do some talking. It was queer that Rankosci didn't try to run. He kept on at the same slow shuffling pace through a residential section and into a business district and then over toward what had been the old walled city. It was as though the guy couldn't make himself run, as though his habit of creeping around without attracting attention was so strong that he couldn't break it.

In half an hour Rankosci stopped again. His face had a yellow glaze, and sweat rolled down it like melting wax. "It is very dangerous for you to follow me," he said.

"For me?" Johnny asked.

"No. For me. I never permit myself to be seen with certain people. Such as the Havana police. Or Inspector Wilson. Or any Americans. In the circles in which I move, it would not be understood."

This was interesting, Johnny thought. He had hoped that would be the case. His whole plan was based on it. "You must know some fancy characters," he said. "Tell me about them."

"I can tell you this. Even so little a thing as lighting an American cigarette in public, rather than a Cuban cigarette, can sometimes be dangerous for a man in my position."

"I can save you that worry. Want to give mine back to me?"

Rankosci fumbled in his pocket and brought out two packs of cigarettes and shoved them at him.

"Only one of them is mine," Johnny said. "Is the other pack Wilson's?"

Rankosci gave him a pathetically anxious smile. "I believe it is. There was a coat on the back of a chair and—well, I am very sorry. It is a weakness of mine. Now you will not follow me?"

"You're a good guy, Rankosci. I'll quit tailing you. We can saunter along arm in arm."

"What for?" Rankosci whispered. "What for?"

"We have things to talk about."

Rankosci wheeled and started off again. He cut through side streets and came out on an avenue lined with cafés and bars and rumba joints. Only a few people were around; this was a tourist section slowly getting ready to make a night of it. Down the avenue a man and a girl got out of a taxi and headed for a restaurant. The girl had good legs and Johnny suddenly remembered he had a date with the McCarter girl.

Sorry to stand you up, Sally, he thought, but I got to see a man about a murder.

Rankosci drifted up one side of the avenue and back down the other and then crossed again and drifted up once more. You might think he was looking for somebody.

A whisper floated back to Johnny. It came as Rankosci shuffled past a slick-haired man lounging outside a café. Johnny couldn't catch what was said. He walked by the lounger and stared at him but the man pretended he wasn't there. That was a bad sign.

Rankosci turned off the avenue. That brought them into an old section of town where houses crowded close on each side and sometimes pushed you off the sidewalk into the street. Johnny smelled fish and salt air. Not far away a tugboat whistle grunted. It was getting dark. Overhead, the sky still held a pink stain but blackness was seeping out from alleys and doorways and rising like a dark tide in the streets. A change was coming over the man Johnny was following, the sort of change that comes over alley cats at night. Rankosci was moving more confidently, more alertly. Johnny had the feeling that it might not be smart to crowd him. He was a different person in the dark than in the light.

AS THEY went on, Johnny began to realize that they weren't going anywhere now. They were winding in and out of the same section. He didn't like that. They were killing time, maybe until it was really dark. He thought about the slick-haired lounger and glanced around and saw a shadow flicker out of sight a little way back. That made it all very clear. He reached inside his coat and unfastened two shirt buttons and loosened the revolver in his shoulder holster. It was a .38 on a .44 frame. You didn't get much recoil, and at rapid fire he could put four out of five slugs in the kill zones of a silhouette target. There were two nice things about silhouette targets. They didn't shoot back, and they didn't jump you from behind.

There wasn't any time to waste. He quickened his pace to cut down Rankosci's lead. Up ahead loomed the dark slot of an alley. He leaped forward and grabbed Rankosci and yanked him into the alley and twisted him around with his back to the street. His left hand gripped the guy's shirt collar, tightening it around his throat. It wasn't good to work that close but he couldn't afford to let Rankosci slip away.

"Now let's talk," he said softly.

The face in front of him was a pale blur. Rankosci made a hissing noise as he breathed. "I still do not understand," Rankosci said. "I do not know what to talk about."

Johnny tensed. This was the pay-off. This would prove whether it was worth while really turning the heat on Rankosci. He had tailed the guy all this time for just one reason: to get him so shaky that he would act without thinking when a certain question was thrown at him.

"Talk about this," he snapped. "Who shot Tony Mendoza?"

His left hand tightened on the shirt collar, trying to pick up the tiniest twitch of muscle in Rankosci's body. He wasn't quite alert enough. He missed the twitch. Below his left arm, steel made a watery flicker driving in toward his heart.

(To be continued next week)

The kid with the three-cornered future

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This Is Moscow Today

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

But for all its advertised glory, Moscow first impressed me, and still does, as a vast slum. The few broad avenues through the city are deceptive. The streets leading into them are mostly poorly paved alleys. The hub of Soviet Russia, Moscow itself is an island, its public avenues stopping suddenly at the edge of the city, where small, dilapidated log huts mark its boundary. There, except for one first-class military highway leading to Minsk and another paved thoroughfare to the fine homes of the party leaders, the avenues dwindle away into narrow, rutted third-class roads.

When we arrived, both Ruth and I thought it must have been some special holiday, because the streets were flooded with people. The crowds manifested no holiday spirit; people walked about with stolid, expressionless faces. The city had a strange atmosphere of drabness. The people seemed surprisingly gray and colorless and we suddenly realized that their clothes, except for those in uniform, were all undyed and unbleached. Dyes are expensive and scarce in the Soviet Union.

Later, we learned that this was an ordinary Moscow afternoon, that the streets are always crowded because Muscovites vastly prefer them to their own living quarters. First of all, Moscow's housing is fantastically cramped and most of it is unattractive; second, one may talk much more freely while walking the streets than in one's own room, where voices carry through the thin partitions.

While I've served with the United States Army in a dozen of the world's capitals, I've never found a city as constricting as Moscow. We were assigned an apartment in the United States Embassy, complete with bedroom, living room, kitchen and bath. Luxurious by Moscow standards, our apartment house had an elevator, but it worked only sporadically.

Three Servants Were Needed

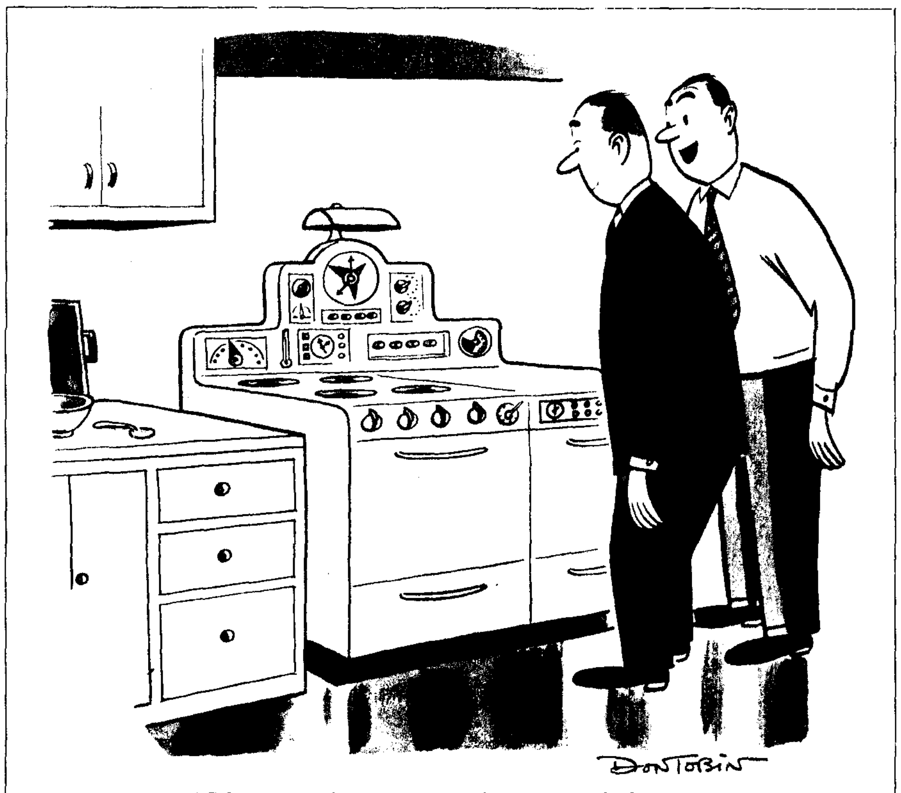
We promptly discovered that we needed three servants to maintain us. We needed a housekeeper, whose primary duty was to wait out the interminable queues before the food stores to do our shopping. Waiting in line consumed almost all of her time. We needed a combination housemaid and cook, because we were expected to do considerable entertaining in the foreign colony. And we needed a private chauffeur, because Soviet authorities were successfully flunking every American who applied for a driver's license.

At first, Ruth and I hoped to meet many Russian people, to visit their homes and have them visit us. But we quickly learned the danger of such contacts to the Russians themselves and for their sake never encouraged it. What the Soviet leaders dreaded most was communication between their people and us, and they guarded against it with the secret police of the MVD, who seldom left my trail. My first shadows were as obvious as Keystone cops, clumsy fellows whom I distressed occasionally by turning suddenly and letting them bump into me.

These agents, however, made up for their lack of skill by their boundless determination. During our stay, two men from the U.S. Embassy took a ferryboat trip over the Volga River, boarding the boat just as it left shore and leaving their shadows behind. In midstream, the ferryboat captain announced that his engine was failing and gave orders to turn back. His buxom lady engineer put her head out of the engine room and declared there was nothing wrong. She was quickly warned into silence. The boat went back and the MVD agents came aboard, delighted to see their quarry again.

The MVD agents, for all their troublesome duties, were a far happier lot than the ordinary Muscovite worker. These minor functionaries were instantly recognizable by their better clothes, ruddy complexions and paunches. In Moscow, we learned, a man's importance can be judged by the girth of his stomach. Once he leaves the workers' ranks, he loses his lean and hungry look and can afford a better life. After years of privation, he usually gluts himself and makes a shambles of his figure, until he finally resembles the Soviet's own caricature of the Wall Street banker.

The ordinary worker, however, must scramble for what he can get, and he never gets much. Even in Moscow, showcase of the Soviet state, his plight is such as would lead any American worker to bloody revolt. What astonished me even more than the dismal condition of the workers was their patience in accepting the amazing nonsense of their masters, who tell them they are "happy, happy workers," that they live better, eat better and have a far more glorious future than any worker in "decadent" Europe and America.



"It's a wonderful stove, but my wife hates it. . . . It's so much smarter than she is"

COLLIER'S DON TOBIN

For all the incessant propaganda, the average Muscovite has a childlike suspicion that life isn't really as good as advertised. His difficulties begin at home. The housing problem in Moscow is a permanent state of crisis. Despite the high promise of the various Five-Year Plans, the worker's per capita dwelling space is about the size of an average American prison cell. Two or more families customarily occupy the same room, sharing a common kitchen and toilet with several other families.

Beginning with housing, the Moscow worker discovers that he's a consumer in a state that sacrifices all consumers' goods for the benefit of its armed forces. Although the Kremlin loudly announces new housing projects and advises the workers that their lot is improving, the housing problem grows worse with every newcomer to the city. Moscow's newest apartment buildings are shoddy before they are finished. They are poor in craftsmanship, planning and materials, and rent at prices beyond the reach of the average worker. One member of a friendly embassy, who could afford the 1,800 rubles monthly rent (then $342), recently moved into a brand-new one-bedroom flat. He'd no sooner unpacked his trunks than he discovered water leaking into his bedroom from an upstairs bath.

Built by unskilled workers and architects, the new housing projects in Moscow distress even their own managers. Sometimes the complaints get into Moscow's highly censored newspapers, which permit a certain amount of self-criticism provided it is directed at lesser bureaucrats and the workers themselves.

Izvestia last year, for example, denounced the city's new jerry-built apartments. The newspaper told about a local housing administrator who moved into a new apartment he'd just completed. After two days, he was so upset by his neighbors' sounds coming through the cardboard-thin walls that he moved back to his old quarters. "No sooner did he move in," Izvestia noted, "than repairmen had to be called. The wind blew in through cracks in the windows and doors. While these cracks were being repaired, the floors and ceilings developed defects."

Although mass construction is Moscow's only hope of solving its housing problems, the city's workmen seem much confused by machines. In Pravda, one worker registered a mild complaint. "Mechanical equipment was brought to this project six months ago, but all the machines are now lying in the open, covered with dirt and all kinds of trash," he wrote. "There was a mortar mixer on our site," another worker reported. "It lay out in the open for a long time waiting to be put into operation. Finally, someone came along and took out the motor . . . Our people do not like machines. They do not think highly of them."

While Pravda spoke the unfamiliar truth, the Politburo continues its effort to impress Moscow and the world with Russian mechanical genius. Only when the Soviets concentrate a fantastic amount of energy and man power on individual projects vital to the state do they achieve anything like Western production results. Such energies are now being poured into munitions, just as the civilian populace is driven toward the herd-bound concept of an armed state. The results the Soviets have achieved in tanks, jet planes, submarines and nuclear fission are impressive in Russia because so little else is impressive by Western standards.

The worker and consumer, however, always end up on the short end of the stick. Despite the Politburo's noisy, Alice-in-Wonderland boasts, the consumer in Russia has an unbelievably grim time of it. He wears his old clothes to tatters, because new clothes are prohibitively expensive and often fall apart after several washings. He seldom buys new shoes because they cost at least two weeks' pay—about 200 rubles—and many of them collapse after a few weeks' wear. His furniture is so poor that even the newspaper Evening Moscow was permitted to write a review called Why Is There No Good Furniture?

For all the Soviet's claims of inventing every mechanical marvel of the twentieth century, the Politburo knows its real debt to the West. Although the new Soviet textbooks deny it, older Russians remember cynically that the Soviet's proudest engineering feats were hired, bought or borrowed from the West.

Aided by Foreign Engineers

Moscow's subway system was built by foreign engineers and its railroads were planned and started by French and American technicians. The vaunted Dnieper hydroelectric project was built with the counsel, advice and turbines of American engineers in the 1930s. Russia's two best tractors are duplicates of the 1930 models of American tractors but, despite high production goals, farmers in the fields near Moscow still work with scythes and hand plows. The Soviet's best automobile is the ZIS, produced by the Stalin Automobile Plant, which was established in the early 1930s and equipped with American tools and dies. The ZIS is custom-made and only the top officials can afford it.

Getting down to a family-style, assembly-line car, the Soviet production leaders have had a bad time of it. After years of planning, the industrialists finally turned out the Moskvich, a family car, copied from the German Opal, whose prime fault was that only a handful of Moscow families could afford it. But it had numerous other faults which Soviet engineers revealed in their own magazine, Avtomobil.

"The windows do not work satisfactorily, being raised and lowered with difficulty, and often falling spontaneously due to the jolting movements of the automobile," the engineers reported. "The hand brake does not work properly. When it rains, water seeps through the rubber insulation layers around the windshield and falls on the knees of the driver . . . The nuts fastening the manifold are not tightened during assembly, nor can they be tightened by the wrench provided in the tool kit, since they are not the right size—and therefore the nuts work loose and are lost when the car is running."

Such problems, however, are beyond the concern of the average Moscow worker. On the streets of Moscow, you see women chopping ice, hauling garbage and clearing snow in winter under the direction of male supervisors. Women also run the trolleys and busses and are reasonably adept at putting the trolley back on its overhead wire when it works loose, as it does several times on every trip. While the plight of the women depressed Ruth, who noted their callused hands, sunken eyes and exhaustion, the Soviets have obviously succeeded in toughening their women for whatever duties might be assigned, whether in peace or war.

The men workers are equally toughened and obedient under the iron hand of the state. They have long been shaped into industrial soldiers serving their masters and are keenly aware that being late for work is punishable. A worker may actually be given a "corrective labor sentence" for repeated tardiness. The working time of the Soviet worker in a Moscow industrial plant is officially set at eight hours six days a week, but the periodic speed-ups require much overtime work without pay. To report to his factory on the outskirts of Moscow on time requires that he leave his room two hours earlier, allowing time for bus and trolley breakdowns en route.

While members of the foreign embassies are not granted permission to see Moscow's industries, accounts by Moscow workers establish a rather universal pat-

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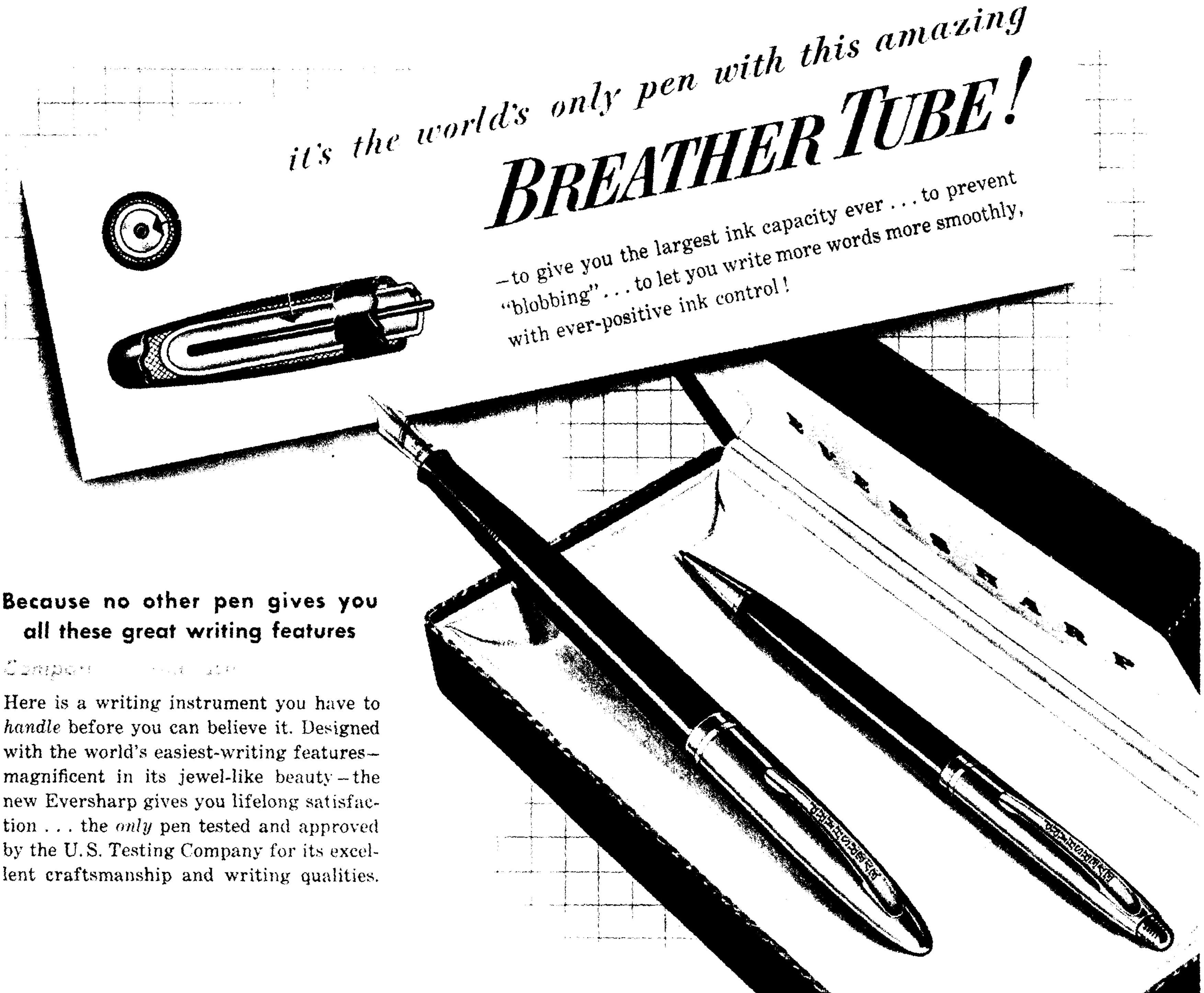

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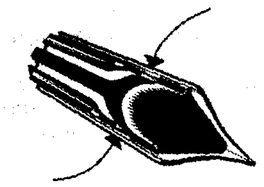

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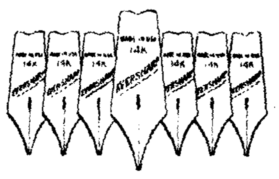

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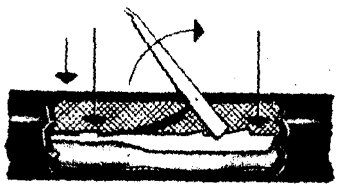

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GIVE EVERSHARP AND YOU GIVE THE FINEST

tern. Some of the more advanced factories provide cafeterias, where a worker can get his breakfast, lunch and dinner at reasonable prices. In most plants, the worker keeps a loaf of black bread and a chunk of sausage in his pocket, on which he feeds during the day. On his way home, he may stop to buy a soda water or beer from one of the street vendors and cynically toast his fortune. The vendors sell their soda water, fruit-flavored, for about 10 cents a glass, and the workers wait their turn for the glass. Beer, whose quality would outrage Milwaukee, sells for about eight times as much as any American beer. The cost of reasonably good vodka is prohibitive for the average worker. When he gets home, at night, he customarily dines on borsch or black bread and potatoes.

Toward the end of the production year, when quotas must be filled, the factory managers become more vocal than college football coaches. The workers, who have already been putting in an arduous six-day week, are now blandished to report for a *Voskryesnik*—or "Sunday workday." "We wish to show our strong desire for peace," a factory manager may tell his assembled workers. "Besides, the nearby factory has been holding *Voskryesniks* continually for the past two months and is well ahead of us. We must reach and surpass them. Therefore, let us volunteer to work for the next three Sundays."

There is no extra pay for this patriotic labor, but the workers "volunteer" unanimously. They also show no opposition to the Voluntary Stalin State Loan, which comes in March and is slightly less voluntary than an American income tax return. In addition to his normal tax, the worker is hereby urged to turn over at least one month's pay to buy non-interest-bearing "Stalin bonds." He is not positively forced to buy them. But if he refuses, he is officially noted as a traitor to his country.

On his days off, the Moscow worker may go shopping, or visit museums and parks, or take a bath. Since only the most luxurious apartments have bathtubs, the average Russian must take his turn at the city's 53 public bathhouses. Few of these bathhouses have been modernized in recent years and there were many breakdowns. In one bathhouse, the prewar tubs were replaced by new ones.

"Say, this beats that leaky clubhouse. Why don't you ask your mother if we can hold our meetings here every week?"

COLLIER'S STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

Stalin's Birthday Presents

Of all Moscow's museums, the most spectacular is the Kremlin itself. Here the lavish gold and silver gifts of czars and monarchs are displayed, but the general public can't get in. Everyone, however, can visit the Gorki Street museum to see the standing display of Joseph Stalin's birthday gifts. When we saw it, I noted hundreds of desk sets and blotters, lavishly bejeweled swords, carved cedar chests, an empty funeral urn, replicas of the Kremlin made of matchsticks, boxes of stale candy and cigars, small-scale models of projected Russian machinery and a red carpet leading up to the exhibit with a statue of Stalin at the top.

Moscow's happiest retreat is the Park of Culture and Rest, not far from the Kremlin, where in midwinter, vendors sell ice cream, mothers bring their young children for an airing, old gentlemen play chess, and young lovers try to escape from the crushing crowds. But even in this park dedicated to the workers, a strange solemnity persists. At a boxing match, the crowds sat strangely silent without taking sides.

Lacking caviar and vodka, Moscow's workers are given "circuses" instead. One annual festival is the Anniversary of the October Revolution. From the window of our apartment, we could look into Red Square and watch the rehearsals. One week in advance, the city was decorated with bunting, a stage was erected and strung with red lights, red stars, red bunting, and hammers and sickles, and tanks began their practice maneuvers in the streets. A few nights before the parade, the Kremlin whipped up interest with a show of rockets and searchlights, pinpointing the inevitable balloons of Stalin, Lenin and Marx.

On the morning of the parade, no traffic was allowed in the square. Although it was bitter cold, the parade lasted most of the day. The voluntary marchers—about as voluntary as Red Chinese troops fighting in Korea—paced by endlessly in quiet, orderly ranks, with hundreds of militiamen circulating among them.

Another "circus" for the comrades is Soviet Aviation Day. The Kremlin uses this occasion to impress Russians and foreign diplomats in Moscow, who watch the demonstration from the reviewing stand. In the August, 1949, parade, the Russians brought out their newest jet planes, flying them so close to the grandstand that most of the diplomats ducked. A European military attaché, sitting next to me, was especially awe-struck. "How fast are they going?" he asked. It looked like about 450 miles per hour, I said, although it seemed faster because they were flying so recklessly low. Later, I showed him a news clipping announcing that United States jets were traveling faster than sound. I could almost feel the attaché relaxing.

From the most fascinating circus of all, however, the workers are strictly barred. Until the Palace of the Soviets is more than a painted poster, the guarded Kremlin will remain the meeting place for the briefest sessions of all world legislatures. For two years, we watched the delegates to the Supreme Soviet come to Moscow from the provinces for their four-day meetings. Within that span, these "legislators" cover the entire administrative program of the Soviet state.

Several of our embassy people attended one of these congresses, in which the delegates approved the annual budget without debate, appointed a new chairman and members of the Soviet Supreme Court, passed an edict on the election of military and transportation tribunals, approved a list of 21 ministers, reorganized 11 ministries, and named Stalin as president of the Council of Ministers. Every vote was unanimous and each time Stalin's name was mentioned, which was frequently, there was a slight flurry of applause.

In Soviet Russia where the middle class is long since dead, the upper class is composed of currently favored bureaucrats, factory managers, approved journalists and playwrights, and ballerinas pretty enough to attract the paunchy leaders. You can see these folks any evening in Moscow's handful of night clubs, where the bill of fare is exorbitant even for Moscow. The fanciest of these night clubs is the penthouse of the Hotel Moskva, a 12-story building and the tallest in the city. Even foreign diplomats on ample expense accounts can scarcely afford an evening at the Moskva. Appetizers, cocktails and dinner runs about $125 per couple on the current diplomatic rate of exchange.

Not only the vilified Americans but all other members of nonsatellite embassies lived in an envelope in Moscow. Our efforts to make friends with Russian officials were usually futile. Only on rare occasions did the Russians attend our social functions, and when they came, they arrived late and left early. They never brought their wives, explaining elaborately that the ladies were sick, or out of town, or tending ailing relatives.

For our drab life in Moscow, we could thank the Soviet's self-generating attacks on foreigners and especially Americans. Their radio and press constantly denounced us as warmongers, and it didn't take a major general to realize that the Soviet leaders were already at total war with us in every sense but shooting. For a decade, they had organized their placid people for such a war. The childlike Russians neither believed their leaders nor disbelieved them. They simply assumed that war was inevitable and asked us why America wished to conquer Soviet Russia. When we advised them that the Soviet leaders, rather than the United States, were out for conquest, they seemed totally unastonished.

Although our life on the whole was dull, we attended many parties given by the foreign diplomatic set. We went to see Russian ballets, opera and plays, where the Russians exercise their ancient and magnificent talent for theater. Compared to the drab and colorless atmosphere of Moscow's streets, the theater is a sudden spectacle of color, presenting the exciting enthusiasm of the once high-spirited Russians.

We saw some of Soviet Russia's newest depressing works, such as The Mad Haberdasher, a scurrilous play about President Truman, and a ballet about an American Negro boy, beaten and downtrodden, who finally reaches Russia and joins the "happy, happy workers." About the same time this ballet appeared, Paul Robeson arrived in Moscow to make some party-line speeches against the United States. A Russian girl who had heard Robeson asked me about him during the intermission of the ballet. "I am confused," she said. "He is one of the people you beat down, but he is still the best-dressed man I ever saw."

Soviet Russia's modern plays are part of the new "*kultura*," a word the Soviets borrowed from the Germans and use in strange ways. All Russians are lectured on the abundance of *kultura* in their vast land. Ruth one day visited a Russian school in Moscow, where the teacher took her into the children's lavatory and showed her a rack of towels and soap. "You see," the teacher said, "we have *kultura* here."

Russians Are Not Supermen

Coming home after two years in Moscow, I can still see and wonder at the strange, often sheeplike attitude of the Soviet's remarkable citizens. Americans taking a long view of Russia without seeing Russia itself usually project two views. Some say that the Russians are extraordinarily strong, that they never had it so good under the czars, and that they are a massive force of supermen as able to conquer the world as their leaders say they are. This, I believe, is nonsense. After serving against the German superman of World War II, I'm not much inclined to attribute superqualities to the Soviet Russian, whether he serves in industry or in the self-titled "Great Red Army."

While I was in Moscow, the Soviet leaders were bending every effort to convince their people that the United States was a loathsome, belligerent and imperial power, out to exterminate the Russian people. Despite this incessant propaganda, I never met a Russian who wasn't curious about the United States; I never met one who was childish enough to accept the Kremlin's hideous preaching without allowing some room for doubt. If he had believed everything he was told, and told again, no American would have been safe in Moscow.

At the same time, I am equally unimpressed by Americans who believe that the Russians are a pushover. I am most concerned that the Politburo, which has often changed its line but never its goal, will now try to persuade America of Russia's peaceful intentions. Soviet Russia's prime intent today, as it was yesterday, is to defeat the United States as leader of the West. It hopes to do this without a shooting war because the Politburo knows that, due to the West's new awareness of its danger and its growing military preparedness, Soviet Russia would be beaten in any total war in the long run.

I've served in the United States Army long enough to recognize an armed camp when I see one. Russia today is an armed camp and Moscow is its headquarters. In Moscow, one may learn that the average Russian is a clumsy member of the machine age, that he is more likely to foul up his industrial job than any citizen west of the Dnieper River, but that he is extraordinarily massive in numbers, totally responsive to iron commands, and, like his leaders, he has absorbed the idea that signs of friendship by countries outside the Iron Curtain must be interpreted as signs of weakness. In Soviet Russia, he recognizes bare power and respects it. He will respect outside power and back down before it only if he recognizes it as greater than the power of his own leaders.

THE END

Next Week

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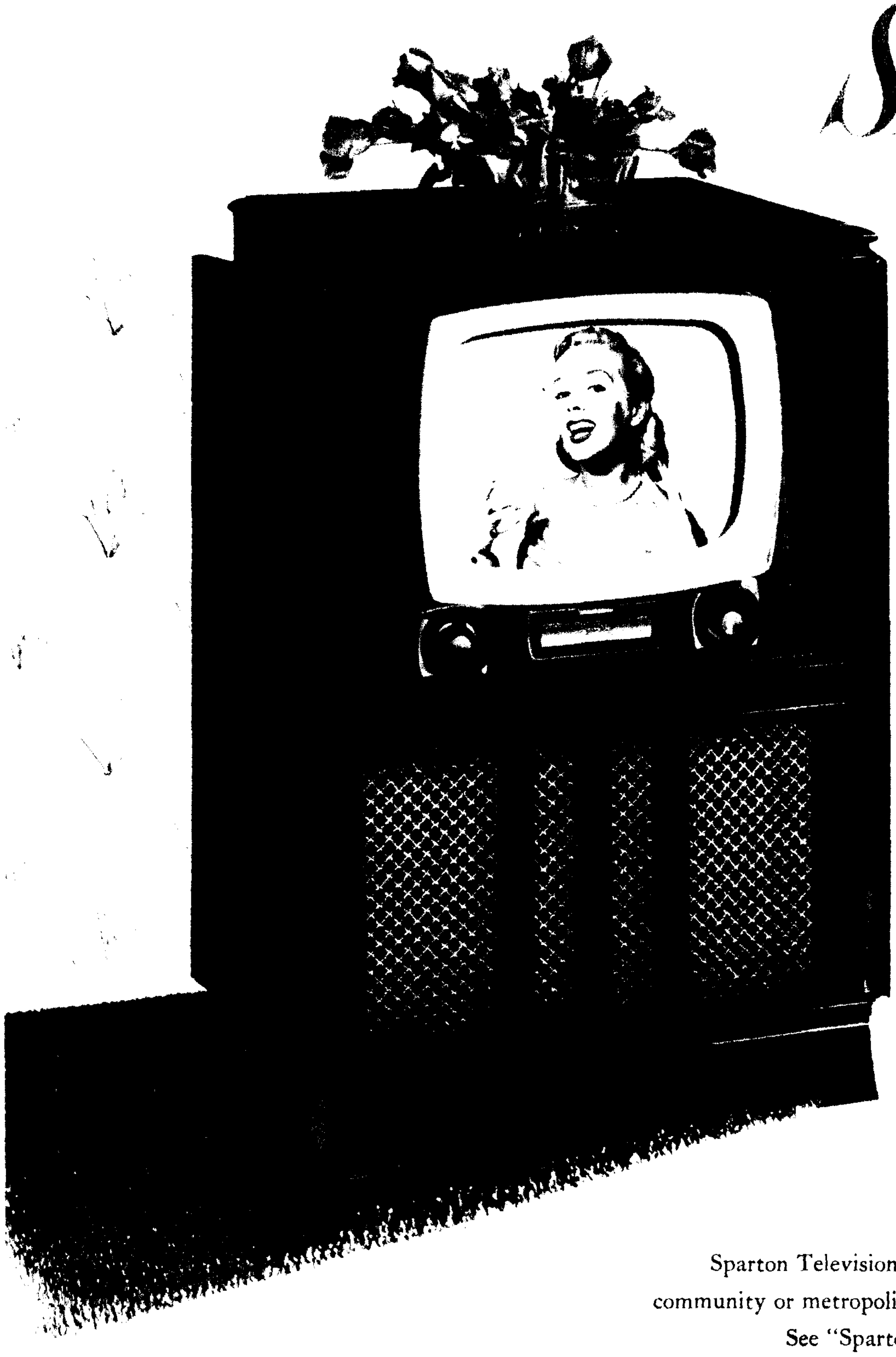

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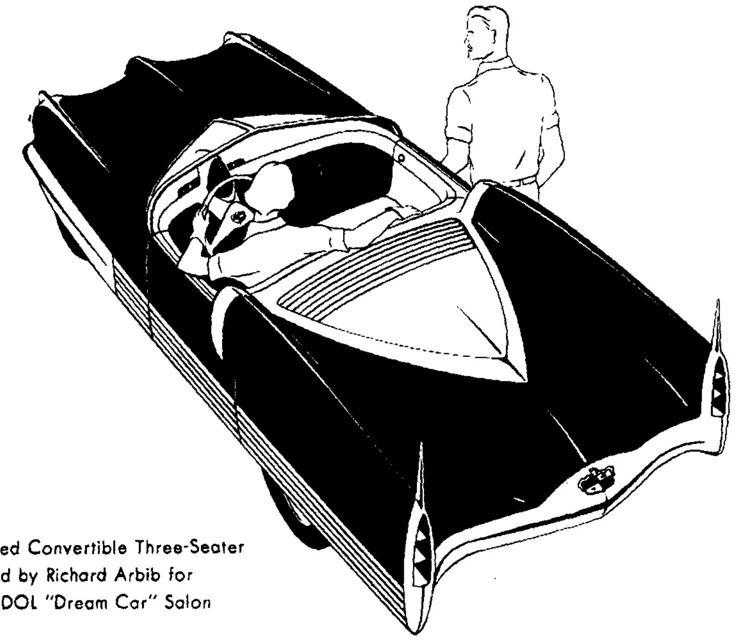

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Paper Prophet

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

hearty man has a strange voice which comes out of his "stomach" in a harsh, deep roar which can frighten a child.

Kurth lost his natural voice seven years ago, when he was operated upon for cancer of the larynx. It was typical of him that when the doctors told him the operation would mean the loss of his voice, he showed little emotion. And then he had to build the new voice at a time when he was deep in a fight to keep Southland Mills going. To do it, he brought in an instructor from the National Hospital for Speech Disorders who taught him to speak with his stomach muscles. He was talking expertly in six months. And today, one of his major concerns is teaching other cancer victims to talk as well as he does.

While the Directors Waited

One morning last autumn, the directors of Southland Paper waited a full hour for their president to show up at an important meeting. While they fidgeted, the boss was in the stock room showing an elderly employee how to talk with his stomach muscles.

"You won't ever sound like Nelson Eddy," the big, white-haired man told his voiceless pupil. "But you'll talk. I used to be second tenor in the college glee club. Now I'm a graveyard bass, and awfully happy to be one."

He rounded out the lesson with a little joke, a favorite of his: "It takes guts to talk like this. Takes guts."

Down in Kurth's Angelina County, they know what he means. Back when Kurth was having his throat trouble, he was too ill to drive. A chauffeur, new to Angelina County, was hired to drive him to Houston. A gray-haired old man, named "Cousin Earl," who has worked at a Kurth foundry for 50 years, gave the chauffeur some advice: "Drive careful, man. You're carrying the hopes and pay checks of half the county."

Cousin Earl wasn't exaggerating. Although Kurth has 140,000 acres of forest around the mill, he buys about half of his cordwood from the outside. Farmers roll in with harvests of scrub pine. They're paid on the spot. About 800 men work in the newsprint plant. Twice as many are employed indirectly in cutting or hauling the lumber.

Besides, there are the other Kurth companies. His Angelina County Lumber Company has been cutting on 150,000 acres of Kurth-owned timber for more than 60 years.

"And we've never cut more timber in any year than we've grown to maturity," says the man with the feeling for trees.

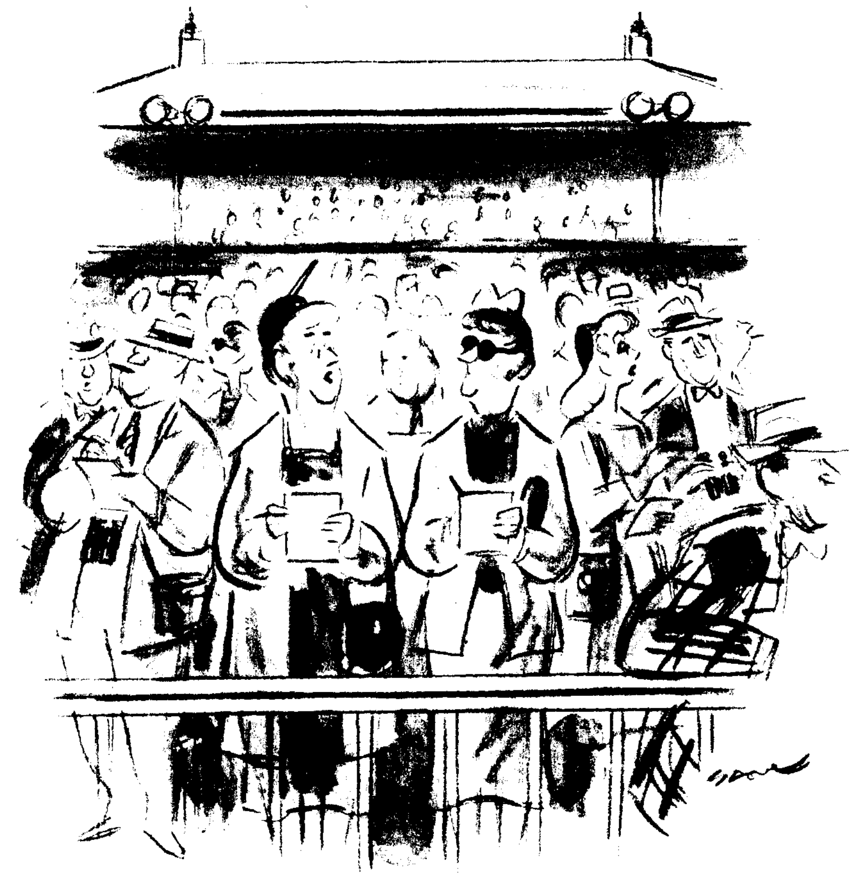
Kurth gets mildly angry over what he calls the popular misconception that newsprint mills gobble up forests. It actually amounts to no more than a sensible thinning operation, he says. His lumberjacks pass by the tall pines and take only the stunted stuff, anything that's five inches in diameter and four feet high. This gives the big pines room to grow. And Southland is making precious newsprint from wood that was almost worthless before—scrubby, crooked pine that was seldom ever used for anything but burning.

"And it never even made a very good fire," says Kurth, in his gravelly, artificial voice.

When the supply of Scandinavian newsprint was cut off during World War II, and Canadian newsprint was limited, Kurth's new factory kept many a U.S. press going.

And, now again, U.S. newspaper publishers are looking to the South to keep the newsprint rolling. As European countries buy more and more Scandinavian and Canadian paper, the United States gets less and less, and must dig deeper into its own resources.

Ernest Lynn Kurth of Keltys, Texas, has shown us where to look; but then "Mr. Ernest is just seeing that things is did right," says one of his mill hands. "He likes things did right—and did right now." THE END



COLLIER'S

"I'm playing a hunch—I'm not betting on this race"

LEONARD DOVE

Stairway to an Empty Room

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

crates which Mrs. Lannon had thought it prudent to save. Across the open space were the steps to the upper floor. Monica went up, put an ear against the door, and listened. There was no sound. She tried the lock; the door moved inward. Now she was in Mrs. Lannon's kitchen.

She crossed the kitchen to the hall. At the far end of the hall, to her left, was the glow from the lamp in the living room; there was even a shadow on the wall, the shadow of Mrs. Lannon's bent head and the edge of the beading frame. Ahead, a few steps away, was the little flight of stairs that went up to the attic.

The least sound would betray her, would lift that bent head and send the beady eyes searching for her.

SHE had a curious sense of floating as she crossed the strip of hall. At the same time she had a feeling of inevitable failure—there *would* be a board creak, or she *must* sneeze, or something would fall with a crash. Even at the top of the stairs, facing the door to the room that had been empty of all but Margaret Demarist's clothes, she had a queer feeling of disbelief. Her hand reached for the knob and turned it and pushed the door inward.

The room was not empty now.

A woman sat on the edge of the far side of the bed, her back to Monica. She wore only a pink-satin slip, and her face was hidden by the yellow hair which had fallen forward. Like Mrs. Lannon, she was working with something in her lap.

She was counting money.

A space no more than the width of the bed separated them now. Monica caught the murmur of the woman's voice.

The money had the crisp new look of a green vegetable. It slipped from the woman's hands into the little pile on her lap.

Monica's knees were against the bed. She spoke then. "Look at me," she said.

The other woman gave a convulsive jerk, and one hand swept up to brush at her hair and then stopped, remaining there, her head not turned, her body small, crouched, animal-like in its sudden tenseness.

"Turn around," Monica said.

The hand crept downward, away from her hair. "What do you want?"

"I want to see your face."

The hand spread itself on the heap of bills. "Go away."

"Turn around," Monica insisted, "and let me have a look at you."

The woman crouched lower, her body tensing and gathering itself as if for some sudden action.

Monica worked her way along the end of the bed. When she stood beside the other woman, the blonde looked up at her quickly.

For a long moment Monica stood as if she were frozen; then she said, "How could you?" and one hand slashed out to strike the woman on the bed.

The stony face didn't flinch under the blow, and the eyes didn't falter. "It's none of your damned business."

"You're letting him die for something he didn't do."

The slender hands covered the money as if to shield it from some danger. "I hate him. I've hated him for years. He was always just a jerk."

"And Winifred? Do you hate her, too?"

"She'll get along. She's got you!"

"You're a monster!"

"Names don't hurt, Monica."

"Why did you do it? For the money—wasn't that it? Veach promised you much, much more than you'd ever seen before. You didn't care that he intended to let Jerry be executed, or that he meant to murder your child."

"Winifred would have been all right," the woman said venomously, "if you hadn't come snooping and insisted on taking her away. She was here where I could even get a peek at her once in a while. And Veach wouldn't really have hurt her. He just wanted her taken East for safety's sake."

Monica, standing rigid, her brain pounding, realized how she had almost fitted into this plan. But she shook her head at Biddy. "No. Winifred came as close to drowning in that lake as anyone could, and live."

"I don't believe it."

"Veach hasn't any plans for you, Biddy, outside the same sort he has for Winifred. Can't you see that? Can't you realize what a danger you are to him? At any time you reveal yourself, there'll be an inquiry into the death of Margaret Demarist. And no one's going to think Jerry killed *her*."

The woman drew her lips back with a kind of hiss.

Monica advanced one step, then another. "You're coming with me now."

"No, I'm not." The hands clutched the money, lifted it, pressed it to the bosom of the soft satin slip.

"You're coming with me to the police, while there's time. You're going to prove that Jerry Huffman isn't a murderer."

The pale lips curled. The absence of make-up on Biddy's face gave her a look almost of illness. "I'm staying here, Monica. If you're smart you'll get out before that old dragon downstairs catches on you're here. She's really tough."

"You're coming, Biddy." Monica moved closer, but Biddy inched away suddenly in the direction of the pillows. A bill slipped loose from the mass of money in her hands. She snatched at it, catching it before it had reached the counterpane.

"You touch me," she said, "and I'll scream. I'll turn you over to them and they'll make you wish you were dead. I hate you just about as much as I hate Jerry, anyway. You were both such stinking jailers."

Monica reached out to touch Biddy's shoulder; not harshly, but as if to emphasize what she meant to say. "I did what Dad and Mother wanted done for you. And then, too, I always loved you. I made sacrifices—"

"You were just too dumb to see, Monica. I hated those dull proper schools and the frigid old maids who ran them. I envied you like hell, being in New York, meeting men—" She broke off to laugh. Her eyes were bitter and mocking. "When I got out of the damned school at last, I tried to let you know how I felt about you. I left hints all over the place. Don't you remember that wedding bouquet you bought me?"

Monica recalled the dead flowers she had found in the closet.

"You thought I'd take it with me, or put it in water as if it were precious. Jerry was broke—you made a big show of buying those white orchids. But I got even."

"Yes, you did," said Monica.

"I've only started on you," said Biddy. "I was going to let you know I was alive, once Jerry was out of the way and you'd settled down to raise the kid. You'd do a lot to keep the world from knowing the sort of mother she had—to keep her from knowing her mother was alive. You like Winifred, don't you?"

"Yes, I love Winifred very much," Monica said. "She reminds me of you when you were very small."

NOW the first chink appeared in Biddy's armor. The pale face stiffened, the eyes dulled. The mouth moved, forming words; but no sound came. A couple of bills tumbled off the heap to lie on the bed.

Monica pulled at the stubborn fingers. "Let it go, Biddy. It isn't worth what you're doing to get it. There isn't that much money in the world."

"I'm going to yell for Mrs. Lannon!"

"No, you won't." Monica went on prying at the fingers. One hand came away, the money it had held tumbling to the bed and the floor. "Let go. It belongs to Veach and

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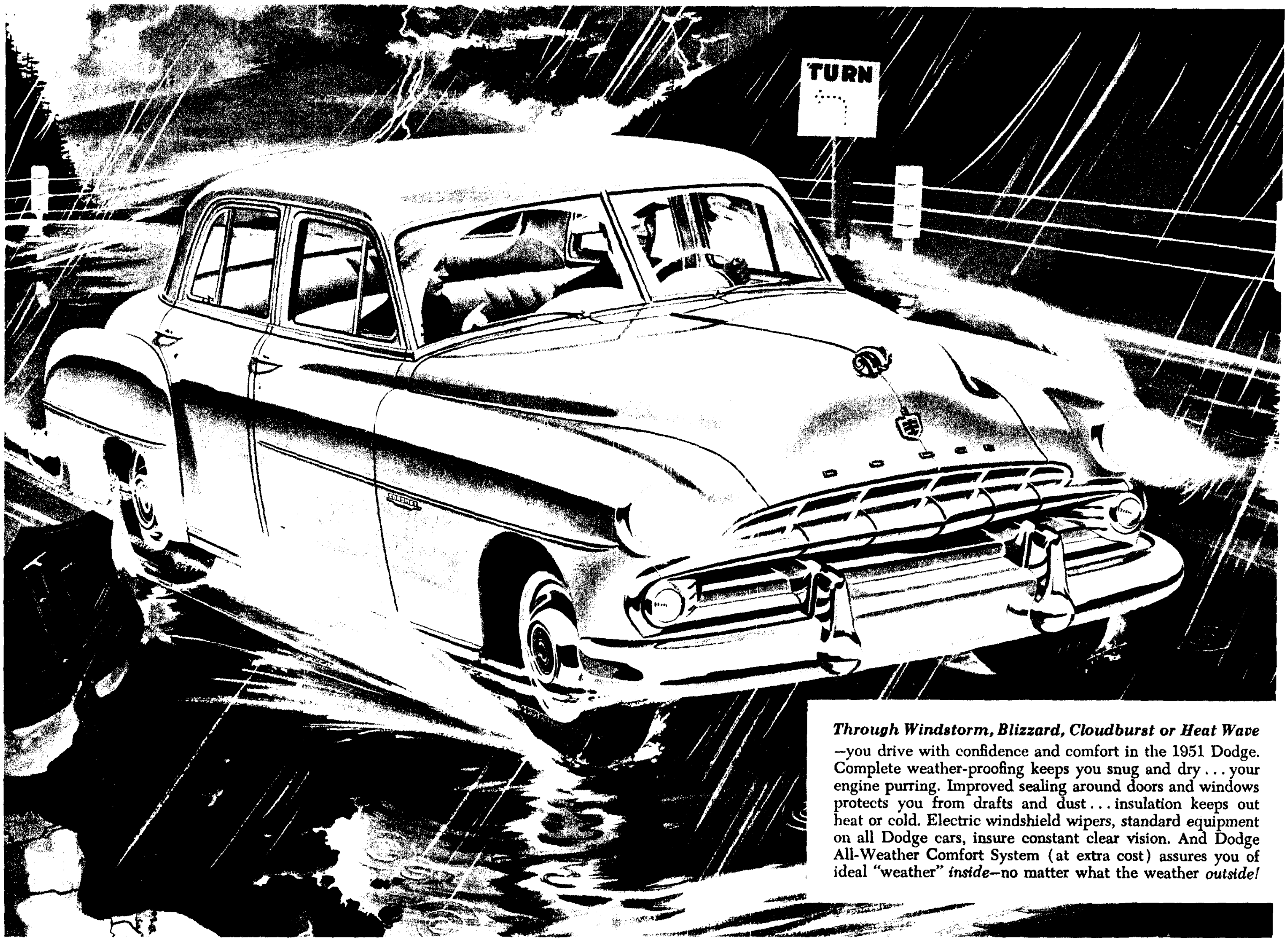

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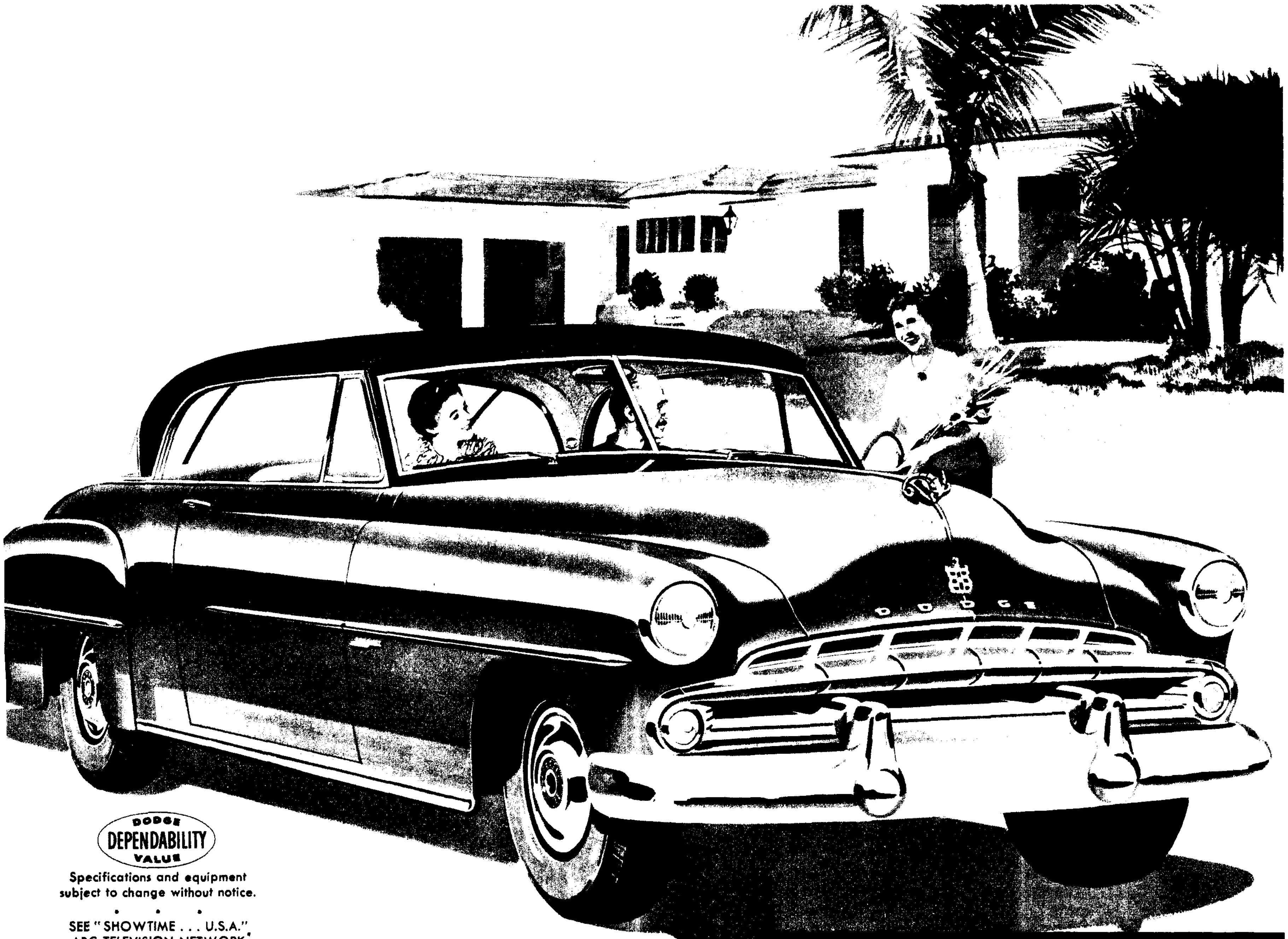

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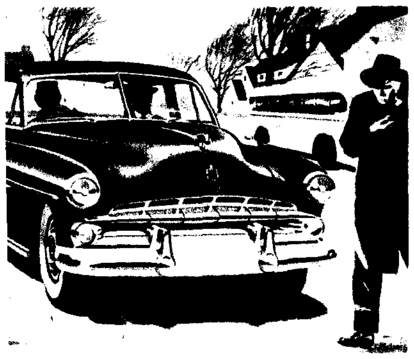

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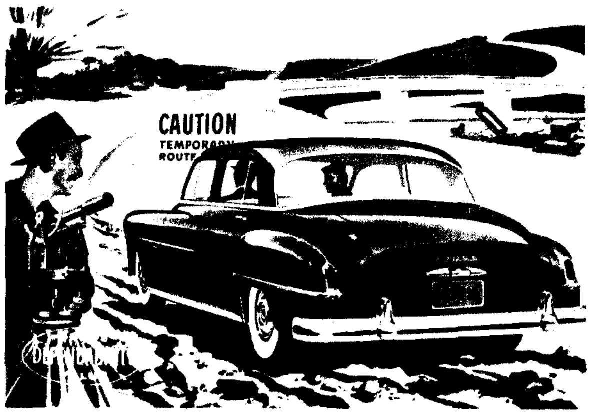

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Drive it five minutes and you'll drive it for years there's blood on it. Why did they murder Margaret Demarist?"

Biddy's fingers writhed inside Monica's. Her eyes were frightened and unsure. "You let me alone. You get out of here."

"Why, Biddy? Surely she couldn't have been a danger to them. She was like a child in her mind, docile and willing. Why did Veach have her killed?"

Biddy sat looking at the money; then she turned her head to look back at the door. "Get down. Get on the floor."

Monica dropped and inched in under the bed. She heard the soft sound of the door catch, the faint squeak of a hinge. Under the scalloped border of the counterpane she could see one of Mrs. Lannon's feet.

There were several moments of silent observation from the door. Then Mrs. Lannon said, "Are you alone up here?"

Biddy jumped as if she were startled, and the bed squeaked as she turned quickly. "Huh? What're you doing? Snooping again? Can't you leave me in peace?"

"I thought I heard voices." Biddy's querulous anger had no effect on Mrs. Lannon; her tone was flatly assured and cynical. "You aren't pulling a fast one, are you?"

"I'm counting my money."

"Yeah—as usual." Mrs. Lannon moved into the room. "Money sure fascinates you."

"You get out of here before some of it turns up missing," Biddy snapped.

"This is my house."

"And a lousy, rotten place to be shut up."

Mrs. Lannon came a couple of steps farther. "What was that?"

"You lay a hand on me," said Biddy "and I'll claw your eyes out."

Mrs. Lannon sniggered. "It's high time you learned who's boss here."

Monica began wriggling toward the opposite side of the bed. She heard Mrs. Lannon pounce on Biddy, heard the girl's enraged yelps and the struggle that followed. She crawled out on the side next to the door. There was a stool, a three-legged maple stool—

She got a good grip on one leg of the stool and then crawled quickly out from under the bed. Biddy was on the edge of the bed, arched backward; Mrs. Lannon had Biddy's throat squeezed in her heavy hands. Biddy was clawing the air in the direction of the jet-black eyes but her movements were frantic and un-co-ordinated, and Mrs. Lannon avoided her hands with a look almost of amusement.

As Monica moved at the edge of her vision, Mrs. Lannon jerked up her head and looked back. Her eyes took on an expression of disbelief.

Mrs. Lannon's lips tightened. She let go of Biddy when she saw the stool in Monica's hand. As soon as Biddy could draw a breath, her hands were back in Mrs. Lannon's face; but this time they did the work she meant them to do. Mrs. Lannon moaned and lifted her arm.

Monica hit her with the stool at the base of the skull.

She let out a choked sound and dropped like an ox. The floor shook when she hit it. Biddy said, "I hope you killed her."

"I don't think I hit her hard enough," said Monica. "I just want her out of the way for a while." She thought swiftly. "Let's tie her up and put her into the cupboard in the other room—the place she kept your blue suitcase."

Biddy shook her head. "I've got a place for the old bat. In the cellar. It's all lined with brick. Soundproof. My hunch tells me it's where they kept the Demarist kid those last few days."

THOSE last few days . . . The final days that Margaret Demarist had been permitted to live. Monica looked at the woman on the floor, at the hard face gone slack and senseless, at the cruel hands outspread. Then she lifted her eyes to Biddy's: this was her sister, this was the small, loved child grown up. This was Winifred's mother.

"What's the matter with you?" Biddy asked. She ran to the dresser and took scissors from the drawer, then stripped back the bedding and began to cut up a sheet. "What're you waiting for? Come on—help me." She ripped at the sheets, tearing off long strips of cloth, then worked swiftly at Mrs. Lannon's wrists and ankles. "Come on!" she cried. "Don't just stand there!"

They pulled the heavy form to the stairs.

"Down you go!" Biddy said cheerfully. She gave the limp body a shove and giggled as it bobbed to the bottom of the staircase.

In the cellar Biddy pulled away the stacked orange crates to display a small, low, but solid-looking door of heavy planks set into the brick wall. She tugged at the catch and the door swung out. The light that hung from the beam in the middle of the cellar cast only a thin glow this far, but Monica made out a rough brick-lined nook not more than four feet square. Someone had hollowed out the earth here to make this crude little prison. Biddy bent above Mrs. Lannon and tugged at her shoulders with cheerful energy. "Happy dreams," she said, giving a final shove with her foot.

"She'll smother in there!"

"No, she won't. There're a couple of air holes. Say, that binding on her wrists looks kind of tight. Maybe—" Biddy looked at Monica and frowned a little.

"I'll see." Monica went forward unsuspecting; she heard the scratch of Biddy's shoe on the floor behind her and a sharp sense of danger made her turn—but not soon enough. The next instant Biddy's ferocious heave had thrown her in. She stumbled on Mrs. Lannon's body and fell against the brick wall. In that moment it grew dark. Then it was pitch-black.

"Biddy!" Monica felt around the narrow space until she found the door. "Biddy, let me out!"

There was a narrow crack beside the door frame; she felt a breath of cool air from the outer cellar, though no light penetrated.

"Biddy, don't leave me here!"

"Sorry, darling." Biddy's voice was smug and far away. "I couldn't let you turn me over to the cops, now could I?"

"There isn't air enough in here!"

"I think there is," Biddy said, as though it didn't matter much anyhow. "If you're smart you'll tighten up the old hag's bindings. When she comes around and gets loose it might not be too nice in there."

MONICA didn't say anything; she leaned against the door in the dark and rubbed her temples. She was aware of the hammering of her heart against her ribs, and of the painful stricture of the tape.

Biddy scratched a little, like a mouse, at the edge of the door. "Hey! Monica!"

Monica didn't reply. There was nothing to say.

"Listen, Monica, I'm not going to leave you there forever," Biddy said, her tone conciliatory. "I'm going upstairs now and pack a few things. Then I'm gathering up the money and clearing out. I'll telephone for someone to help you—anyone you say—after I know I'm safe. Just one thing—you're not to start yapping that you saw me here. They won't believe you, but it might delay what's going to happen to that jerk, and I just don't want it. Promise?"

Monica was seeing a vision of Stevens, his face set and bleak, saying, "I'm beginning to get it . . . that chip on your shoulder . . ."

Stevens! Wouldn't he come here soon? Once he learned that she had run away from Mrs. Adams' place, wouldn't common sense tell him—?

Biddy rapped impatiently. "Good-by for now, darling! Thanks for whacking her with the stool and—"

"Wait!"

Biddy stopped speaking, waited a moment, then asked cautiously, "What is it?"

Monica pressed her face toward the cool breath of air, and tried frantically to marshal her thoughts. "It's about Winifred. I have to pick her up before it gets much later. Let me out, Biddy. I won't try to keep you from leaving, and I'll keep my mouth shut."

Biddy apparently took time to think it over. "Where *is* the kid?"

"Not where you could get her—and she mustn't catch sight of you, Biddy!"

In the dark, on the floor, Mrs. Lannon groaned—a sound like a rousing animal.

"Please, Biddy!" Monica pounded the door softly with her fist. But she forced her tone to remain subdued and wheedling.

"You better not try anything!"

"No, I won't. I'll do just as you say."

"Is the old battle-ax coming out of it?"

"She's beginning to."

"Okay. Out with you, and we'll shut her up quick." The door was jerked open; the thin light striking Monica's eyes seemed like a midday glare. She stumbled through the low doorway. Biddy slammed the door shut, fastened the catch and pulled the boxes into place.

She looked over her shoulder at Monica. "You can go."

"I dropped my bag upstairs when I crawled under your bed."

BIDDY eyed her narrowly. "I'll bring it and toss it down to you. Stay here." She turned and hurried toward the cellar stairs. In the silk slip, her figure looked childlike, slim and unformed. She whirled when she heard Monica following. "Don't come close. I'm warning you." Her face was suddenly savage, her cheeks white.

Monica slowed, pausing at the foot of the steps. "Are you really going to let him die?"

"Am I? Wait and see!"

"No matter what your married life was like—"

The mask of loathing broke open to show Biddy's perfect little white teeth—like a meat-eating animal's, even and sharp and clean as bone. "He's a sap. He's just too dumb to live! When I remember the years on end that I had to live with him—"

"Biddy—think what he's going through tonight—this instant—!"

Biddy wagged her head. "I'm thinking of myself, of the years when I was young and wanted to have fun, and of how he'd preach, preach, preach. He didn't want me to drink. He didn't like for me to go out alone nights. He's a stinker, a dirty rotten stinker, and I only wish I could be there to see him burn!"

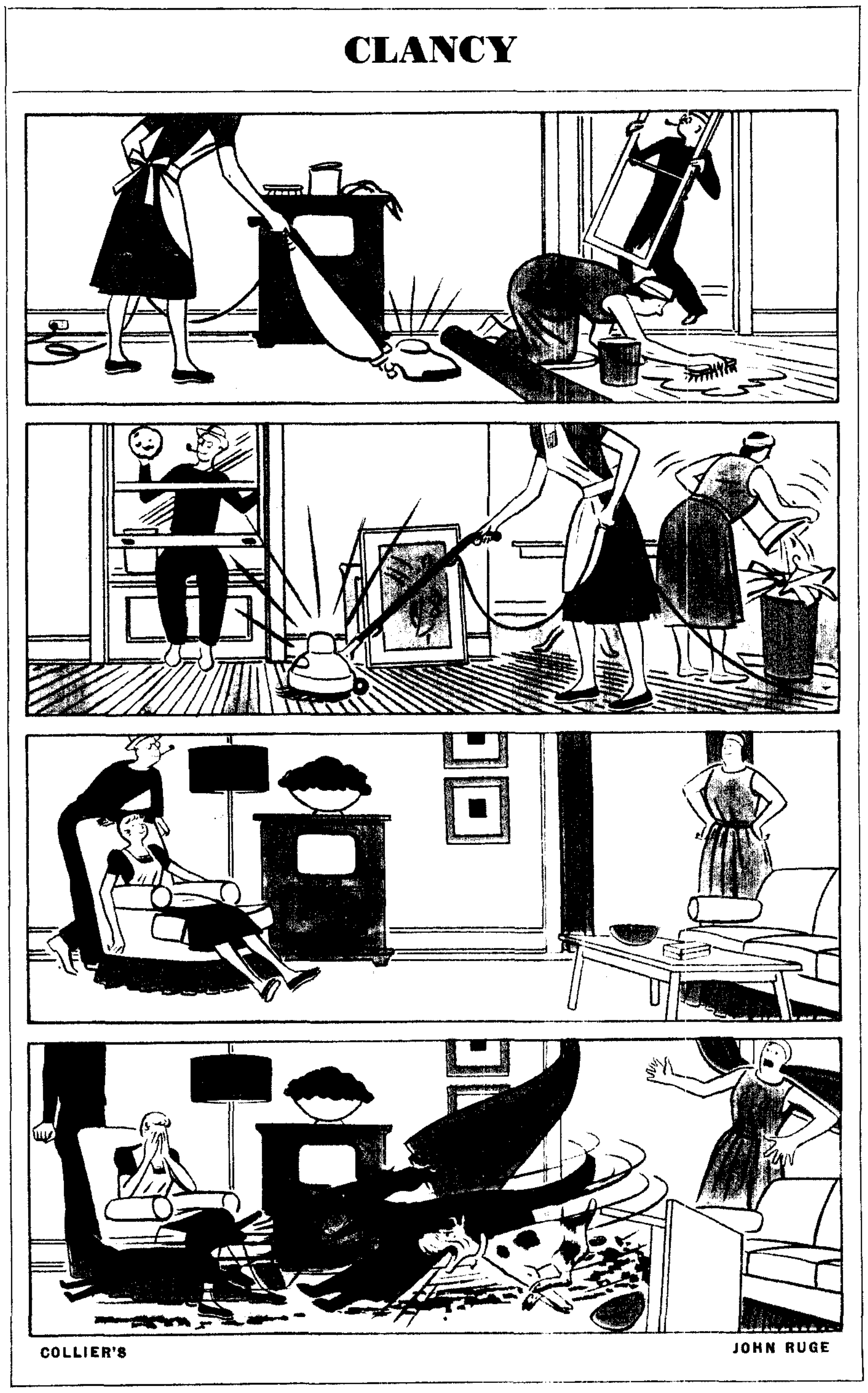
The mask that looked down at Monica from the top of the stairs was nothing she had ever seen before. Somewhere under it was what was left of the small child who had been her sister. The bitterness of the voice, the triumphant hatred that flamed in the eyes were scalding poison. Monica turned her head, fighting for control. "You wish—don't you, Biddy?—that I was there with him and going to be executed as he is."

Biddy's mouth jerked. She moved her gaze off Monica to the depths of the cellar.

"Why didn't you tell me that you hated the schools? Why didn't you demand that I bring you to New York and turn you loose to fight your way in the jungle you hoped to find waiting for you? I'm human—I'd have let you come. Nothing is worth killing over, Biddy. Don't let Jerry die for something I should have done."

Biddy said, "Shut up!" She moved uncertainly in the shadows at the head of the stairs. "I want a drink. I want whisky."

"Biddy!" Monica took a step toward her. "Let me come up and go out one of the



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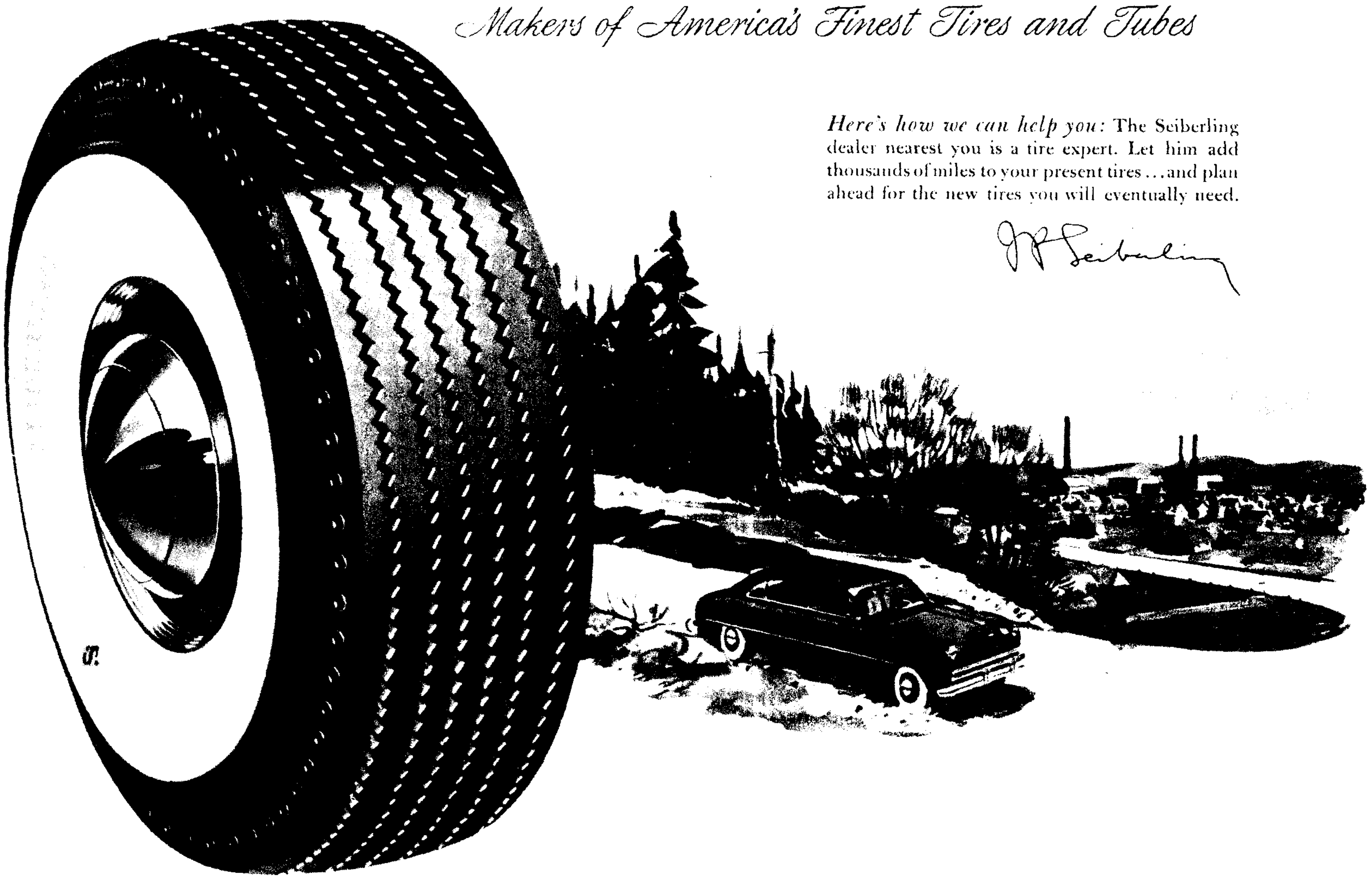

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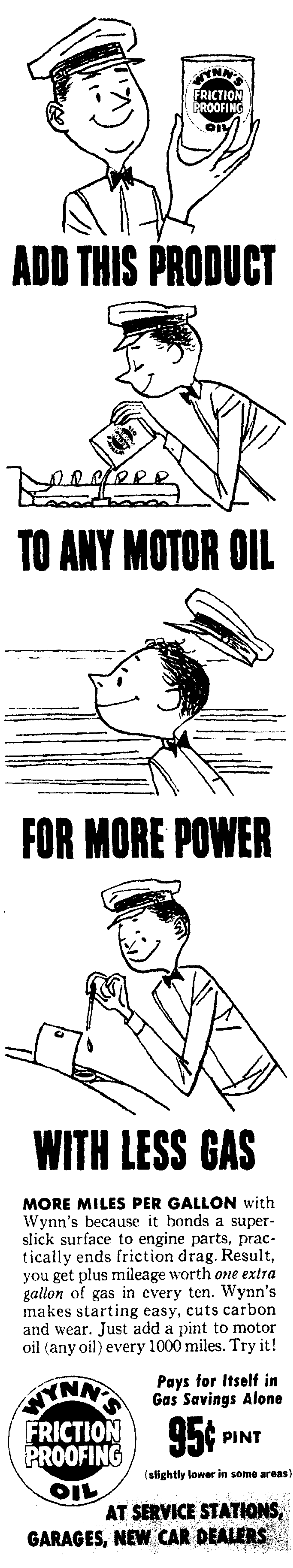

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doors. I don't want to crawl out the way I came in."

The change of subject attracted Biddy's attention. She slid backward through the door at the head of the stairs. "Come on up, then. Don't try anything funny. I don't trust you—not a damned bit."

In the kitchen they faced each other. Biddy had known where to look in the few moments she had preceded Monica—she now held a short knife in her clenched right fist. "Pour us a drink," she said. "She keeps the whisky and the ginger ale in the refrigerator."

THE refrigerator was big and white; a breath of solid cold drifted out against Monica's face as she reached in for the bottles.

"Get ice cubes, too," Biddy commanded.

Monica put the makings on the sink, took glasses from a cupboard, dropped in ice cubes, poured whisky and ginger ale.

Biddy picked up her drink, then moved away cautiously. "I heard Veach talking," she said. "You've got a guy with you."

Monica looked across the rim of her glass. "Stevens. You know him."

Biddy lifted her drink, pretending to measure it with her eye, then glanced sidewise as if she were trying to study Monica. "How did you meet him?"

"Through Winifred. He was interested in seeing that nothing happened to her. He has a claim on her as good as mine, of course." Monica kept her tone matter-of-fact; she waited for Biddy's reaction.

The ice rattled in the glass when Biddy's hand shook. "No. I don't even want the kid to know him. He's a rat, just like—" She stopped and shrugged, her expression wary.

"Who is he?"

It grew very quiet while Biddy looked at her with a touch of amusement. "You don't know?"

"I know that if it weren't for Stevens, Winifred and I would both be dead. We'd be at the bottom of that lake where Veach intended us to drown."

"You're so damned afraid of Veach! Veach isn't anybody! He's a dope. I'm tired of hearing you yap about him and how dangerous he is." Biddy turned up her glass, swallowing the last of her drink. "I'm going up to the bedroom now," she said. "I'll throw your purse down to you."

"Biddy—"

"Quit harping about Jerry. If I wanted to do anything, I'd have done it long ago. I'm paid off, see? My job's done."

She ran for the stairs to the upper room. At the upper landing she looked down, checking on Monica's whereabouts. Then she disappeared.

Monica stood in the little hall at the base of the stairway. She held out the glass in which some liquid, and the ice, still remained. She held it at arm's length and let it drop. It shattered on the bottom step.

An instant later came Biddy's yelp. Biddy pounded out upon the upstairs landing. "Monica!" But now there was nothing to see except the broken glass and the spreading liquid. "Monica! Hey! What happened down there?"

The silence closed in eerily. Monica was flattened against the wall beside the entrance to the stairway. Biddy would not be able to see her until she was all the way down and into the dimly lighted lower hall.

"What are you doing, Monica? Why did you drop that drink?"

No answer. Biddy came down a step. She must have known that this was likely to be a trick and yet her curiosity and uncertainty were bringing her down. If something had happened to Monica, it might happen to her. She had to know.

She came down a few more steps; her voice took on an edge of angry fright. "Who's down there?"

Monica tried not to breathe. There mustn't be any warning; she had to take Biddy by surprise.

Biddy reached the bottom of the stairway and peered toward the kitchen. Monica stepped behind her, and threw her arms around her in such a way that Biddy's arms were pinned to her sides. For a moment the thin figure stiffened in surprise. Then Biddy looked over her shoulder and snarled in fury.

It was what Biddy had half expected, and this added to her rage—knowing that she had acted in spite of her own caution and common sense.

They struggled, and the thin silk slip ripped and left Biddy half in rags. She dragged Monica into the kitchen. Monica clung to her doggedly, head down against Biddy's back, her teeth clenched. "You're going to tell them!"

"Like—*hell!*" Biddy forced a hand free, then an arm. She gripped the edge of the sink, pulling herself and Monica toward the cupboards. A drawer opened with a rattle of cutlery and Biddy's fingers searched among the tools inside. Monica caught a glimpse of spatulas, cooking spoons and knives. The next instant Biddy had turned like an eel, twisting Monica off balance.

Monica's hold broke; she went down on one knee. She looked up. Biddy stood against the light, her body poised and whiplike, and in her upraised hand something gleamed with a steely brightness.

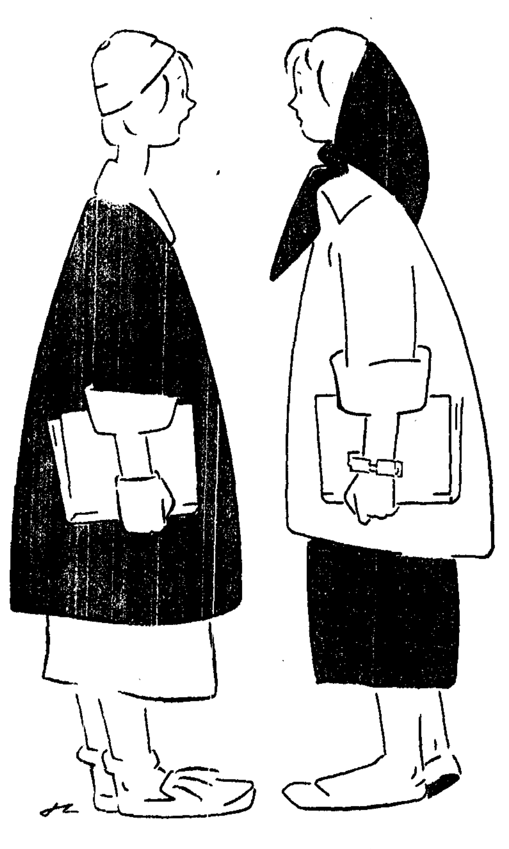
Monica lifted a hand. "No, Biddy! You couldn't!" She tried to dodge as the blade swept downward toward her. She felt herself begin to fall. The next instant something struck her under the heart.

She found herself sitting on the floor. Biddy was still bent over her, but now there was utter quiet, a breathless silence.

Monica shut her eyes; she had a sudden sensation of utter weariness. I ought to sleep, she thought, only now there isn't time—there won't be time until it is all over for Jerry Huffman, either one way or the other. She fumbled with the bosom of her dress, where something seemed to be wrong.

Biddy screamed then, and Monica opened her eyes and looked up. Biddy's face was a caricature filled with terror. It was a paper mask that someone had made, and then crumpled and torn up. Biddy was pointing at Monica.

Monica glanced down. She saw, with a feeling of surprise, that there was a steak knife sticking from her ribs below the left breast. She touched it. It was in solidly; it didn't move.



"I just don't understand men. Albert hasn't tried to kiss me since the last time I slapped him!"

COLLIER'S JOHN COOK

I must be dying. . . .

Biddy got down on hands and knees and crept toward Monica, the way an animal sneaks up on something that is strange, and in a chattering voice she said, "Monica—honest, I didn't mean to!" She squeezed her eyes half shut and reached out and touched the tip of the knife handle with one finger. Then she withdrew the finger swiftly as if it had been burned. "I didn't really want to kill you, Monica! It was just—I got excited. I know that all you did for me when we were young— It was something you thought you ought to do—the schools and all—and I couldn't want to hurt you for it." She covered her face with her hands and began to rock back and forth on her heels. "Oh, God. Oh, God!"

Monica put her hand on the knife handle and pulled at it. It didn't budge. The blade was stuck into something inside and wouldn't come out. There was no blood yet; but the queerest part was that Monica felt no pain. There was a kind of numbness from the blow, nothing more.

Biddy remained crouched there in her torn slip, looking more like a skinny child than ever—looking, as a matter of fact, remarkably like Winifred. She panted, "I'll do what you want. I'll tell the cops what I did—what Veach made me do—"

"Then go to the telephone," Monica said tiredly. "Go now. Call the police and tell them who you are."

Biddy rose, pushing herself up from the floor as she backed away. "If you'll forgive me—"

"I forgive you. Go on."

BIDDY turned to go. At that moment Mr. Veach walked into the kitchen from the back porch. His wolf's eyes held an expression of indulgent humor. "Sorry, Barbara—I can't have you using the telephone. It would be most inconvenient for me. Besides, don't you realize that the first thing the police would do would be to arrest you for murdering your sister?"

Veach walked farther into the room and leaned against the refrigerator. "You were always on the impulsive side, Barbara, but tonight you really overstepped. I had other plans for Miss Marshall—nothing so crude as this impromptu knife work of yours." He hefted the small, deadly, blued-steel gun in his hand. "Don't make a dash for the telephone. I shall dispose of you quite shortly if you become troublesome."

Biddy didn't seem overly impressed. She pulled the remaining shreds of her silk slip this way and that as if she wished to deprive Veach of the sight of her nakedness.

Veach frowned. "I judge that you have incapacitated Mrs. Lannon."

"She was picking on me," Biddy said. "I didn't feel like taking it."

Veach's cold yellow eyes narrowed. "Women are not constituted to carry out intrigue. Their emotions get mixed into the business at hand. Wisdom is overruled. My cousin is like all the rest—she dislikes you, and so she takes advantage of the chance to harass you. I should have foreseen it."

Monica was studying the man. Height-building shoes gave him several inches, lengthening his step and changing the way he held himself. The tint or dye had washed out of his hair, and the loss of color made the hair seem thinner, a silver-gray. His whole appearance had changed. He gave an impression of gentleness and courtesy, even, ironically, when he was threatening Biddy with the gun. He was, Monica sensed, back into the character he had created for himself—the psychoreligious adviser, the haven for broken minds.

He moved the gun slightly. "Where is Mrs. Lannon?"

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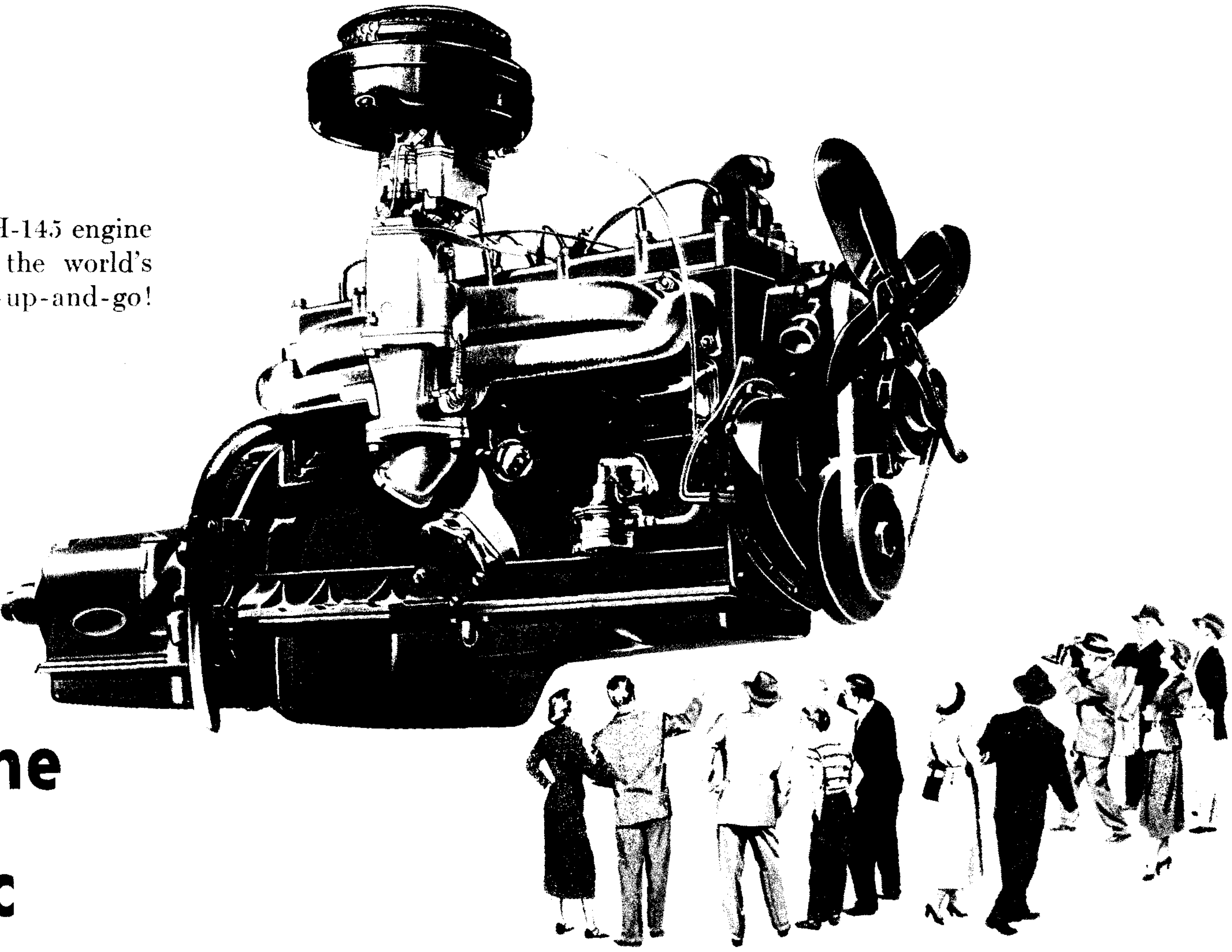

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"In the upstairs closet," Biddy lied. Her attitude toward Veach had more spite than fear. "She's okay. She yelled for a while. Now she's sulking." Biddy glanced at Monica. "I want to get a doctor for my sister."

"You have no more chance of getting a doctor than you have of getting the police," Veach told her. "Besides, Miss Marshall is dying. You may be sure that the internal bleeding will shortly be fatal."

"But a doctor— If she were operated on—"

VEACH'S cold eyes studied Monica's face. "No one, even a surgeon, could do more than ease her misery. And she doesn't show any indications of undue pain. Are you suffering, Miss Marshall?"

"I feel—chilly," Monica said.

"That's to be expected. Where is the little girl?"

Monica laughed under her breath.

"You don't intend to tell me."

She shook her head. "And there's very little you can do to make me." She put up a hand to shade her eyes from the bright overhead glow, and to conceal the knowledge that must be blazing in them. For, of course, she was in no danger of dying; in the excitement of the struggle with Biddy she had forgotten the heavy casing of tape that bound her ribs—and the tape was what held the knife.

"It doesn't matter," Veach decided. "The child has no way of acting alone."

"She isn't alone," Monica said.

"Stevens has her?"

"No." She said it too quickly; she saw conviction spring up behind Veach's mask of casual irony.

"Just what does the child say about her father?"

"That he didn't kill her mother."

Veach rubbed a hand across his smooth gray hair. Something like a smile twitched at the corners of his mouth. "Nothing more definite? No proof? Nothing she—overheard, shall we say?"

Whatever she told him now might mean life or death for Winifred. She chose her words slowly, kept her voice faint. "Mrs. Lannon seems to have carried on some revealing conversations with a woman named Wanda. They thought that Winifred wouldn't know what they meant. They underestimated the child."

His face grew attentive. "Then the child has no evidence, but only hearsay."

"You're quite safe," Monica told him, "since Mrs. Lannon is your tool and the woman called Wanda is dead."

The yellow eyes grew glacial in Veach's stiffened face. The man was a superb actor; if Monica had not been aware of the inner workings of the plot, she would have sworn that the knowledge of Wanda's death was a surprise to him. Even his breathing changed. He seemed to shudder, a motion that suggested that something cold had touched his spine. "Do you say so? What makes you think this?"

"That Wanda's dead? I found her. But you know that, Mr. Veach."

He came close and looked down at her. "Where did this occur?"

"Aren't you being a little ridiculous?"

She coughed, then—it was a genuine cough, and it racked her sore lungs—and she took the opportunity to half-fall against the low door of the sink cupboard. She didn't like Veach's close surveillance.

If he stayed close to her it would not be long before he would begin to suspect the truth. Monica put begging appeal into her voice. "Biddy—water! I'm strangling!"

Biddy, suddenly galvanized again by guilt, ran for the faucet. Veach's gun jerked round to cover her. "Be careful, Barbara."

Biddy ran water into a glass. "Give it to me," Veach commanded. A moment later he bent above Monica and held out the glass to her, and his voice seemed almost out of control—high and womanish. "Miss Marshall, where did Wanda die?"

She looked up at him in spite of her need for caution—looking directly into the pale eyes over which the thick white lids drooped and trembled. What was wrong with the man? You'd almost think that he was fond of that dead woman. Monica said, "You know where she was killed. In that little house at the top of the canyon road, out beyond Beverly Hills."

He licked his lips, sucked them. "When?"

"Don't you remember walking down that hill in the dark tonight?"

"When?"

Biddy dived for him, a small and feral shape, and as he swung on his bent knees, the gun came up. The next instant there was an explosion. Biddy kept coming.

He jerked himself straight and tried to back away. Still Biddy came, but slower now. She arrived at a spot directly in front of Veach and then she fell. On the floor, with her thin limbs outstretched, she looked no bigger than a child.

For a long instant Monica stared into the muzzle of the gun. She wasn't aware of fear, though she expected Veach to kill her. His arm shook; he tottered this way and that. Suddenly he seemed to pull himself together. A look of savage humor crossed his face. "I leave you to your dying, Miss Marshall. Take your time."

BRAD ANDERSON

COLLIER'S "I hate to discourage him. He's never had a hobby before" BRAD ANDERSON

He walked out of the room.

Monica crept to her knees and reached for Biddy to turn her over. The thin colorless features were slack now. There was a glaze on the clear blue eyes. Biddy's lips moved a little and Monica bent over and put her ear close. The knife got in her way, twisting this way and that. She pulled it out with a vicious jerk and looked for an instant at its tip; there was nothing except the rubbery stickiness from the tape. She bent over Biddy again. A gushing warmth ran suddenly between her fingers, crossed under Biddy's back.

BIDDY'S whisper was loud and hoarse. Monica waited, her breath stopped in her throat. There would be something about Winifred, there would be a last message for Biddy's little girl. But Biddy said, "Go get that money, kid. I earned it." Then she went flaccid all over, as if somewhere inside a string had pulled loose and disconnected all of her joints at once—like the coming-apart of a puppet.

Monica let her down slowly, let her down softly so that there should be no noise to disturb the immense silence that now filled the kitchen. It seemed as if something frightful, evil and violent had blown through the room, had taken Biddy's life with it, and now was gone.

Inwardly she flinched, for Biddy's words re-echoed in her mind: *I earned it.* Yes, Biddy had earned all that Veach had given.

She'd earned her reward by giving up her husband and her child, by avarice, by playing a part in a cold, cunning design.

A panorama unfolded in Monica's stunned mind, the story of the crime from its beginning. Months ago a girl named Margaret Demarist had fallen into the hands of a man who wanted her money. Though she allowed herself to be stripped of all she owned and though she was docile, timid and almost helpless, it was decided finally to do away with her. The crime had to be well managed, for the girl's guardian was wealthy and once there was a suspicion of foul play Veach could expect no mercy from a man financially much more powerful than he.

Veach must have plotted with extreme care. Choosing Biddy must have come early in the game—physically she closely resembled the dead girl, she was money-hungry, and she had a husband whom she wouldn't mind involving in a murder.

For of course there had to be a murder—an open, admitted murder. It was the simplest and most logical way of managing the thing. The body could be disposed of as a body; no dangerous hocus-pocus was necessary to cause it to disappear.

Biddy obviously had prepared part of the trap for Jerry the night before—the blood spots inside the trouser legs had to be planted while he was out of his clothes. In the morning, an argument was stirred up at the breakfast table, an unsettled argument that left Jerry seething—this in order for him to be in a bad mood when Biddy telephoned later, to cause him to delay on the way home and help put the noose around his neck.

The thing progressed with the inevitable timing of a well-written play. The janitor, working in the areaway, where his position could be checked, was allowed to hear something that alarmed him, that suggested danger. Monica's imagination re-created what must have been the man's dismay as he heard cries and weeping in Biddy's voice, then the crashing noise. The interview immediately following between Biddy and the manageress had been plotted on exactly the right note, with Biddy apologetic for her brutal husband, forgiving yet afraid. She'd turned down an offer of help without allaying any of the manageress' disquiet.

Once the stage was set and the telephone call made to Jerry, how swiftly the work must have gone! There was much to do. Margaret, smuggled in during the morning and kept quiet, most probably, under drugs, was quickly dressed in Biddy's clothes and killed. Not on the stairs, of course—too much chance of interruption there—but in some place that could be easily cleaned. The bathtub perhaps, the evidence sluiced away with gallons of water. The grease spots were dropped on the steps, other grease smears put on the body. The murdered woman was carried to the stairway and left for Jerry to find.

No doubt when Jerry discovered the body on the stairs, the terrible condition of the head and face sickened him, and he forgot any possible questions he might have asked, and any doubts as to identity.

One little slip—Biddy had kept her wedding ring. Who looks for a wedding ring on a body in the condition Margaret's had been in?

Who raises his voice to question identity when the police are yelling that they've just found an insurance policy for ten thousand dollars?

Who could do anything but sit dumfounded while a hammer and towels are displayed, fresh from their hiding place, and while bloodstains are found where no bloodstains should be?

WITH a dazed, slow awkwardness Monica got up and went to the sink to run water over her hands, to rub them dry against her thighs. From one of Mrs. Lannon's drawers she took two clean towels.

Biddy was dead. The thought was a blazing pain behind Monica's eyes. She returned to where Biddy lay, taking the towels, and knelt down. She brushed Biddy's hair with a soft touch, feeling its feathery texture. Then she shook out the towels and spread them, covering Biddy's face and the small, thin torso. Whatever Biddy's part had been in the murder of Margaret Demarist, the score was paid.

Monica went to the drawers and inspected the array of knives. She picked one up, then turned toward the door.

There was a stream of fresh air flowing in the hall. The front door must be open, Monica thought. She could not recall hearing any sound from this front part of the house. She had taken it for granted that Veach had gone to release Mrs. Lannon. She moved cautiously in the shadows. Then she heard Veach's voice, the trembling, womanish tone that, she realized now, betrayed a thinly balanced and deadly anger. She gripped the knife and stole forward, scarcely aware of Veach's words.

". . . *but not Wanda!* You had no right to sacrifice her!" he cried furiously.

Another voice answered in a cautious monotone.

Veach almost shrieked his reply, and Monica recalled Biddy's attitude toward him and her dismissal of him: *He's a dope.*

Monica's thoughts broke off at the impact of the thing Veach was screaming.

"I planned it for you—staged it—put it off on Jerry Huffman. I turned butcher for you. Worse, I would have killed the kid. Do you think I liked these jobs? Don't you think even my *stomach turned a bit? And whom did I turn to for comfort? Who helped me forget? Wanda did. And you killed her!"* His voice broke into heavy sobbing. *"You did! You did!"*

Veach, with his heavy-lidded wolf's eyes, had loved someone after all. He'd loved Wanda and he really hadn't known that she was dead.

The first person Monica saw was Richard Aldeen, across the room by the entry, as if he had just walked in. There was a flush of anger and excitement on his dark face. The muscles of his jaw knotted as though he were clenching his teeth. His hair was tousled, his manner harried. He had a gun in his hand. It was a much bigger and more dangerous-looking gun than Veach's, and when he saw Monica in the doorway, he twitched the weapon as if to center it on her. At that moment she became aware of Veach. He was off to her right, his back to

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her. At the moment Aldeen's gun moved, Veach fired his. Then he leaped toward the big center table, crouched behind it, and waited for Aldeen to fall.

Aldeen shut his eyes for a moment. He seemed to be thinking, or dreaming; a smile hovered around his handsome mouth just before he opened his eyes again, took careful aim, and shot Veach dead center between his hairline and his nose.

Veach collapsed on his face on Mrs. Lannon's beadwork, which was spread out on the table. He stayed there for perhaps a minute. Then he slid off onto the floor.

Monica didn't move, nor did Aldeen. One of Aldeen's black eyebrows rose a little; he seemed to be asking a silent question of Monica or of the room. A vial of beads had been overturned on the table; they began dripping off, a few at a time, and bouncing on Veach's upturned face.

ALDEEN nodded in the direction of that face. "I had to come, Miss Marshall. I couldn't let you walk alone into such danger."

"I didn't tell you where I was coming," she said.

"No, but . . ." He shrugged. His eyes searched her; they had an expectant expression. "Winifred is perfectly safe. She's with Uncle Dem. He wanted me to come."

Aldeen stopped talking. The room became very quiet except for the slight noise made by the little dropping beads. Aldeen's black eyebrow rose again, and the faint smile hovered at his mouth.

"It isn't going to work, is it?" he asked.

"No. I know what you are. I heard Veach accusing you of Wanda's murder. Even before that—when Mrs. Lannon was ready for us, when you brought me here—I should have guessed." Monica lifted a hand to rub her head; she saw the knife gripped in it, and stared at it, surprised.

"A knife?" Aldeen said. "Really, it won't do you any good."

"You'll have to kill me," she told him dully.

"And I had hoped not to," he said. "I *do* like you. Stevens saw that, you know. It made him jealous."

She let the knife slide out of her fingers. It didn't matter. She felt gray and numbed inside; there were only a few things important enough to rouse herself over. Old Mr. Demarist was one. "Why did you let your uncle go on thinking that Margaret was alive?"

He shrugged again. "Margaret was not to be presumed dead until I had solidified myself with him. Uncle Dem wasn't always so friendly or dependent, nor willing to be close to me—until Margaret left and he was unsure about her."

"How filthy! Why did she have to die?"

His black eyes met hers flatly, unanswering. Monica herself supplied the answer. "She saw you with Veach. She knew you were part of the organization."

His vanity couldn't resist correcting her. "She knew that I was the head of the outfit. She got quite excited. In her limited way, she could be stubborn and determined. We tried corrective measures, but that mental limitation of hers—it made her a little immune to pain, I guess."

"You didn't have to sacrifice Jerry Huffman! You could have made it a suicide!" Monica heard her own voice, marveled at her own stupidity—arguing with a murderer who sees nothing but cold logic in his crime.

"There were—uh—traces of our corrective measures, and it was necessary, of course, for the face to be mutilated so that identity might be confused. Suicides are hard to arrange from that point of view." His faint smile took on almost the hint of apology. "If you hadn't found out, and if Veach hadn't lost his head and killed your sister, I was going to ease out and leave him holding the bag. And I had hopes—that you and I might mean something to each other."

His bright dark eyes went on studying her, and all at once she got it—this was a proposal!

She heard her own voice, husky and intimate, saying the incredible. "You mean, even now, you'd take a chance on me?"

"You're very pretty. Do you know that?" His hands quivered. He put the gun into his coat pocket. He held out his arms.

She went to him. It was going to be interesting just to see what sort of love he might make to her before she disillusioned him about keeping her mouth shut, and he had to kill her.

He put an arm around her waist, against the stiffness of the encasing tape. She saw a flicker of surprise go through his face. He touched the underside of her chin with the fingers of his free hand, turning her mouth up to his.

"Didn't Veach hit you at all?" she said.

It annoyed him. It wasn't the thing to say for this moment, for this time when they were to investigate their passion. "No." He said it shortly. His lips bent toward her.

"You'll see that Jerry goes free, won't you?"

He wanted a stagy perfection to surround this first kiss; she sensed irritation leaping in him at her questions. "We'll talk about Jerry afterward. Right now—"

Right now he was going to kiss her, and apparently what he had said about Stevens being jealous was true; for Stevens came in from the dark at that moment and, with the maddest gesture Monica had ever seen anywhere, felled Aldeen with one blow.

Stevens looked at her scorchingly and laughed. "Don't you know that in another instant he'd have been strangling you?"

"Is that why you hit him with your gun?"

He ignored the question. "Have you forgotten the frame-up he fixed for you in that cabin tonight?"

STEVENS seemed to want to communicate to her some of his own loathing for Aldeen. He made chopping motions with the gun. His eyes were hot, his mouth cynical and sneering. All the same, she sensed his utter tiredness; there were drawn spots under his eyes and the blond hair seemed faded and dusty.

He's interested in me after all, Monica thought, and I don't even know his first name. "What do people call you, besides just Stevens?" she said.

"Gareth. Lousy name." He went over to inspect Veach, grunted at the hole in Veach's head, then went over to Aldeen. He kicked Aldeen to see if he might be shamming, then went on into the hall.

Monica saw a chair against the wall. She sat down in it and looked at Aldeen and Veach. Then she shut her eyes. There were prickles of cold, or tiredness, or perhaps the returning fever, all over her skin. Stevens must have come in silently; when she opened her eyes he was there again. He put a hand down to take up one of hers. "I saw Barbara in the kitchen. I'm sorry."

"It's all right."

"Who killed her? Veach?"

"He slapped me to make me talk and Biddy jumped him."

"Because of you?"

"I don't know." She felt the ache in her throat. "Yes, I do. It was because of me." No one would ever get out of her what Biddy had said, there at the end.

"You've had it rough. I ought to be kicked." He squatted beside her. Now she saw that he was very dirty. He had rolled, or crawled, through dusty brush. His clothes gave off a smell of earth.

"Is there time to help Jerry?"

"Yes, plenty of time."

She inspected the hand that held her own. The knuckles were cracked and skinned, the nails broken. "What happened at the cabin?"

"I wiped off the gun and put it into Wanda's hand. Then the cops came. They chased me through half of Los Angeles County before I got away."

SCOTT BROWN

"I put him to bed at eight, then again at eight-fifteen, twenty minutes of nine, nine o'clock, nine-twenty five, quarter of ten . . ."

COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN

He was so close that she could see the thick dust in his eyebrows. "Mrs. Lannon is in the cellar," she said, "in a little brick room with a secret door."

His mouth twitched. "That's good. What do you say we give her about twenty-four hours down there before we remember to tell the cops?"

"I think it's a swell idea."

He didn't say anything for a minute. He had, Monica noticed, begun to breathe as if he were excited about something. Then he said, "Were you really going to let Aldeen kiss you?"

"Well . . ."

"He was forcing you," Stevens decided.

"That's right. I was paralyzed with fear, and he took advantage."

Stevens was getting very close. His rough hand stroked her fingers. "I shouldn't try to make love to you, either. Not right now. But tonight, after you'd left me there—and I couldn't be sure but what you were running right into some trap of Veach's—well, I sort of figured out a few things. About myself, for one. I don't dislike independent women as much as I thought I did."

"No, you were right. I was wearing that chip on my shoulder from the first minute I saw you." She studied him by the light of Mrs. Lannon's fringed lamp. "I guess I was afraid I might fall for you, and you wouldn't fall back."

"Still afraid?"

They looked at each other, a steady look, and things would have become very interesting, except at that moment Aldeen began to show signs of coming around. It was a nuisance, but he had to be tied up for the police.

AT ABOUT the time the sun was coming up, Monica was ready for bed. There had been long and confusing interviews with the police, with detectives, with reporters. Winifred had to be taken from Mr. Demarist's house, with Beezer. They didn't see the old man; he was extremely tired, Henry said, and needed the sleep, the little brief sleep he would get before he woke up and learned that Margaret was dead. Winifred and the old cat acted stupefied, and curled together in the back seat on the ride to Mrs. Adams' place.

At Mrs. Adams' they were told politely, but firmly, to go elsewhere. Their bags and baggage were brought out, in the middle of the night, by the old gardener. In a voice which implied that she could say much more than she chose to, Mrs. Adams informed them that their stay had been disruptive to her hospital routine.

They drove off to search for a hotel. "We couldn't get back in there even if we were crazy," Stevens said. "Why do you suppose she got so down on us?"

"All I did was fall on the bed," Monica said. She yawned. A part of her mind was wide-awake and impatient. "How long ago did you suspect Biddy wasn't the dead girl?"

He shrugged, his eyes on the sides of the street; it was late and such motel signs as glowed invariably contained the phrase, *No Vacancy*. "It just never did seem real to me for Barbara to be the one to get it. That's why I cultivated old Mr. Demarist and tried to get every last detail about his niece. I knew it must be Margaret."

"It was the shoes that made me suspect," she told him.

"The shoes?"

"The ones in the closet. Biddy could keep Margaret's dresses, alter them a bit, leave them there for me to find when Aldeen staged his little play-acting—but the shoes were another matter. They had to fit, and she had the choice of buying what she wanted. So she got high heels and fancy laces. Old Mr. Demarist frowned when I described them to him."

They drove for a while. Stevens put an arm around her, and pulled her against his shoulder. "Should be a hotel before too long."

She yawned again. "Thank God I can sleep without dreaming about Jerry. When will they let him out, do you think?"

"Pretty quick."

"You're some relative of his, aren't you?"

"Half brother. I'm older. He was always a helpless kind of kid."

"You two were like Biddy and me."

"I guess so." He turned into a side street, drove for several blocks, then swung to the curb. Monica looked out. The building was low, dingy and secretive behind a row of starveling potted evergreens.

"It looks disreputable," she protested.

He rubbed his bristly chin and sighed. "So do we."

"We sort of need a chaperon, don't we?" Monica said. "A nice middle-aged lady, or somebody."

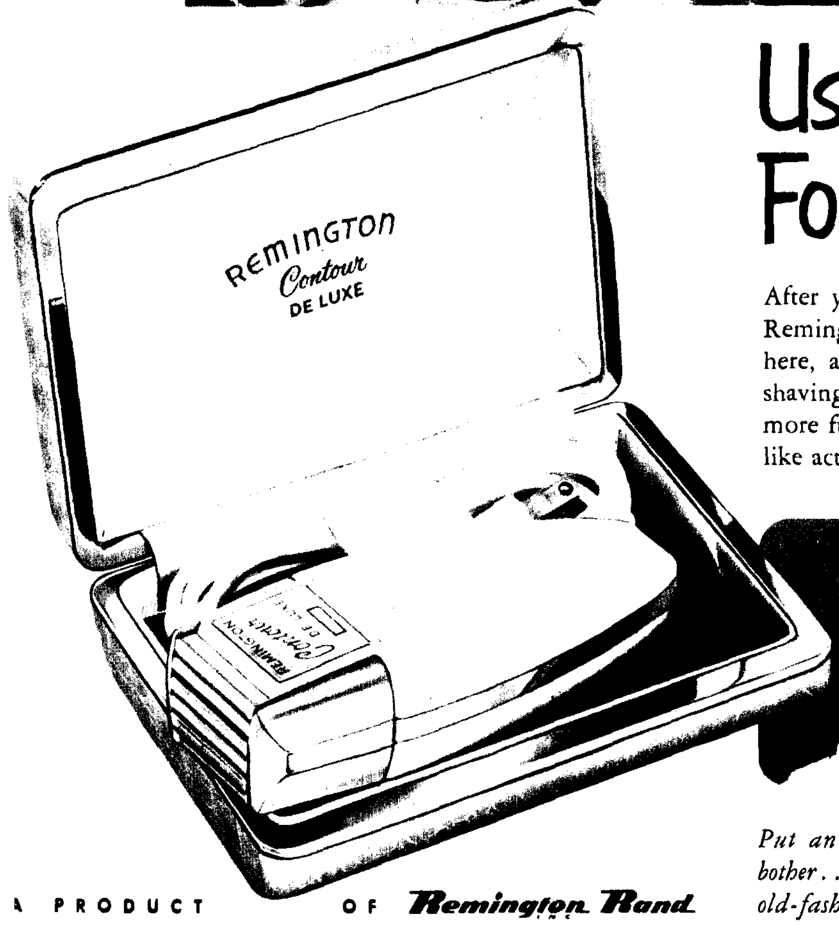
There was a moment of silence. Then, from the back seat, Winifred said, "Mrs. Lannon, I bet."

Stevens and Monica looked at each other blankly. "We *did* forget her!" Stevens said. "She's still down in her cellar!"

For just a minute the memory of Mrs. Lannon's house and all that it had held made a shadow behind Monica's eyes. Then Stevens snapped his fingers in front of her face. "Remember me?"

The little girl and the old cat were sitting up and stretching themselves in the back seat. The dawn smelled crisp and clean. Long ago there had been another little girl with soft, feathery curls; and it was this child whom Monica intended to think of when she thought of Biddy. "I remember," she said to Stevens. THE END

How to be Happy WHILE SHAVING!



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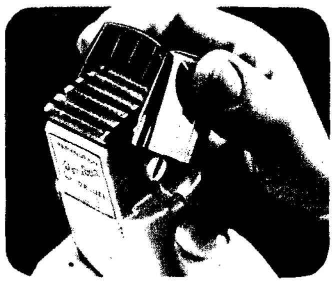

The only shaver with attached single-hinge hair pocket—swings back for quick, easy cleaning.

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"Our Mightiest Ghost"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

goals set by the old billionaire were no less than the ending of most poverty and disease —and all wars.

No one knows what atomic energy and the by-products of atomic research may contribute to these ends. But the Rockefeller Foundation is trying to find out, and already has spent a few million dollars on research.

John D. Rockefeller believed, very literally, and with deepening faith as his wealth mounted, that he was a chosen agent of Providence to help humanity ease its ills.

Stating His Theory of Money

"God gave me the money," he once said to the Sunday school of which he was superintendent, in what is now the Euclid Avenue Baptist Church of Cleveland. He repeated the profession in a public address at the University of Chicago. In 1906, stung by the brand of "tainted money" put on one of his gifts to a church, he told a reporter:

"I believe the power to make money is a gift of God—just as are the instincts for art, music, literature, the doctor's talent, the nurse's, yours—to be developed and used to the best of our ability for the good of mankind. Having been endowed with the gift I possess, I believe it is my duty to make money and still more money, and to use the money I make for the good of my fellow men according to the dictates of my conscience."

On this note, the sixth decade of his life, which spanned almost a full century, the great overlord of oil, then one of the most hated men in America, embarked on the boldest adventures in giving of all history.

In 1901, he founded the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, in New York. Today it is world-known for its work on epidemic meningitis, infantile paralysis, paresis, the surgical discoveries of Dr. Alexis Carrel, and the epochal research of Dr. Rene J. Dubos leading through gramicidin (a potent germ-killing chemical obtained from cultures of soil bacilli) to the so-called "Wonder Drugs." The institute's alumni are foremost wherever new frontiers of medicine are being explored.

Rockefeller set up the General Education Board in 1902 to advance all education in the United States. It was, in fact, destined to revolutionize it. Rockefeller wanted the board to shake up medical education, especially, and then to rebuild it as completely as a new Rome has been built on the ruins of the old.

In 1913, the Rockefeller Foundation was launched. The idealistic scope of this Foundation is beyond that of religion, race or nationality. The directive which brought it into being was succinct: to work without profit or self-acclaim for the benefit of all men. To begin this vast work, more ambitious than any conceived before, Rockefeller set aside $100,000,000.

Remember, this was 1913. You could buy a de luxe dinner for 35 cents, and an income of $50 a week was wealth to most people. The gift was so large as to be frightening. Over the country, cries of "Hypocrite!" mingled with prayers and praises for "this man of God." Cynics scoffed that "the old robber" was trying to bribe his way into heaven.

Rockefeller kept silent. He had long held that after his death the truth would emerge and "posterity would do strict justice." No stranger case awaits posterity's verdict. The evidence covers most of a century. It may cover a second one before it is complete.

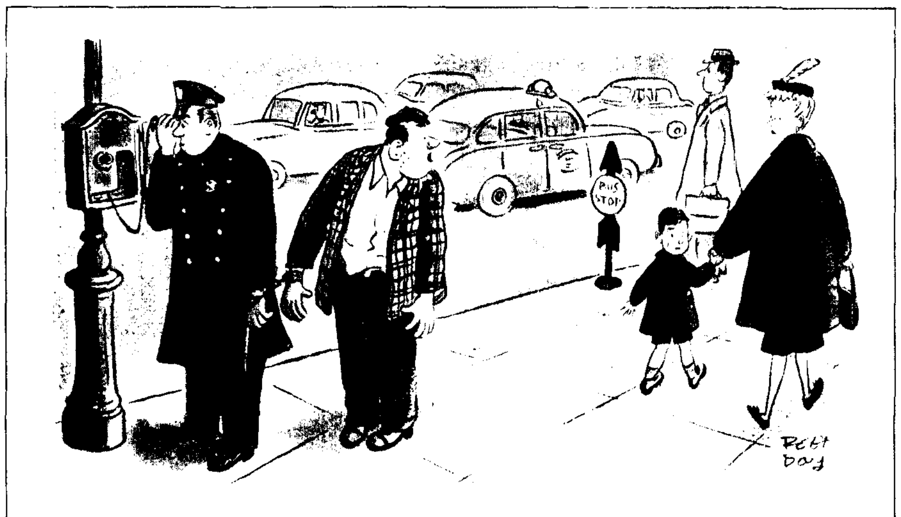
And it began in the 1880s, when Rockefeller, then nearing fifty and worth about $125,000,000, met a man who was, in his sphere, as remarkable as he was. This man was the Reverend Dr. Frederick Taylor Gates. If Rockefeller was in fact rising to the status of a trustee of God, as he believed, then certainly Fred Gates was no accidental Man Friday.

These two men, largely through investments and brains and the revolutionary ideas of other men, were to effect vast changes in the world.

Gates was about 15 years younger than Rockefeller, but their early backgrounds were similar. Both grew up in strict Baptist homes in rural New York towns—Gates in Ovid and Rockefeller in Moravia and Owego. The oilman was the son of an itinerant patent-medicine hawker whose luck was spotty, at best. Young Rockefeller quit school when he was sixteen and went to work for a wholesaler in Cleveland. Gates's father was a Baptist preacher whose small pastorates rarely paid him as much as $400 a year. Each boy got huge doses of the fire-and-brimstone type of religion.

"The best that religion had to offer me as a boy," Gates said in later years, "was death and heaven."

As they grew older the two men developed a high degree of religious tolerance, but no such reversal of early precepts occurred in their economic thinking. The moral of the parable of the talents and the dictum of the thrifty that a penny saved is a penny earned were rules that stuck for life.



COLLIER'S "I overheard that remark, lady. I did *so* eat up all my vegetables when I was a little boy!" ROBERT DAY

"The only thing which is of lasting benefit to a man is that which he does for himself," moralized Rockefeller. "Money which comes to him without effort on his part is seldom a benefit and often a curse." Again, "If the people can be educated to help themselves, we strike at the root of many of the evils of the world. That is the fundamental thing."

It was also the fundamental thing with Gates. From Ovid, his father moved to Forest City, Kansas, as a home missionary and farmer. At fifteen, the son began teaching a one-room Kansas school in winter and doing farm work in summer. Next he worked in a bank, sold harrows, then worked his way through the University of Rochester and the Rochester Theological Seminary. After graduating, he filled several pulpits, and finally became the pastor of a poor, sagging Baptist church in Minneapolis. There, in an inspired moment, he leaped from obscurity by advocating a livening up of the old Blue Sunday. Soon liberal-minded people were crowding his church.

Impressed, the richest man in the Northwest, George A. Pillsbury, asked him to help him make his will. The flour millionaire wanted to leave $200,000 to a Baptist school, but feared the gift would not be properly handled. Gates advised him to give the school $50,000 at once, conditional upon it raising a like amount.

"They'll take care of your money," he said, "if their own money stands with it."

Appalled at the condition, fellow Baptists challenged the preacher to raise the money. He quit his pastorate and in no time had $60,000 in hand for what is now Pillsbury Academy. His success led to his election as secretary of the newly formed American Baptist Education Society.

The society's big goal was to establish a great Baptist university. Its big hope was that Baptist Rockefeller would loosen up with a million or two to do it. One faction was importuning the creed's richest man to found the dream university in New York City. A second faction insisted that it be located in Chicago. There the old University of Chicago, started by Stephen A. Douglas, had expired in 1886 for lack of support, leaving the Midwest without a Baptist college of more than local prominence.

At once Gates got up an elaborate questionnaire to find out exactly the state of Baptist education. When the returns were in and analyzed, he fired a broadside that rocked the denomination. As he put it, "The brothers were all torn up." His report showed that while the state of Baptist education in the East wasn't bad, in the Midwest it was terrible. Half the Baptists in America were living in states fanning out from Chicago. Yet those states had only 11 Baptist colleges worth $881,000, against the Methodists' 21 colleges worth $5,300,000.

"Of many things which must be done," he reported, "the first and most important is to found a great college, ultimately to be a university, at Chicago."

Even the East was stirred. Rockefeller's comment might be placed among such historic brevities as Coolidge's "I do not choose to run." He wrote: "I like Mr. Gates."

Gates now had access to the coming billionaire. He spent a week end with him, letting him talk, keeping off the subject of money. Rule No. 6 among ten laid down by Gates to guide fellow toilers in the vineyard seeking money, was: "If you find him big with gift, do not rush too eagerly to the birth. Let him feel that he is giving it, not that it is being taken from him with violence."

The rule proved excellent. At Boston, in May, 1889, Gates arose before the general convention of the Education Society. Waiting for complete silence, the showman in him rising, he waved a paper. "I hold in my hand," he cried, "a letter from our great patron of education, John D. Rockefeller, in which he promises that he will give six hun-n-dred thous-s-and dollars—"

Wild applause stopped him. The meeting was on its feet. Somebody with a booming pulpit voice began it and they all joined in singing Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow. A telegram was sent to Rockefeller thanking him for "this princely gift."

But like Pillsbury's, the gift had a string attached. The Chicago area was also to raise $400,000.

This was the era of the self-made man. Most Americans took a dim view of book learning. Few loved or trusted Rockefeller. A saying was that whenever he gave away anything, the price of kerosene was hiked a penny. Raising $400,000 in tough-minded Chicago was like asking folks to give their eyeteeth without benefit of anesthetics.

Again the ball was passed to Gates. On Baptists, he pulled all the stops of his eloquence, and it was said that he could preach as fervently to one person as to a thousand. Midway in the campaign, the Baptists dried up. Changing to a new pace, Gates moved in on the Methodists, Lutherans, Presbyterians, Catholics and Jews. All responded. As a grand climax, after the last needed dollar was in, Marshall Field gave 10 acres of city land worth $125,000.

"Mr. Gates," said Rockefeller, as he signed the check for his first large grant, "perhaps this is an indication that we can work together to help the world."

The ex-pastor of Lamb's Corner, New York, Minneapolis and way stations owned at that moment little more than the clothes he wore, but he was quite willing to help the universe, if asked. He had what Rockefeller called "an overshadowing passion" for large projects.

Thus, in 1891, began a unique partnership, not to make money but to give it away. One result was that the University of Chicago got $80,000,000 eventually from all Rockefeller sources. A second not even the astute Gates foresaw, but he kept it in mind forever after. Enemies of the oil czar, led by Wisconsin's Fighting Bob La Follette, charged that unless the ordinary people did something for themselves, Rockefeller would soon control higher education. That charge, together with the natural rivalry between states, started a mighty movement throughout the West. One state after another built its own university. The emphasis was on the fact that the institutions were state-owned and beyond control by other than the taxpayers.

Fred Gates, now counselor extraordinary in philanthropy, watched the movement with relish from his handsome new office at the famous Rockefeller address, 26 Broadway. He echoed zealously the oilman's conviction that the hand of the Lord was evident. "I stand in awe of this thing," he told Rockefeller. "God is in it in a most wonderful way. It is a miracle."

But in his less fervent moments, feet propped on the polished desk top, cigar in mouth, his graying mustache bristling over his square jaw, Gates was as hard-boiled as a treasury guard.

Deluged with Pleas for Aid

Rockefeller was besieged with suppliants. One month Gates counted 50,000 appeals. They were from everywhere. The poor, the sick, clergymen with starving churches, the heads of starving schools, crackpots, inventors, leaders of forlorn hopes—they used every kind of dodge to present their pleas in person to the King of Oil.

Gates worked several years to systematize the giving along well-worn philanthropic lines, a grant for a new building here, one for a new mission there, another for a church, or a park. In 1897, young John D., Jr., got into harness, but the incoming millions grew faster than they could be intelligently redistributed. For the first time in his career the intrepid Gates grew rattled.

"Your fortune is rolling up," he told Rockefeller, "rolling up like an avalanche. You must distribute it faster than it grows. If you don't, it will crush you, and your children, and your children's children."

"If you've a plan, Mr. Gates," said the oilman dryly, "of course I should like to hear it."

Gates had no plan. But that summer he took with him to the Catskill Mountains for vacation reading The Principles and

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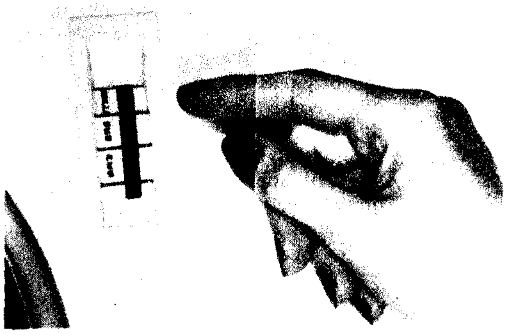
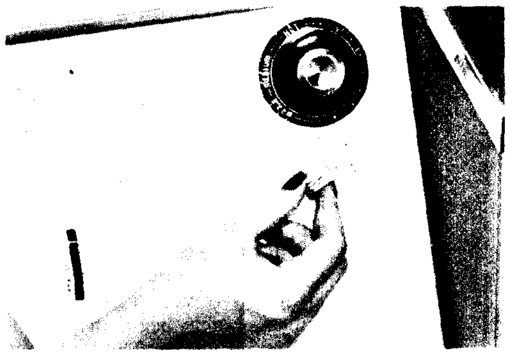


***NEXT . . READ* load size on WEIGH-TO-SAVE Indicator.** *Small, medium* or *large*, you can be sure of using right amount of water for load.



***THEN . . SET* Water Saver for size of load,** shown on Indicator. No waste. The thrifty Water Saver measures *exactly* the water needed.

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You'll sing long and loud when you see how savings roll up with Laundromat's WEIGH-TO-SAVE Door. It saves thousands of gallons of water every year. Huge amounts of soap, too.

It's as simple as one . . . two . . . three. Just weigh your clothes on this WEIGH-TO-SAVE Door that works like a scale. Read the load size on the Indicator . . . *small, medium* or *large*. Set the Water Saver for the size of the load shown. Then let the Laundromat take over. It will measure the *correct* amount of water every time . . . never too much, never too little. There's *no* guesswork, *no* waste.

Best of all, the Laundromat gets clothes sparkling clean. Thanks to the inclined washing action . . . found in no other washer . . . clothes are kept constantly in motion through the entire washing cycle. Washed gently, but thoroughly, they come out *completely dirt-free.* Then the dirty, soapy water is drained away from the clothes . . . *never through them.* Clothes are triple-rinsed (equal to 1,500 hand rinsings). Come out clean as new and damp-dried, many already to iron.

See a load of your clothes washed the easy Laundromat way. It's free. Phone your Westinghouse retailer today. The Westinghouse Electric Corporation, Electric Appliance Division, Mansfield, Ohio.

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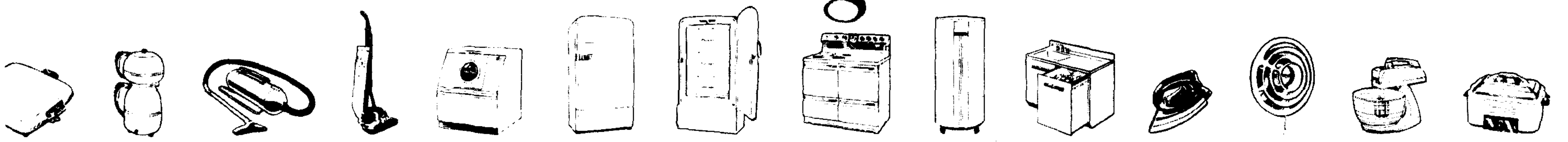

Practice of Medicine, a book by the great Sir William Osler. The July heat was at its height when he rushed back to New York, and dictated a memorandum to Rockefeller. America, he said, was far behind Europe in medical research. We had no laboratories such as the Pasteur Institute in Paris and the Koch Institute in Berlin. What's more, of the hundreds of diseases, medicine had sure cures for but four or five.

Here was a chance to do a vast service for mankind, Gates dictated. Why not establish in America a research institute on a scale grander than any other, one that might help relieve "the appalling unremedied suffering and fatality"?

Rockefeller investigated. He found few doctors who shared his adviser's enthusiasm. Big-scale organized medical research was regarded by most as a chimera. But the idea fitted neatly into old John D.'s philosophy that the way to progress is to get into fields where most men fear to tread, and there to try the untried. The memorandum, dictated in white heat, produced the Rockefeller Institute. To it the oilman gave, all told, almost $60,000,000.

A New Idea in Philanthropy

Gates now hit his stride. Out the window went his past notions of "retail philanthropy." The thing to do with the millions piling up in securities was to "wholesale" them out—to organize men of brains, hand them the money in chunks, and let them worry out how best to help the world. Both Rockefellers rose to the scheme. Out of it grew the truly magnificent conception that is embodied in the Rockefeller Foundation.

There is no charity under this plan. That is left to local agencies. The doling out of money to beggars, as Rockefeller put it, isn't nearly as important as ridding society of the causes breeding beggars. Foremost of these, he believed, were disease and ignorance, which he held responsible for most of men's woes, including hatreds and wars. He was convinced that no man of sound body and mind, if given a fair chance to develop, would ever let himself be victimized by political or social nostrums.

The plan wiped out competition between big-scale givers, and in so doing influenced the character of all major philanthropy up to the present. Rockefeller wrote:

"Probably the greatest single obstacle to the progress and happiness of the American people lies in the willingness of so many men to invest their time and money in multiplying competitive industries instead of opening up new fields . . . It requires a better type of mind to seek out and to support or to create the new . . . but here is the great chance."

The antitrust laws stopped him from carrying to the zenith what he saw as "the great chance" in business. But no laws regulate the giving away of money. The profits from gifts to mankind may be as big as a man's money and vision can make them. At the time, Andrew Carnegie, great King of Steel, was also giving away millions. Rockefeller got an agreement from him that the two would not duplicate efforts. They might join hands in some cases, but on the whole each would blaze new independent trails. That informal understanding is still effective between the Rockefeller and Carnegie Foundations.

To find and back, anywhere on earth, an idea so new and a vision so bold that ordinary capital or government did not dare to support it—that became "the great chance." The big objective was to launch the small stones that might begin avalanches of change in man's affairs. The lever for starting the stones rolling was to be the most powerful given to man by God—the lever of brain power.

That grand vision has enabled the Rockefeller Foundation and its kindred agencies to command the services over 50 years of a galaxy of talent such as all the money of the old billionaire could not have hired if personal profit had been the motive behind it.

Medical advisers have included great figures of the past like Dr. William H. Welch of Johns Hopkins, Dr. Theobald Smith of Harvard, and Dr. Simon Flexner, first head of the Rockefeller Institute. The half-century-long procession of university presidents has included Charles W. Eliot of Harvard, James Rowland Angell of Yale, Daniel Coit Gilman of Johns Hopkins, Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia, and more recently Karl T. Compton of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Robert G. Sproul of California and Harold W. Dodds of Princeton, to mention only a few.

From business and finance have come stars such as Owen D. Young, the giant who reared General Electric, Winthrop W. Aldrich of Chase National Bank, Harold H. Swift of Chicago packing fame, Walter S. Gifford of American Telephone and Telegraph Company, now ambassador to England, and, in his day, Andrew Carnegie.

From diverse fields the list includes John W. Davis, brilliant lawyer and Democratic choice for President in 1924; former Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes and, as of today, the former ambassador to Great Britain, Lewis W. Douglas; the present consultant to the Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles; Dr. Thomas Parran, long U.S. Commissioner of Public Health; and John J. McCloy, the U.S. High Commissioner to occupied Germany. The great journalists include Albert Shaw and Walter H. Page, and presently Douglas S. Freeman, Richmond editor and historian, and Arthur Hays Sulzberger, publisher of the New York Times.

Today, the Foundation is much like a great world bank, but one that expects far greater returns for its money than mere repayment in kind with interest. Therefore its gifts are studied with vastly greater care than most banks study applications for loans. Its five departments are headed by men who come very close to being the best informed in their respective fields, from a world viewpoint. They are:

Dr. George K. Strode, director for the International Health Division since 1944. Active globally in Rockefeller public health crusades for 30 years, he has been decorated by seven foreign governments.

Dr. Alan Gregg, director for the Medical Sciences since 1930, another veteran of Foundation service around the world since 1919, and known wherever medicine is taught.

Dr. Warren Weaver, director for the Natural Sciences since 1932; formerly professor and chairman of mathematics at the University of Wisconsin.

Dr. Joseph H. Willits, director for the Social Sciences since 1939; formerly dean of the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce, the University of Pennsylvania.

Dr. Charles B. Fahs, director for the Humanities since late in 1949, after four years as assistant and later associate director; and before that a research expert on foreign affairs with the U.S. Department of State.

Headquarters offices are in New York's Rockefeller Center, but branch offices or research stations are maintained in 17 nations. The full payroll numbers around 250 people, and specialists of all kinds pepper the list. The Health Division, which alone operates in the field, has some 60 graduate physicians on its staff, each of whom is also an expert public health man. Over all are the trustees, who usually number 20 or more, and the distinguished advisers available on call. The president of the Foundation today is Chester I. Barnard, who by virtue of that post, which he assumed in 1948, has become the world's No. 1 worrier over mankind's ills.

Nobody is in a freer position to worry with impartial objectivity. Barnard's authority is dependent on no one outside the Rockefeller Foundation. And that body, to quote him, "does not have to make profits, it seeks no funds, is bound by no traditions, has no alumni, represents no political or religious interests, is not an agency of any government and does not aim to be perpetual." Grants are made wholly as those in charge see fit, subject to no censorship, not even by the Rockefeller family.

Barnard is sixty-four years old and on the quiet, scholarly side, though most of his life was spent as a top executive with the A. T. & T. Not only does he look like a scholar, but he is one. Chester Barnard insists on good, sound, practical results, and he also believes in digging down to fundamental theories. He has lectured at Lowell Institute, Boston; and three universities—Newark, Brown and Rutgers—have given him honorary degrees. He is the author of two books on executive functions and management.

A native of Malden, Massachusettts, he went to Harvard. He joined A. T. & T. in 1909 as a statistician and in four years was made commercial engineer. At the age of thirty-eight, he became vice-president and general manager of the big Bell company of Pennsylvania. He became president of the New Jersey Bell Telephone Company at forty, and held that job until moving to Rockefeller Center.

It was during the depression that the Barnard of today began to appear. He organized and was the first state director of New Jersey's emergency relief services, then probably the toughest job in the state. Later he was chairman of the State Relief Council. During World War II, as chief of the United Service Organization (USO), he expanded that faltering experiment into a husky auxiliary of the armed services that became as well known as the Red Cross. Also he became acquainted with some odd parts of the world. In 1940, sponsored by Walter S. Gifford, then head of A. T. & T. and long a Rockefeller Foundation trustee, he was admitted to the elite group that exercises trusteeship over that body's remaining quarter of a billion dollars.

Barnard once looked on a sum that large as a respectable chunk of money. Privately he still does. But in his role as worrier No. 1 he has been forced to the conclusion that it is but as a bag of peanuts as money is spent today. With all the world's vaunted progress, he finds the need for new knowledge has grown even more monumentally. After centuries, all that we know has neither stopped war nor ended poverty except for a relatively small percentage of the world's population. On the contrary, the terrors and extent of both have increased.

But the dilemma of having only a few peanuts to balance against a herd of elephantine needs, while a new experience, is not at all frightening to him. After all, the key to the needed knowledge is research. And supporting the research work of a great scientist, he points out, rarely requires large sums, seldom more than $10,000 a year beyond the scientist's salary.

Seen in that light, the money still in Barnard's charge takes on a new glitter of potential power. "Although there are some scientific activities which require great capital outlays," he says, "and some which require large groups of workers, nevertheless, in the research field it is the small and successful plantings which most frequently lead to new forests."

Golden Seeds from Chaff

Specifically, the Foundation's investment in the work of Sir Howard Walter Florey of Oxford University, one of the three men responsible for penicillin, was $28,640. Oxford's initial request to start the project was for the relatively trivial sum of $1,280. The story of how this led in a short seven years to one of the world's most valuable weapons against disease will be told in a later article. Meanwhile, it is pertinent to note how Barnard's experts winnow such golden seeds from the chaff of hundreds of applications for help that they receive, two out of three of which must be declined.

Applications *must* be in writing. They *must* be in detail. They *must* come from a recognized institution or organization that is not in business for profit or politically inspired.

The bulk of requests, now totaling more than 3,000 yearly, involve small sums. They are for fellowships and other aid to scientists in continuing advanced studies. The requests for help for major projects seldom exceed a few hundred. But the major projects seeking support are more often than not the flowering of what Barnard calls the Foundation's "small plantings." One of the factors contributing to the real beginning of penicillin, for example, was a fellowship awarded Florey as a student. Similarly, fellowships helped to make possible the highly specialized extra training of the scientists who, years later, conceived the atomic bomb.

It follows that the *amount* of help asked is not the vital factor in weighing any request. Much more important are the identities of the applicants, the ideas and intentions that are outlined, and the backgrounds of the men who will carry them out. The Foundation can't know too much about these details. Many applications cover 30 to 40 typewritten pages, have been months in preparation.

Grants are outright gifts, not loans that must be repaid. No accounting is required

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2
Ketcham

COLLIER'S "I doubt if he could hit another one that high if he tried" HANK KETCHAM of the recipient of how the money is spent, or of progress being made, though the Foundation usually is kept informed as a matter of courtesy. The only strings tied to grants are that the money be used for the purpose stated, and under the direction of the men named in the application.

The Foundation does *not* make gifts to individuals as such. It does *not* finance patents, businesses or money-making schemes, though a lot of people might make money out of the end-development of research. It does *not* contribute to the building or maintenance of churches, hospitals or other local welfare agencies, nor does it support campaigns to influence public opinion.

It *does* seek to support research and studies of a promised broad benefit to mankind "for which it is otherwise difficult to secure funds." This support, Barnard emphasizes, is preferably of "an initial or catalytic character, with the idea that what has been demonstrated to be useful should then be carried on by other means."

The primary interest is "the promotion of knowledge and its effective application to human interest." In brief, the Foundation seeks to be chiefly a priming force, a starter of new scientific pumps whose output will eventually benefit everybody.

Under ex-businessman Barnard, this job is viewed strictly as a business problem, and strictly businesslike are the Foundation's offices. Occupying several floors, they might be the offices of any solid, old-line corporation. There is a capacious reference library behind the scenes, but no Hollywood trappings of wealth and philanthropy are in evidence. Furnishings are on the good-but-simple side.

Here, in 1950, appropriations were made of money to be given away to the total of $7,000,000. They were in support of 167 new major projects and of some 1,000 fellowships and other aids to advanced study, scattered over most of the non-Communist countries of the globe, but most heavily over North and South America. That money was in addition to earlier grants still in course of being paid, and which at the start of the year aggregated almost $29,000,000.

The biggest 1950 gift was one of $420,000 to be spent over a five-year period. It went to Columbia University to support its Russian Institute, a part of the School of International Affairs. An earlier grant of $155,000 was made the institute in 1945 and 1947. The institute's main job is to train American specialists on Russia, and through research to find out all about Russia that it can.

Today, more than 100 institute-trained American specialists on Russia work for the U.S. government. Forty-eight are officers on active duty with the Army and Air Force. Sixteen are on "foreign service" in undisclosed parts of the world. Their number is steadily growing.

The ghost of John D. Rockefeller stands behind this quietly forming new line of defense against the ghost of Karl Marx.

Rockefeller money has been spent in many ways, but none is more dramatic than the fight against yellow fever, hookworm disease and malaria. Next week's Collier's tells the exciting saga. Order your newsstand copy now

The Fraudulent Skunk

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

"Drink that rotgut, drink that rotgut,
Drink that redeye, boys;
It don't make a damn wherever we land,
We hit her up for joy."

"A frog now," Tubby said while he cratched his head with one hand. "Or nakes. Then there's the poison."

"It might work," the printer said. "Worth ryin'."

So Tubby said he'd get a frog, and Pete Gleeson—that was the cow hand—said he'd out the druggist out and get some strychnine.

BY AND BY they came back, Tubby holding a little old frog that was still nostly tadpole and Pete bringing powdered trychnine in a paper bag.

"First," said Sheriff McKenzie, taking harge of things, "we got to poison the frog. 'ry his mouth open, one of you."

We gave the frog a good pinch of poison, 'ith a drop of water for a chaser, and osed him up to the crack and tried to oose him in. No go. That frog wouldn't udge.

After a while we found out it was because e was dead already.

"The frog idea ain't so good," the sheriff aid. Even with a live frog, it wouldn't work. umpn quick and slithery would be the cket, like a snake."

"And don't poison him inside," I said. Poison him out."

"'Nother thing," Pete Gleeson put in. Roll 'im in something sticky first, like flyaper."

Tubby went and got a garter snake, and ete waked the druggist up again to get a heet of flypaper. The druggist came along ith him this time, figuring it wasn't any se to try to sleep.

The strychnine clung fine to the flyper stickem, and the stickem clung fine to e snake. You never saw a snake like that ne! All powdered up pretty, with a kind a flounce around the neck where the rychnine was extra thick. You would have ought it was going to a wedding.

It could still crawl, though. Tubby pointed it at the crack and let go, and it slipped inside slick as butter.

Shorty was singing Red Wing now, only you could tell he had already sung his best and didn't have much class left in him.

"We'll give 'er plenty of time," Whitey said. "I won't open the place till mornin'."

"We done a lot of thinkin' for you," Tubby said, looking at Whitey sad-eyed. "Got a frog, too, and a snake."

"All right. All right. I'll set 'em up in the morning." Whitey talked as if it hurt him.

So we all dragged away, figuring, of course, to be on deck come opening time, which we were.

Whitey had the sheriff with him again, and there was all the rest of us, plus quite a crowd who'd heard about the doings.

"Might have to break the door down," Whitey said. "I can't unlock her if she's locked from inside." He turned to McKenzie, "Sheriff, do your duty."

The sheriff waited a while, as if to show he wasn't taking orders from the likes of Whitey. Then he up and turns the knob and the door swung open.

It was just like we'd left it, the place was, except for a couple of empty bottles. No Shorty. No skunk. No snake. No nothing. It was just like we'd left it, except Whitey's new mirror was busted all to hell, which made us feel awful sorry for him. Business took up as usual.

RAY drained his glass. "I was tellin' the boys before you came in it was a stinkless skunk. The place didn't smell a bit worse than it does now."

"You mean the skunk ate the snake and went off and died, and so Shorty lit out?" I asked.

"Oh, no. That wasn't the way of it at all. This skunk had been separated from his ammunition, you might say. What happened was we cured Shorty. He picked up his skunk and lit out. Never touched a drop afterwards. He said he'd seen snakes plenty of times while drinking, but by grab when he saw one with frostin' on it, it was time to quit."

THE END

DON'T Speak to Me! You Disgraced Me at the Party!
I WANTED TO BE PROUD OF YOU – BUT YOU CERTAINLY LET ME DOWN!
YOU CAN'T BLAME HER BUD! YOUR SHABBY-LOOKING SHOES EMBARRASSED HER BEFORE HER FRIENDS!
LOOK! IT'S KIWI ...THE BEST SHOE POLISH A G.I. EVER HAD!
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Chicago's Chico

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

caught off balance, he leaps high into the air after snaring the ball and throws to first base with both feet off the ground.

Chico's play is cool and calculating. He has yet to be ejected from a ball game for a display of temper. He limits indicating his displeasure at questionable decisions around second base to pounding his fist in the palm of his glove. On one such occasion, umpire Ed Hurley took note of Chico's "outburst," brought his indicator from his pocket and thrust it toward the Venezuelan in mock anger.

"Here," he said, "you umpire the game."

Chico was puzzled. Then his face lighted up in recognition of the gag and he grinned sheepishly.

If Chico was awed by the immensity of his new job and the magnitude of Comiskey Park on opening day, it was scarcely in evidence. He handled five chances in the field with easy grace, started one double play, drew a base on balls his first time at bat, singled to right the second time and drove out two other long fly balls. Chico's popularity with the fans began right there.

In the clubhouse after the game, the young Venezuelan was interviewed through his interpreter and roommate, Luis Aloma, a Cuban pitcher who had been purchased during the winter from Buffalo as a capable right-handed relief artist and tutor for Chico. How did Chico like Chicago and the big league?

"He like it fine," said Aloma. "He think he bring his family here to live during the baseball season."

But Chico was in a strange land and there were problems ahead as he launched his major-league career. Mrs. Carrasquel was expecting their second child in Caracas, and Chico was lonesome for his loved ones and his friends. He spent most of his hours away from the ball parks on sight-seeing tours conducted by Aloma and was especially enthused over Washington. There he was entertained at the Venezuelan Embassy, and at Griffith Stadium he could exchange pleasantries with Cubans Conrad Marrero and Sandalio Consuegra, members of the Washington club.

A Hint to Bone Up on English

Overlooking no details in his campaign to prepare Chico for his first season in the majors, General Manager Lane had written him a letter during the winter of 1949-'50 suggesting he purchase a suitable text with which to study English. But Carrasquel showed up at Pasadena in March with no more knowledge of the language than the little he had acquired at Fort Worth during the previous season.

Lane was quick to perceive the situation. Fearful lest Chico should find himself at a loss to catch signals and understand instructions, the general manager broached the subject through Aloma.

Chico admitted his failure to take any steps toward acquiring a better knowledge of English, but at the same time he had evolved a plan of his own to solve the problem. His theory was that all other members of the team should buy Spanish dictionaries and learn enough of the language to acquire a sufficient vocabulary for calling signals. In that way, nobody would be out of step.

Lane found no merit to the plan and Chico was back on his own in the department of signs and languages. With some help from Aloma, Chico picked up words and phrases here and there, but the process was slow and hazardous.

Meanwhile, Chico's troubles had begun. His very arrival in Pasadena was marked by an incident which indicated his was not to be a routine term as a rookie.

The youth walked into the hotel headquarters of the White Sox after most of the troupe, including Traveling Secretary Frank McMahon, had retired for the night. The night clerk greeted Chico in the usual manner, but soon realized this was no ordinary check-in. Chico was unable to convey the information that he was joining the White Sox. Some of the players, including Chico, had been assigned rooms at a second hotel and Carrasquel's name was not on this night clerk's list.

In some manner, after a futile exchange of English and Spanish, the hotel man gathered that Chico was a ballplayer, so he called the sleeping McMahon.

"There's a boy down here who seems to be a ballplayer, but he doesn't know where he's to stay. I can't pronounce his name. Is he with the team?"

"If he doesn't know his name or where he's going," stormed the enraged McMahon, "he must belong to the White Sox."

Eventually, Chico was taken to his quarters, where he was entrusted to Aloma. Next day Carrasquel was asked to submit his expense account to McMahon for the long trip from Caracas to Pasadena. In a matter of moments, Chico figured out he had spent exactly $7.31 and the itemized statement was presented to the traveling secretary. Accustomed to coping with more fantastic figures, McMahon was unprepared for the shock.

"How in blazes did you get here?" he exploded. "Did you hitchhike?"

Chico misunderstood McMahon's astonishment. He accepted it as an accusation of mild thievery and, as best he could, he explained he had spent $4 for cab fare from the airport to the hotel, $3 for a hat so he would look more like an American, and 31 cents for cigarettes and a newspaper which he couldn't read.

In temporary ecstasy, McMahon determined to acquaint his other athletes with this stellar example of economy, but the rude awakening came a few days later when some miscellaneous bills charged to Alfonso Carrasquel began to pour in. Chico had basked in the delights of the American credit system. There was a bill of $238 for air travel, $21 for meals he had signed for, $10 for limousine service in Caracas, and $11 for a new pair of shoes. These items totaled $280 and McMahon abandoned his campaign on behalf of the virtues of thrift.

Orders Meals Without a Menu

A few days later, Earl Flora, the White Sox publicity man, now sports editor of the Ohio State Journal in Columbus, was having breakfast with Chico and Aloma while obtaining his first interview with the Venezuelan youth. Aloma ordered hot cakes, sausage, three fried eggs, toast, marmalade and a pot of coffee with sweet rolls. When it came his turn to order, Chico disdained the menu and said simply, "The same."

Flora watched, enthralled, as the two Latins consumed their huge breakfasts. Finally, he turned to Aloma.

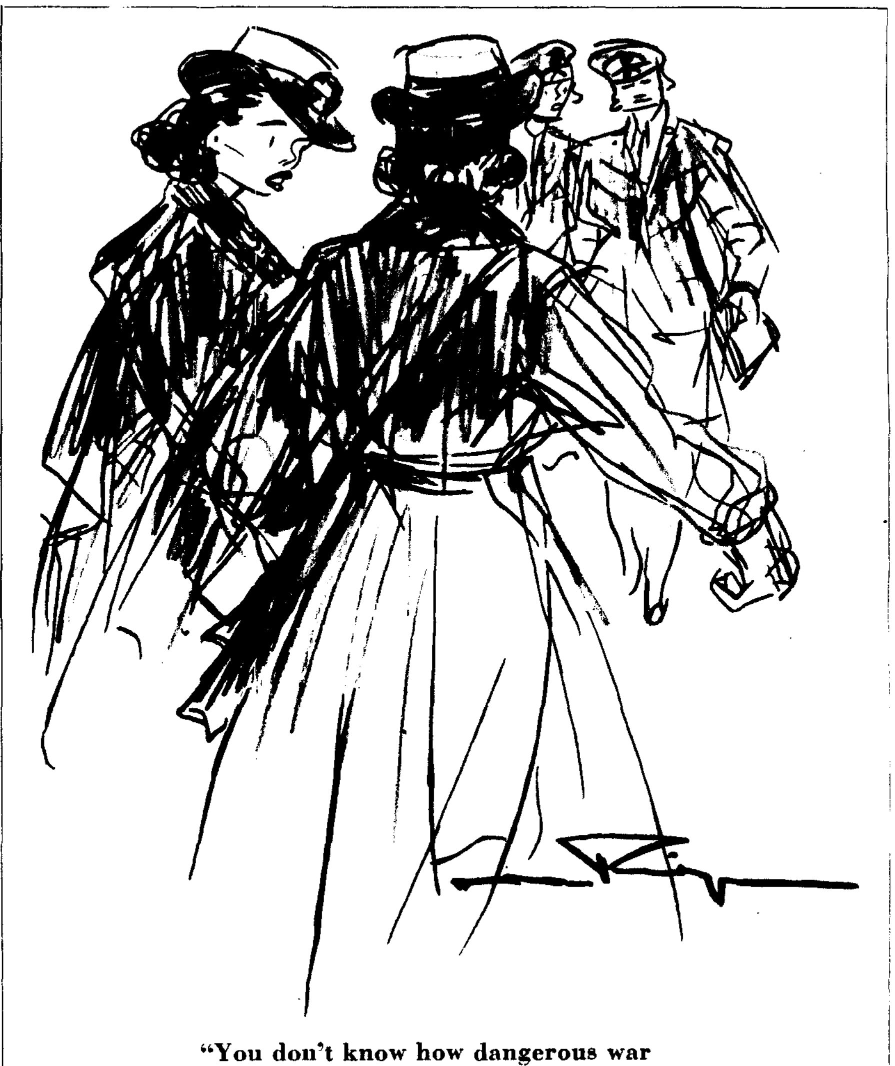
"Do you eat that much breakfast every morning?"

"Well, I'd like to, because I have to keep my weight up by eating much," replied Aloma. "But Chico here only know how to say 'same thing' and I have to watch his diet. Tomorrow, I eat only fruit and corn flakes."

One evening, during his first weeks with the White Sox, Chico was intrigued when Aloma ordered a *filet mignon.* This time he asked that his order be the same, but added, "*filet mignon.*" Proud of this achievement, he repeated the words to several of his teammates. Some weeks later, during the team's first swing through the East, reporters were discussing Carrasquel with Manager Onslow when one of them asked if Chico could speak English yet.

"All he can say," grunted Onslow, "is '*filet mignon.*' "

From a left-hander named Jack Bruner,



COLLIER'S "You don't know how dangerous war can be until you've been a secretary to a lieutenant commander!" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

Chico learned to say, "Hello-o-o-o, there." It was Bruner's greeting to everybody. Immediately, Chico adopted the greeting to signal when he wanted a teammate to take a pop fly. When he thought he could get under the fly himself, he would yell, "Chico! Chico! Chico!"

But there were other vexations. Chico was called out on a third strike one day by umpire John Stevens. The youth was visibly irked by the decision and as he left the plate he tossed his bat into the air and muttered in Spanish.

Stevens ran over to the White Sox bench and singled out interpreter Aloma.

"Translate that for me," he roared, "and if he said what I think he did, he's out of the game."

"No speak *español,*" grinned Aloma. Chico remained in the game.

Chico's most disturbing obstacle was an ever-increasing nostalgia for his homeland, his wife, Marcela, and their infant son, Edgar. He and Marcela Rodriguez, whom he married in February, 1948, were soon to be parents a second time. Chico's feeling had been much the same in 1949 when he was playing with the Fort Worth team. But late in the season, a group of Texas fans had contributed to a fund started by the ball club for a Chico Carrasquel Day.

With money provided by the fans, the club bought many attractive gifts for Chico, but the big surprise was reserved for the day of homage. One after another, the gifts were presented to the smiling youth between games of a double-header.

"And now," bellowed the announcer, "the Fort Worth club is pleased to present Chico with the supreme gift of the day . . . Mrs. Chico Carrasquel and their son, Edgar!"

From a runway under the grandstand came Mrs. Carrasquel, carrying little Edgar. For a moment, Chico stared unbelievingly; then, with tears welling up in his eyes, he took Marcela and the baby into his arms. It was a moment, he said afterward, that he will never forget.

Now, in 1950, Chico was a big-leaguer, but the pall of homesickness was still upon him. He had planned to bring his family to Chicago, but because of his wife's pregnancy the journey was not feasible. Alfonso, Jr., was born in June and almost immediately Chico set about making plans for a quick flight to Caracas during the interlude of the annual All-Star game. He would leave Chicago the night of July 9th and report again in time for a White Sox game in Boston July 13th. It would be a 6,000-mile trip and there would be little time for Chico to spend with his family in Caracas.

Duty to Team Came First

There were those who suspected Chico might seize the opportunity to remain with his loved ones for a few days.

"There goes your shortstop," someone told General Manager Lane. "He won't be in a hurry to get back."

But they had underestimated Chico's ambition. He was in uniform in ample time for the game in Boston.

There was yet to be another day for Chico in Yankee Stadium on July 16, 1950. It was to be an hour when, after a humble beginning on the roughhewn diamonds of Caracas, the twenty-two-year-old youth was to step into a reality far beyond his wildest dreams. Walter Donnelly, U.S. ambassador to Venezuela, had suggested the celebration to focus attention upon the United States as a land of opportunity for all and to combat the untruths about this country with which the Communists were poisoning the minds of young Venezuelans.

"Baseball diplomacy," as Donnelly described it, was especially applicable to Venezuela. There is an intense interest in the game in the Caribbean country, where there are more than 400 clubs in organized eagues.

"It gave us an opportunity to bring some of the people from the poorer classes to the United States. Three players, one each from the eastern, central and western sections of Venezuela, were chosen by lot to make the trip. We took them anywhere they wanted to go, showed them everything, even took them into private homes of average Americans. The reaction to the trip was terrific and I honestly believe it was a severe setback to Communist propagandists in Venezuela. Under no circumstances could a similar trip have been made to Russia or any of the satellite countries."

A party of 11 people made the trip to New York by plane under the guidance of Frederick Kuhn, press attaché at the U.S. Embassy in Caracas. Included were Chico's mother, his sister, the three Venezuelan players and Jesus Berra, head of the Workmen's Baseball League; Francisco Rosales, secretary-treasurer of the Amateur League; Rauel Hernandez, sports editor of Ultimas Noticias; Hector Arizmendi, sports editor of Espera, and Casto Noguera, photographer of the same publication.

Fabulous Gifts for a Rookie

It was the first "International Day" in history for a player. Sportscaster Mel Allen, who presided at the mike, read off a string of gifts whose value must have approximated $12,000. No rookie in baseball history ever carried off so much loot. The cash gifts alone totaled $5,000 in American money, the equivalent of 16,500 bolivars, and a sum Carrasquel could never have hoped for just a few years before.

Chico was born in humble circumstances in a section of Caracas known as Caserio Corao. His parents were Christopher Columbus Carrasquel and Maria de Lourdes Carrasquel, sister of Alexander Carrasquel, who pitched for the Washington Senators, White Sox and last year for the Buffalo club of the International League.

In 1939, at the age of eleven, Chico played third base for a team known as the "Boston League" in a subjunior organization which encouraged baseball among small boys in the Sarria neighborhood of Caracas. The Sarria Stadium, as it was known, was the scene of games ranging from baseball to marbles. It was the only place in Caracas where a baseball could roll five feet without disappearing into a hole or caroming off a rock.

During the following year, Chico was shifted to shortstop and acclaimed the best in the league by the Amateur Baseball Association of Venezuela. In 1943, at the age of fifteen Chico moved along to the Juvenile League.

At sixteen, it was not enough for Chico to play with one team. He played with three of them while making his debut as a pitcher. By now, he was not satisfied with winning but one game in a single day, nor even two in two days. He was the winning pitcher, on one occasion, of three games in two days.

It happened this way. He signed with a team known as La Vega, also cast his lot with another club known as El Triunfo and, since he still had spare moments, attached himself to the city's electric company team, called Electricidad de Caracas.

It so happened, then, that Chico pitched and won for La Vega on a Saturday afternoon, repeated the performance for El Triunfo the following morning and capped it off with a victory for Electricidad de Caracas on Sunday afternoon.

By 1945, Chico was working in a rubber factory and had graduated to the higher amateur ranks. At this point in his career, he was faced with his first serious setback. The manager of the rubber company's team benched Chico in favor of another shortstop. Chico was quick to meet the issue. He told the pilot, if he was not to be the team's regular shortstop he would resign both from his job and the team and play somewhere else. The manager reconsidered. He returned Chico to the line-up and was not long in recognizing the youth's talents. Chico became the best shortstop in the league and he was selected to play for the Venezuelan team in the world amateur championships.

As a member of the factory nine, Chico was observed and signed by scouts for

Reader's Digest Story Tells How to
STOP BODY ODOR
STOP BAD BREATH
both with one amazing tablet!

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IMPORTANT! Research proving the safety and effectiveness of chlorophyll, in eliminating body and breath odors, was done with "ENNDS" tablets—each tablet containing a full dosage of 100 mgms. of "Darotol" (Pearson's brand of chlorophyllins). Other tablets, which contain smaller amounts of chlorophyll, are now being sold but any inference that they will produce the same results as "ENNDS" is false and misleading.

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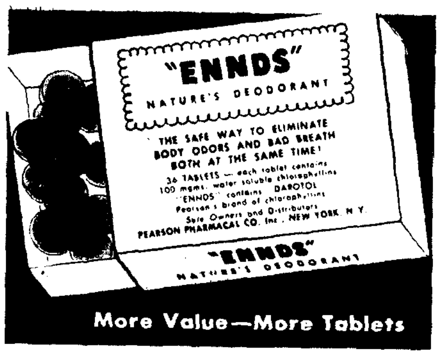
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"ENNDS"
CHLOROPHYLL TABLETS

Cerveceria Caracas, a professional team in the Venezuelan League. It was not long until American scouts were on his trail and Fresco Thompson, then an ivory hunter for the Brooklyn Dodgers, grabbed him off.

Chico was among those present at Vero Beach, Florida, the Dodgers' $250,000-a-year atomic-age training camp, in the spring of 1949. Under the sharp scrutiny of Brooklyn General Manager Branch Rickey—who now fills a similar post with Pittsburgh—and his faculty, the youngster immediately was singled out as a bright prospect and forthwith was sent to the Dodgers' Fort Worth (Texas League) farm club. There Chico was an immediate sensation, fielding brilliantly and batting .315.

At the same time, Chicago's General Manager Lane had moved into the act. Bobby Goff, business manager of the Dallas club, had spoken of Carrasquel, and Lane had sent scouts to see the South American.

"He's the greatest-looking young ballplayer I've ever seen," Goff had reported. "But you haven't got a chance to get him. He'll be playing shortstop in place of Peewee Reese in Brooklyn next year."

Rickey's Financial Headache

But, as the end of the 1949 season drew near and the Dodgers' fiscal year was closing, Rickey was in need of some $400,000 to balance the books. A venture into professional football in the fall of 1948 had brought on a flood of red ink, and the ill-advised project had cost the Dodgers $380,000. There had been Vero Beach upkeep again and some hesitancy at the turnstile had developed among the Flatbush faithful. But the Dodger farm system was rich with budding talent and Rickey was on a selling tour. There was no need for Lane to stalk his prey. It came to his door.

There followed weeks of negotiations. Rickey talked of the amazing talents of Sam Jethroe, the base-stealing Negro sensation at Montreal (currently with the Boston Braves), and many others. Now and then, Lane would interject with some casual mention of Carrasquel, but Rickey would say, "Jethroe is the man you want. He'd be worth a million to you."

During one discussion, which had lasted well into the wee hours of the morning, Lane said wearily, "Mr. Rickey, would you say $25,000 and two players for Carrasquel would be a good deal?"

Rickey agreed it might be possible, cleared his throat and launched into another two-hour burst of oratory on Jethroe. Lane listened, but heard nothing. When there was, finally, a pause in the flow of words, he said, "Then I'll give you $25,000 and Fred Hancock and Charley Eisenmann for Carrasquel."

There was a stipulation that either Hancock, a minor-league shortstop, or Eisenmann, a pitching nonentity, or both, could be returned at an additional cost of $10,000 (per man) to the White Sox if found unsuited to the need. (Hancock later was returned for $10,000.)

"I'll think it over," Rickey said.

A week later, Lane was in New York, where he stopped at a telegraph desk and wired Rickey: "When can I announce the Carrasquel deal to the press?"

In less than an hour, Rickey had Lane on the telephone.

"I didn't say there was a deal," he stormed.

"But you did, Mr. Rickey," soothed Lane.

"Then," said Rickey, "I'll keep my word." And he did.

Once in the majors, Chico's rise was meteoric. Watching him in pregame practice one day last season, Red Rolfe, manager of the Detroit Tigers, said: "He's the most uncanny defensive player I've ever seen. Here he is in a strange land and playing his first year in the majors and he moves around like a veteran of 10 years. You have to be born with that kind of talent. He's a picture to watch, but I can't say he's such a pretty picture when he's playing on the other side."

"Robbed" of Three Base Hits

Perhaps the best commentaries on Chico's remarkable skill were made by Sam Dente, veteran Washington shortstop. It was after a day when Chico had "robbed" Dente of at least three base hits. They were all easy outs for Carrasquel.

"I'm going to put that guy in my income-tax deductions," cracked Dente. "He's not only keeping my salary down, but I think I should claim him as an exemption. I haven't hit anything past him all season."

When Lou Boudreau, perhaps the greatest of modern-day shortstops, had observed Chico he remarked, "I wish I had his agility. He doesn't have to play the hitters. They're all alike to him. He's terrific."

There was another day when Chico twice had made unbelievable plays to rob George Kell, the Tigers' great third baseman, of base hits.

"If Chico gets a raise next winter," he said, "I think I should be entitled to 25 per cent of it."

Chico did get an increase. In January, he submitted his signed contract for a reported $10,000, a $4,000 boost over his remuneration of 1950. During negotiations with Lane last fall, the resourceful youth, whose off-season occupation is winter baseball, had agreed to abstain from playing in Caracas in consideration of a pay hike. Chico had undergone surgery to remove a damaged cartilage in his knee and Lane had reasoned that a long rest would be more beneficial.

During the winter, however, Chico was given permission to play some games to test his ailing knee. Nothing could have delighted him more.

Report on an Injured Leg

Accompanying his signed contract, he wrote (translated from the Spanish):

"I think that you will be interested in knowing that after having played some games down here, my leg is in an absolute perfect condition. I am confident that my leg will not face any more trouble . . . and I think this is sure good news to you, as I think you might have been worried about my personal condition. This is undoubtedly due to the interest you took in having my leg operated, covering at the same time all the expenses in this operation.

"I will arrange everything to be in Palm Springs February 20th, when I will have the pleasure to prepare ourselves for the coming season which I hope will be a very successful one for our dear team, the Chicago White Sox."

In their rehabilitation program, the White Sox count Carrasquel as a priceless commodity. He is draft-exempt, of course, since he is not a U.S. citizen, and a certainty to be one of the game's brightest stars in 1951.

Paul Richards, Chicago's new pilot, had this to say just before this season began: "On all really good ball clubs you invariably find from one to four really superb performers—guys who are gifted with game-winning talents. A great play here, a base on balls there, a home run or a clutch hit. The other players point with pride to his ability. Even though it may be subconscious, this star performer inspires his teammates to put out a little more than even they honestly thought they could. And Carrasquel could become just that sort of player for the White Sox."

Meanwhile, Chico is learning. Like most ballplayers, he has developed a knack for figuring his batting average as he runs to first base on a hit. One of the baseball writers traveling with the team stopped him on the street right after a game late last season.

"How much are you hitting now?" Chico was asked.

The Kid from Caracas had no trouble understanding. "Three-o-nine," he replied unhesitatingly.

THE END

Next Week

SECRET "MR. BIG" OF FLORIDA

By Lester Velie

Holm Was Ever Like This

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

Hollywood Bowl. We don't go out much, but we love to have company at home."

Company is usually the Doré Scharys, screen writer George Seaton and his wife, press agent Arthur Jacobs, and Margie Corso, a studio wardrobe woman. Sometimes Celeste entertains them by reading aloud or performing her favorite parlor trick. This consists of lying on the floor with a water glass on her head, then jumping up without dumping the water.

She has no social life, however, when she's working on a picture. Then it's a swim before supper, early to bed, and off to the studio at 7:00 A.M., half asleep. But between pictures, Celeste takes the edge off her energy with badminton, tennis, plucking weeds and, in the winter, skiing at Sun Valley with Dunning.

She also does volunteer work for various relief agencies. Last Christmas, instead of sending gifts to her friends, she sent 40 CARE food packages to Europe in their names.

Gregarious as she is, Celeste has no close actor or actress friends. She has no explanation for this. But Ralph Nelson, her first husband, has. Nelson, a playwright and television director, puts it thus: "Celeste is probably too much competition for the craft, even socially. They need footlights; she needs only an audience of one. Where they have to pretend, Celeste entertains by being herself. Her acting is nothing but a wonderful projection of her personality."

Celeste Holm—that's her real name—was born 31 years ago in New York's Washington Square section. Her father is Theodor Holm, admiralty lawyer and native of Norway, who is the New York representative of Lloyd's of London. Her mother, the former Jean Parke, is a writer and artist. Celeste is an only child. As a result she was brought up with great indulgence.

When she was six, her family moved to Chicago. There she entered the ultrafashionable University School for Girls, and very quickly displayed a flair for dancing and dramatics.

Her mother remembers that Celeste was given the principal part in a school Christmas pageant. The eight-year-old girl threw a tantrum and hurled her script away. "I won't play that part!" she screamed.

"But it's the leading role," her teachers coaxed.

"It's stupid," said Celeste. "And it doesn't suit me." She wiped her tears. "I want to play the Madonna. The Madonna who stands in the stained-glass window."

"But that's only a small part."

"I don't care," said Celeste, "because that's the part the people will remember when they go home."

The following year Celeste went to Paris, where she studied at the Lycée Victor-

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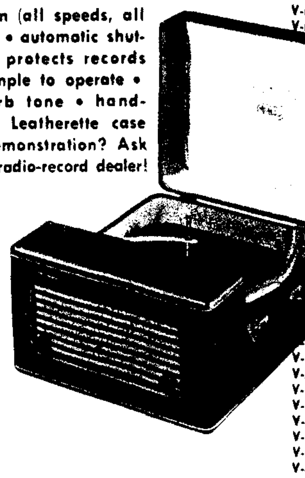

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Duruy while her mother finished a book for publication in Holland. She returned speaking fluent French.

Back in Chicago, Celeste returned to the University School, then romped through the four-year course at Francis W. Parker High School in Chicago in three years. She won honors in everything but mathematics, and was graduated in 1935 at the age of sixteen. Her father balked when she told him she was through with studies and wanted to go on the stage. But her mother urged, "Let her try it." Outnumbered, Holm surrendered.

Celeste picked up her early experience with a Chicago semiprofessional group. Then, armed with an Equity card, she went to New York, where she lived with her grandfather, Edmund Gale Jewett, a science teacher at Brooklyn's Adelphi Academy. Her father gave her an allowance. And Broadway gave her the brush-off.

It took a year before Celeste got her first professional break. That came when John Ravold, whom she knew slightly, hired her to play ingénue leads at $25 a week in summer stock at Netcong, New Jersey. It was during this time that she married Nelson, then an actor, whom she had met while making the rounds of agents' offices.

Celeste's next engagement was as understudy to Ophelia with the late Leslie Howard's road company of Hamlet.

"I was pregnant," says Celeste. "And as the tour grew, so did I. It's too bad I never got on stage, for the sake of scholarship, if nothing else. Many Shakespearean students believe Ophelia was pregnant. I would have been in character without props."

The tour ended two weeks before her son Theodor was born in 1938. She and Nelson were divorced soon afterward. "Our marriage had been Boy Meets Girl out of a storybook," she says. "But it couldn't stand up to reality." Theodor now attends school at Port Murray, New Jersey, where Celeste's grandfather owns a summer home.

Cast as a Venomous Vixen

A long spell of futile job hunting followed Celeste's divorce, and she was weighing the idea of a trip to Norway—"I spoke the language and I had hopes of getting into the National Theater"—when she learned that the road company of The Women was recasting in Chicago. She auditioned and was cast as the venomous vixen, Crystal.

While this circumstance may have deprived the Norwegian public of an opportunity to watch a rising young American actress, it did provide an interesting evening in the theater for at least one audience. At a certain point in the play, Crystal is required to take a bubble bath on stage. One night the plug slipped, and all the bubbles shrouding Celeste began going down the drain. As the bubbles shrank down, so did she. The scene ended with Celeste cowering in the bottom of the tub and the spectators in the balcony standing on their seats.

Next came a play called Gloriana, a quick flop. Unable to get another stage role, Celeste was wearily performing as a model in New York when she met actor Richard Whorf, a friend of Nelson's. He told her the Theatre Guild was producing The Taming of the Shrew, with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. "Go read for the part of Bianca," said Whorf. "Tell 'em I sent you."

Formerly, Celeste "hadn't been able to get beyond the Guild's powder room." But Whorf's name quickly opened the door to an audition by Miss Fontanne. It also opened up Miss Fontanne's store of adjectives. "Wonderful!" she exclaimed after Celeste had read. "You really give the role its proper stature."

Celeste modestly drew herself up to her full five feet six. And then the import of her own words suddenly struck Miss Fontanne. "Good heavens," she said in horror. "You're a head taller than I am."

"I can't remove my head," said Celeste, "but I could remove my shoes."

"No, no, no," said Miss Fontanne.

"Then I suppose I might as well cut my throat," said Celeste glumly.

"I'll let you know," said Miss Fontanne. "About my decision, I mean."

That night Miss Fontanne telephoned to say she couldn't use Celeste, but was recommending her for another Theatre Guild show, William Saroyan's The Time of Your Life.

She got the part of Mary L. The play, starring Eddie Dowling and Julie Haydon, ran for 26 weeks in 1939 and 1940 and won the Pulitzer prize and the New York drama critics' award. "When I was mentioned at all," says Celeste, "I received good notices."

Another Matrimonial Venture

During the run of the show she became the bride of Francis Davies, attorney and member of a prominent British family, whom she had met some time before at a Greenwich Village party.

In the following three years Celeste appeared in two hits and four misses.

While playing in The Damask Cheek, she heard the guild was producing a new Rodgers and Hammerstein musical called Oklahoma!. She had never appeared in a musical. She had never so much as sung publicly. Her only experience had been some vocalizing in the soundproof studio of a voice coach. Nevertheless she decided to audition for Oklahoma!.

"It was all very solemn," Celeste recalls. "The singers stood around as if they were afraid music might profane the sacred sanctum of the Theatre Guild. Even the clearing of throats had a reverent overtone."

When Celeste's turn came Richard Rodgers asked her, "And what are you rendering today?"

The atmosphere infected Celeste. She elected to try Who Is Sylvia?, a classic monstrosity with which she had nodding acquaintance. Rodgers listened, and remarked wryly that it was obvious Celeste had taken lessons. "Make believe you never had any," he suggested. "Then show me how you think you would sound."

"Like this," said Celeste, mimicking a tone-deaf choir singer she had known as a child.

Rodgers was convulsed. He thought she was perfect for the part of Ado Annie. So did Oscar Hammerstein after he heard her read with "a perfect Oklahoma accent."

"It wasn't Oklahoma," says Celeste now, "it was Texas. And I got it by imitating Elaine Anderson, the assistant casting director."

The rest is theatrical history. Oklahoma! opened in New York, March 31, 1943, and is still running on the road. Although cast only as the comedy relief, Celeste was hailed as one of the stars. Audiences laughed themselves hoarse at her renditions of I Cain't Say No, Kansas City and The Farmer and the Cowman.

During the engagement Celeste lost her voice twice and her petticoat once—a mishap that occurred when the elastic supporting the garment tore loose, depositing it at her feet. Celeste coolly kicked the petticoat off stage, to the delight of the audience.

Between shows, she appeared for 42 weeks at a couple of Manhattan night clubs, "to prove I could sing as well as bellow."

Convinced of her own capabilities, Celeste decided to show them to Hollywood following her success in Oklahoma!. Twentieth Century-Fox offered her what looked like a dream contract: $5,000 a week when she worked, a guarantee of two pictures a year, radio rights and the privilege of approving her own scripts. Then they showed her the first script, something called Where Do We Go from Here? Celeste took a train back to New York.

Comedy Role in Pantalets

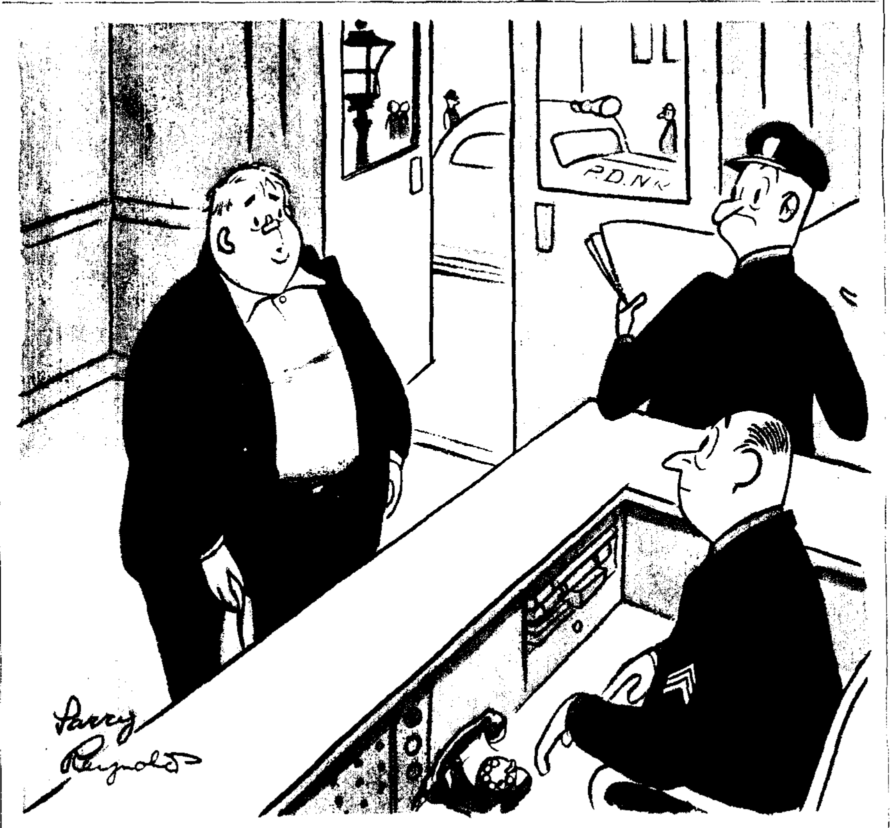
That was in the autumn of 1944. The next 16 months saw her prancing around the stage in pantalets as Evelina, the featured comedienne in Bloomer Girl. She was divorced from Davies during the run of the show.

"We were too much alike," says Celeste. "At first it was fun. But after a while we got on each other's nerves."

Davies agrees. "We never could relax," he says. "I took her career too seriously—and practically forgot about my own. That wasn't good for either of us."

After their divorce Celeste embarked on a USO tour of Europe. In Paris, Beatrice Lillie introduced her to Dunning, at that time an Air Force officer. He asked her for a date. Celeste said she had one, where-

BUTCH



"I noticed my pitcher was took down from th' Post Office bulletin board. Was it somethin' I said, or done, or what?"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

upon Dunning drove her to it in a jeep "to reconnoiter the competition."

The following day he flew Celeste to England, accompanying her on a visit to Davies' mother in Kent. A week later he asked Celeste to marry him. "You don't know what it's like to be the husband of an actress," Celeste told him.

"I'm trying to find out," said Dunning.

"We'll see," said Celeste.

Dunning made strategic appearances throughout the rest of her tour. When she headed back to New York, so did he, on terminal leave. He proposed again. Celeste hesitated. "I'm afraid you'll be jealous," she said. "That's an occupational disease with actresses' husbands."

"Phooey," said Dunning. "I've seen soldiers drooling over you 7,000 at a time. I've developed an immunity."

They were married in New York on March 21, 1946, and then went to California. After Danny's birth Celeste signed a new contract with 20th Century. It called for $3,000 a week and a guarantee of 40 weeks' work a year.

Technically her new contract gave Celeste no voice in picking her parts. But she remained emphatically vocal. She insisted on roles with "basic truth." She rejected "the canard that I am a type." The studio retaliated by suspending her several times.

Some of the confusion was caused by Celeste's stage training. She could not accept the Hollywood technique of tossing her into the middle of a picture without first showing her the preceding scenes. She said she had to see them "to find her note."

"We never do things that way," said Darryl Zanuck.

"Why be rigid?" inquired Celeste.

There was no answer. Neither was there any from the people in the make-up department when Celeste insisted—and demonstrated—that she could do a more skillful job on herself in five minutes than they could in two hours.

But what confused Hollywood most was Celeste's unerring instinct for roles they hought she couldn't play—and the lengths to which she'd go to obtain them. While appearing in Gentlemen's Agreement, her Academy Award picture, she heard her studio was planning to make The Snake Pit. She had read the book and wanted to play he hopelessly incurable madwoman, a supporting role.

Celeste kept after producer Anatole Litvak for weeks. He wasn't interested.

When a Man Can't Say No

Finally she cornered him in a self-service elevator, stopped the car between floors, and firmly repeated her request.

"Okay," said Litvak, in an effort to get rid of her. "You can have the part if you'll et us shave your head."

"Sure," said Celeste.

She got the role—and Litvak decided to et her play it with her own hair, under a wig. Her work won critical acclaim, but her best scene—in which she portrayed a aving maniac—wound up on the cutting-oom floor. The studio expected Celeste to hriek; instead she applauded. "That was he proper thing to do," she agreed. "Otherwise the film would have ended on a hopeess note."

Celeste had just parted company with her tudio when Louis Verneuil came up with he manuscript of Affairs of State, which e had written especially for her.

Almost a year elapsed before the first ehearsal in Los Angeles last August. Durng this time Celeste went back to Broadway with Maurice Evans in She Stoops to Conquer, and appeared in two movies as a free lance: Champagne for Caesar and All About Eve.

She spent her free time working with Verneuil on Affairs of State. Although the French author had more than 60 successful lays to his credit, including several for arah Bernhardt, this was his first effort in nglish—and his English was somewhat inuenced by Berlitz and Chaucer. Celeste elped translate and edit.

When Affairs of State opened last September, the critics gave it mixed notices. But not the public—the production paid for itself in eight weeks, and the box office has never stopped being busy. Furthermore, the audience response at the final curtain makes it clear that the patrons are greatly in love with the star.

Backstage, the adoration is less emotional and more technical. Peter Zeisler, the stage manager, says Celeste has a sense of timing equaled by few in the theater today. "Her stage presence is faultless and her judgment is foolproof," he declares. "She is never flustered by any emergency. On opening night in New Haven the cast blew up 34 times in the first scene, before her appearance. The moment she came on everything was like clockwork."

Mornings Devoted to Sleep

Off stage, however, Celeste is anything but in tune with the clock. If she has no appointments, she will stay in bed until 5:00 P.M. "I wake up in segments," she says. "First my body comes to life and then my mind. My grouchiness is usually washed away by a cup of coffee." Most of the time she has to get up at 1:00 P.M. for luncheon engagements, fittings, and occasional television rehearsals.

Despite her unusual memory, Celeste can never keep track of appointments. This has resulted in "listitis"—the practice of scribbling notes on pieces of paper which she invariably misplaces.

"No matter what I do," says Georgia, "I can't get Celeste to the theater without a scramble. Just as we start out of the door Celeste decides she has to do something—make a phone call, or write a letter. And there's no stopping her."

Leaving the theater presents a problem, too. "I can't tear myself away," confesses Celeste. With the house darkened and all the other actors gone, she will often remain in her dressing room until 12:30 A.M. She reads, she files her fingernails and she sews, for her secretary as well as herself. Celeste even dusts when the mood seizes her.

Her backstage quarters consist of a tiny anteroom with two ancient chairs, and a small dressing room that is neat and austere. It contains a shelf-like table with a few cosmetics, a bench, a half-dozen magazines and a copy of Dostoevski's Crime and Punishment. The walls are papered with telegrams of congratulation. The only other ornaments are a scrawny philodendron plant, another plant that looks like a weed and a little doll, which Celeste bought from a peddler outside the stage door. There are no trunks, no extra clothes—nothing but her street wear and stage costumes.

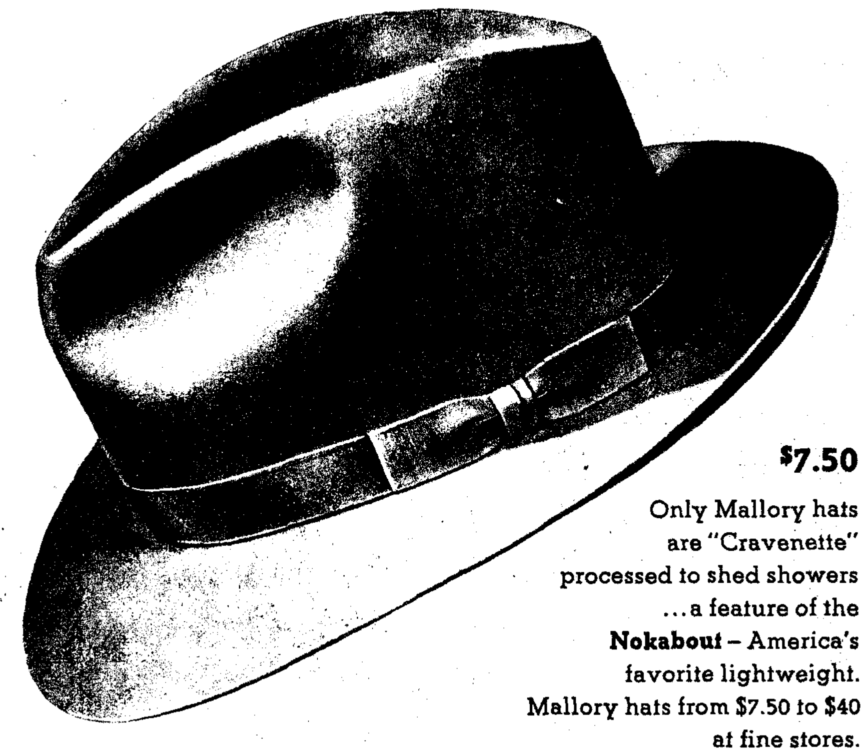
Celeste generally gets home from the theater at 1:00 A.M. and stays up until three thirty. She has a sandwich, a glass of milk and an apple. The rest of the time is spent "puttering" or talking on the telephone with Dunning in California.

Several nights a week she goes out with friends. And in New York, even more than on the Coast, they are nonprofessional. They include Leonard Lyons, the Broadway columnist, and his wife; Dr. Lawrence Kubie, the psychiatrist; opera star Jussi Bjoerling; Mrs. John Steinbeck, wife of the novelist; Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Bunche and another American UN diplomat, Benjamin Cohen, and his wife.

Celeste's only plans for the immediate future are to continue with her role in Affairs of State until June, and then go home to Hollywood.

As for the more distant future, she has one enterprise in mind. Several months ago, Peter Zeisler, the Affairs of State stage manager, showed her the script of a Western stage thriller written by a friend of his. Although Celeste saw no part in it for herself, she was enthusiastic about the play and decided she'd like to produce it. She's still wrestling with this project, but if it fails to materialize she has an alternative.

"If the play doesn't come off," she says, "I still have that confounded hooked rug to keep me busy." THE END



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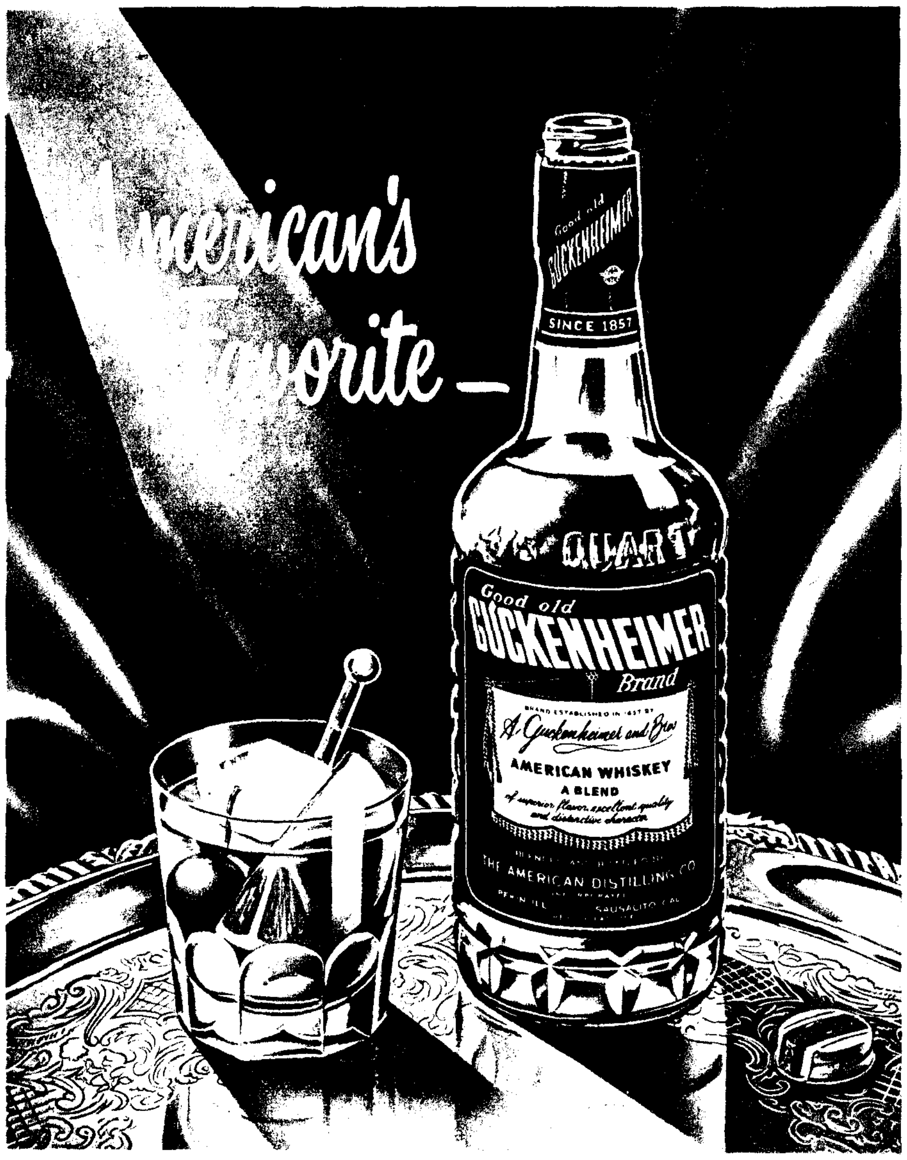

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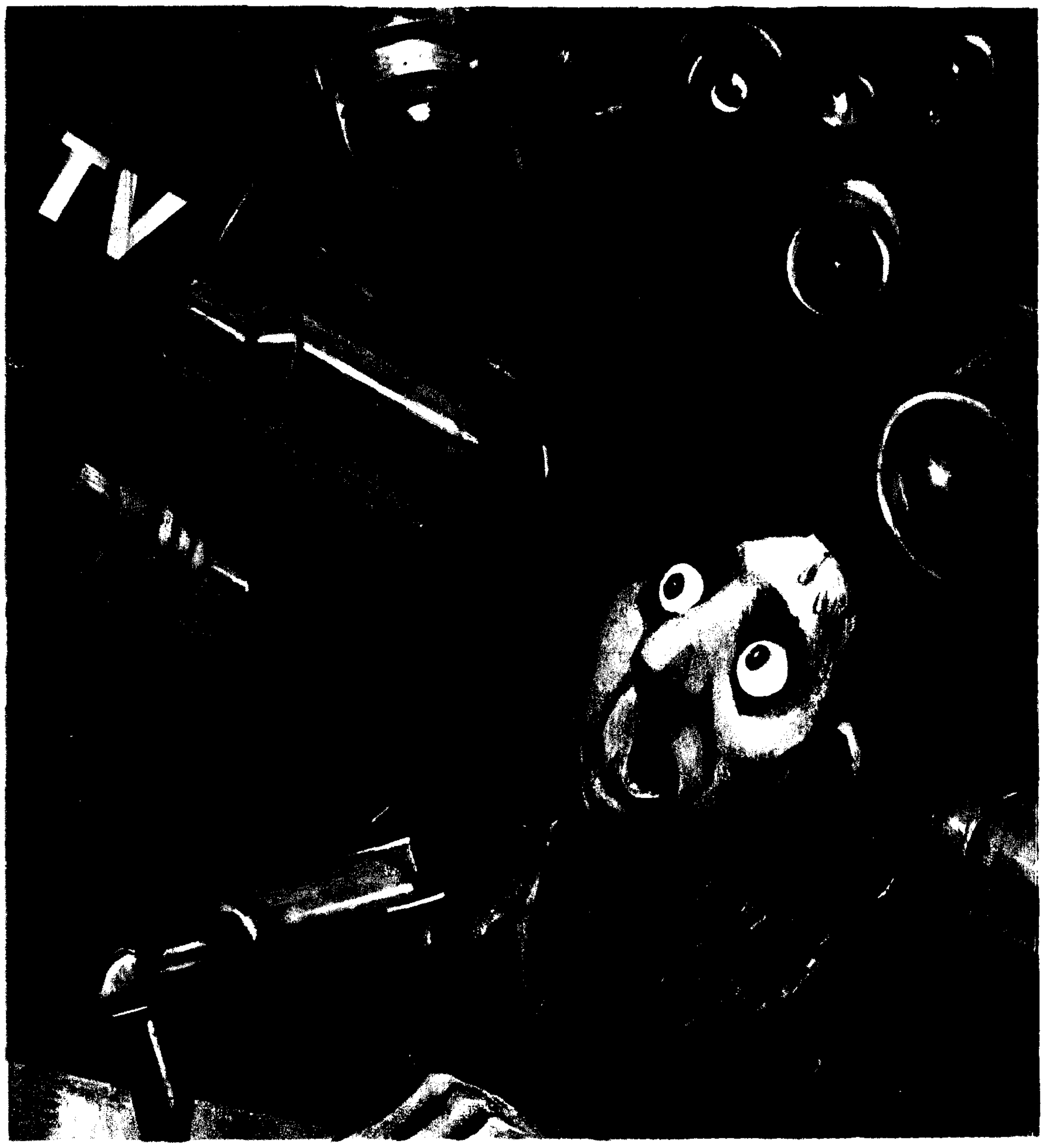


SAM BERMAN

Keep the Spotlight Bright

DURING THE Kefauver Committee's crime investigation hearings, television came up with a new and powerful punch that surprised everybody, in and out of the industry. Nothing in the past performances of Milton Berle, Dagmar, male wrestlers, female roller derbyists, Kukla, Fran or Ollie had prepared the country for TV's unique ability to arouse the public's interest, and also its dander.

This was particularly true of the committee's hearings in New York. And in that connection we suspect that Frank Costello, prominent citizen of the underworld of rackets and politics, performed his first and only service to the country of his adoption when he refused to testify if his face was in range of the television cameras. For Costello, by his refusal, called attention to TV's new importance and made an issue of it.

Costello contended that if he held still for the television cameras, his privacy would be invaded and he would become a public spectacle. The committee yielded to him on that point. And so Costello proceeded to give his famous headless performance, with only hands, jacket and shirt front showing.

We have talked to a number of people who felt that Costello's position was sound. We have also read a piece by the columnist, Robert C. Ruark. Mr. Ruark, while obviously not an admirer of Costello, felt there was some justice on his side. His main points were these:

A person who is subjected to television, like Costello and other Kefauver witnesses, becomes an involuntary and unpaid actor in an entertainment medium operated for private profit.

A "TV-shy guy" might be nervous before the cameras, and therefore appear guilty when he really wasn't.

There is some question about the legality of televising any private citizen unless he is charged with a definite offense.

It seems to us that Mr. Ruark and other deplorers of Costello's decapitated martyrdom miss the point that TV differs from other mediums of public information in degree rather than in kind. The televising of such things as the Kefauver hearings is only a combination of broadcasting and newsreel photography. If the witnesses are to be considered unpaid and involuntary actors, then logically they should demand a fee from the newsreel companies, a payment for broadcast rights, and a royalty from the newspaper publication of their testimony. For if television is regarded only as an entertainment medium, then movies, the radio and the printed word can qualify under the same narrow definition.

On the second objection, stage fright has never, so far as we know, been considered evidence of criminal culpability. Mr. Ruark cited an example of an occasion when his hands shook horribly on a television show. We saw the show, and his hands did shake. But our feeling was one of sympathy, since we have suffered from the public-appearance trembles ourself. It never occurred to us that Robert's guilt was showing. It doesn't occur to us yet.

As for the third count, Mr. Ruark's restrictions would hamper television considerably. The coverage would be limited to paid, professional actors and private citizens accused of civil or criminal misbehavior.

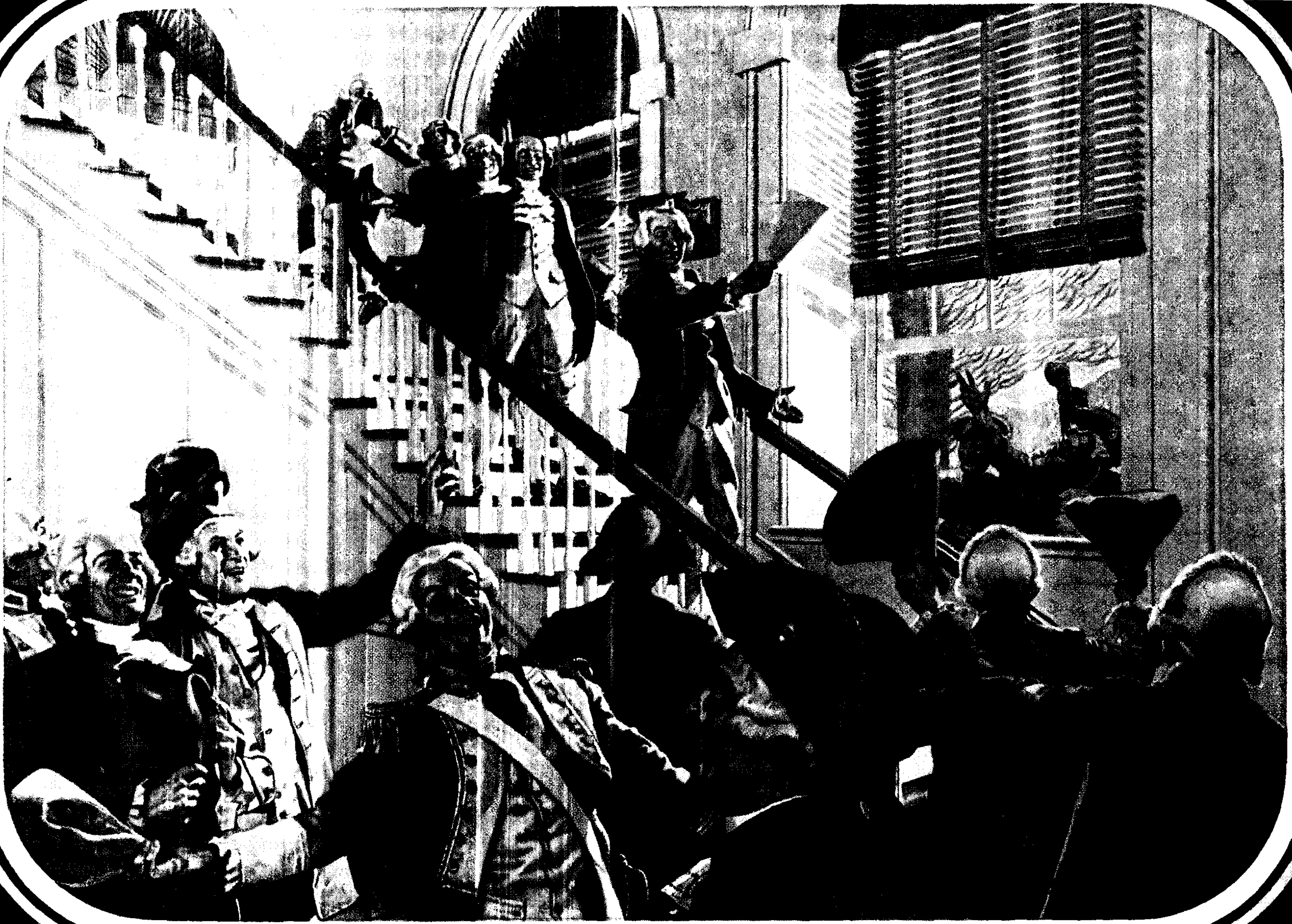
So we can't buy the argument that Costello had reason and justice on his side. The televising of the Kefauver inquiry simply brought more of the public into the hearing room. And Costello had no more right to refuse to testify before the TV cameras than he had a right to refuse to testify unless the hearing room was cleared of spectators. Television is simply a scientific extension of news coverage, which began with reporters and, in the course of time, added still cameras, movie cameras and microphones. If one is eliminated or limited, then all should have the same treatment.

We are sorry that the Kefauver Committee gave in to Costello, though we realize that he was a key witness and that they might have wanted to get his testimony at any cost, including a compromise with principle. Fortunately the precedent that the committee established was not a legal one. And we should add, in all honesty and admiration, that this compromise is the only thing we could object to in the committee's operation or in the TV record of the proceedings.

As a magazine which has done a lot of crime investigation and exposure, Collier's welcomes the TV camera's appearance in this field. We would like to see its further use in the fields of politics, legislation and diplomacy. For television synthesizes the coverage of the other mediums and achieves something potently different. In the Kefauver hearings, for example, the viewer could both see expressions and hear inflections. He could note the calmness and scrupulous fairness of Senators Kefauver and O'Conor. He became acquainted with that sharp and salty old New Englander, Senator Tobey, who appeared in the role of public conscience and helped revive that sometimes forgotten emotion known as moral indignation.

It is an old-fashioned emotion, maybe, but it proved to be contagious in the big city of New York. Frank Costello has been operating in that town for many years, as an admitted rumrunner and a reputed gangster czar and court of last political resort for Tammanyites. His activities have been accepted for the most part with cynical resignation. Television changed that. The disgust and indignation of the average New Yorker was something to behold.

We hope to see more of it, wherever organized crime flourishes. And we hope that nothing is done to curb television's new role. The presence of a TV camera on the scene doesn't change the fact of guilt or innocence. The honest man has nothing to fear in its presence—not even stage fright. And if the eye of the camera and the heat of the lights make the crook or the liar sweat, we say let him sweat.



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